



JAMES A. ...
LATE PRESIDENT OF ...

THE PICTORIAL TREASURY

FAMOUS MEN & FAMOUS DEEDS



AN ENGRAVING BY
NAVAL AND MILITARY MEN
(STATESMEN &c.)
DISCOVERERS, PHILANTHROPISTS,
MEN OF LETTERS AND OTHERS

JAMES SANGSTER & CO.
PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

The Pictorial Treasury
OF
FAMOUS MEN AND
FAMOUS DEEDS:

COMPRISING

NAVAL AND MILITARY HEROES,
DISCOVERERS, INVENTORS, STATESMEN, PHILANTHROPISTS,
ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND OTHERS.



EMBELLISHED WITH ABOUT
ONE HUNDRED FIRST-CLASS WOOD ENGRAVINGS,
AND A SERIES OF FULL-PAGE PORTRAITS,

*Printed in the best style of Chromo-Lithography from Photographs and other
authentic sources.*



JAMES SANGSTER AND CO.,
31, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|--|------|---|------|
| "THE MAN FOR ALL TIME" | 1 | THE PROJECTOR OF TONTINES | 219 |
| SCHAMYL, THE CIRCASSIAN CHIEF | 12 | THE PRISON AND THE MONUMENT | 221 |
| THE LONGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD | 16 | ALBERT DURER, THE ARTIST | 225 |
| SOME EARLY ADVENTURERS | 21 | A DARING NIGHT RIDE | 232 |
| THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH-EAST PASSAGE | 24 | LIGHTS, BEACONS, AND BUOYS. | 235 |
| GIOVANNI DUPRÉ, THE ITALIAN SCULPTOR | 29 | THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH | 239 |
| THOMAS ALVA EDISON | 32 | BISHOP WILBERFORCE | 245 |
| SIR WILLIAM FERGUSSON | 38 | THE MIGHTY SALADIN | 248 |
| SIR TITUS SALT, OF SALTAIRE | 40 | PASTOR HARMS AND HIS PARISH | 250 |
| SOME FAMOUS NAVIGATORS. | 42 | SIR ROBERT PEEL | 253 |
| THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SERFS | 46 | SIR CHARLES WHEATSTONE | 261 |
| EDWARD BAINES, OF LEEDS. | 50 | THE CAPTAIN OF THE CANOE CLUB. | 262 |
| SIR EDWIN LANDSEER | 54 | PRINTER AND PRESIDENT | 267 |
| JOHN MILTON | 57 | SIR HENRY BESSEMER. | 270 |
| THE BUILDER OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT- HOUSE | 63 | AN ITALIAN PATRIOT | 272 |
| SIR HENRY HOLLAND. | 72 | HUGH MILLER AND HIS WORKS | 275 |
| THE PRINCE OF DISCOVERERS | 76 | "THE HAMMER OF THE DUTCH" | 278 |
| ADOLPHE THIERS, THE STATESMAN | 83 | THE "CAPTAIN" TURRET SHIP | 280 |
| CAPTAIN EADS AND THE MISSISSIPPI JETTIES | 87 | MILES STANDISH. | 282 |
| DR. SCHLIEHMANN'S DISCOVERIES | 93 | AN ASCENT OF VESUVIUS BY RAIL | 285 |
| COLONEL COLT AND HIS INVENTIONS | 100 | THE HERO OF WATERLOO | 290 |
| THE HERO OF TRAFALGAR | 106 | REPORTING BY TELEPHONE | 300 |
| MY ESCAPE FROM THE DACOITS | 111 | BOSCOREL HOUSE AND CHARLES II.. . . . | 302 |
| CAPTAIN COOK | 119 | LADY RACHEL RUSSELL | 308 |
| BERNARD PALISSY, THE HUGUENOT POTTER | 122 | INCIDENTS OF HEROISM | 313 |
| ENGLISH TRAVELLERS IN AFGHANISTAN | 129 | WILLIAM HARVEY'S DISCOVERY | 321 |
| HUSS AND THE BOHEMIAN REFORMATION | 134 | AN UNCROWNED KING | 323 |
| THE ORIGINATOR OF PENNY POSTAGE | 137 | GALILEO AND HIS DAUGHTER | 327 |
| REAR-ADMIRAL SHERARD OSBORNE | 141 | FASTS AND FASTERS | 330 |
| WILLIAM CAYTON | 145 | SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN | 335 |
| SIR JOHN BURGOYNE | 148 | FLORA MACDONALD, THE HEROINE | 341 |
| WAR CORRESPONDENTS | 153 | A DIVE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN | 346 |
| A WAREHOUSE OF WONDERS | 156 | A JOURNEY TO TEHERAN | 350 |
| THE FOUNDER OF A REPUBLIC | 159 | MICHAEL ANGELO | 360 |
| THREE YEARS AMONG THE SAVAGES | 161 | ROBERT RAIKES | 368 |
| CHARLES KINGSLEY | 170 | A NATION'S LIBERATOR | 370 |
| LESSERS AND THE SUZ CANAL | 171 | NEWSPAPERS, PAST AND PRESENT | 376 |
| MARTIN LUTHER'S EARLY LIFE | 178 | PRINCE BISMARCK | 379 |
| SPENSER AND THE "FAERY QUEEN" | 181 | "THE ARIOSTO OF THE NORTH" | 389 |
| EARLY LONDON WATER SUPPLY | 183 | THE MAN OF DESTINY. | 396 |
| A NOBLE SAHOR | 188 | THE MAHARAJAH DULEEP SINGH | 404 |
| RAPHAEL AND HIS CARTOONS | 191 | GEORGE SMITH'S ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES | 407 |
| DICKENS AND HIS WRITINGS | 192 | KÖRNER, THE POET HERO | 410 |
| THE LOSS OF "THE KENT" | 196 | CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND | 414 |
| AN AMBIGUOUS MAN. | 205 | JOHN PENN THE ENGINEER. | 423 |
| THE BLACK PRINCE | 207 | WATERFALLS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS | 425 |
| THE STORY OF GRISELL COCHRANE. | 209 | MARSHAL ESPARTERO | 433 |
| TRIUMPHS OF CIVIL ENGINEERING | 213 | LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY. | 439 |
| THE FOUNDER OF SINGAPORE. | 216 | LIMBURG AND ITS CATHEDRAL | 444 |
| | | LORD LAWRENCE | 446 |
| | | THE AUTHOR OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE" | 449 |

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|--|------|--|------|
| THE CZAR OF RUSSIA | 452 | GAMBETTA: AERONAUT AND STATESMAN | 490 |
| HADDON HALL | 459 | A GEM OF THE SEA | 490 |
| A SELF-TAUGHT MECHANICIAN | 461 | THE VICISSITUDES OF AN INVENTOR | 492 |
| BAYEUX AND ITS TAPESTRY | 464 | WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE | 492 |
| LORD JOHN RUSSELL | 467 | THE DIVER AND HIS CALLING | 494 |
| AN INCIDENT OF THE INDIAN MUTINY | 471 | GEORGE MOORE, THE PHILANTHROPIST | 497 |
| THE POET LAUREATE | 474 | THE EDUCATIONAL PARLIAMENT | 501 |
| CHARLES XII. | 477 | MARSHAL MACMAHON | 504 |
| BARONNESS BUNSEN | 478 | THE PAINTER FROM NATURE | 505 |

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|---|------|---|------|
| "THE MAN FOR ALL TIME"—NEW-PLACE AND GUILD CHAPEL | 1 | ON THE JORDAN | 265 |
| SHAKSPEARE | 5 | THE CATHEDRAL OF MESSINA | 273 |
| THE BEDROOM | 8 | CAPTAIN COWPER PHIPPS COLES | 281 |
| JOHN SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE | 9 | STREET SCENE IN NAPLES | 289 |
| PORCH OF STRATFORD CHURCH | 11 | DANGAN CASTLE—THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE WESLEYS | 296 |
| SCHAMYL, THE CIRCASSIAN CHIEF—FIGHTING IN DEFENCE OF HER HOME | 13 | BOSCOBEL HOUSE | 305 |
| VAL DI TICINO, NEAR AIROLO, THE SOUTH ENTRANCE TO THE ST. GOTTHARD TUNNEL | 17 | LADY RACHEL RUSSELL | 309 |
| THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH-EAST PASSAGE | 4 | MONUMENT OVER THE WELL, CAVAIRORE | 316 |
| THE VEGA AT ANCHOR IN THE BAY OF NAPLES | 28 | OLIVER CROMWELL | 324 |
| THOMAS ALVA EDISON—THE AMERICAN INVENTOR AND ELECTRICIAN | 33 | THE CONVENT CLOISTERS | 329 |
| SALTAIRE CLUB AND INSTITUTION | 41 | WREN'S FIRST DESIGN FOR THE MONUMENT | 336 |
| THE GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW | 49 | SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S FIRST DESIGN FOR ST PALL'S CATHEDRAL | 337 |
| EDWARD BAINES | 53 | ROADSIDE SCENE NEAR NAPLES | 348 |
| JOHN MILTON | 57 | PALACE OF THE BRITISH ENVOY AT TEHERAN | 353 |
| JOHN MILTON IN HIS BLINDNESS | 61 | MICHAEL ANGIOLO | 360 |
| WINSTANLEY'S LIGHTHOUSE | 64 | RUINS OF OLD ROME | 365 |
| LEDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSES—FUTURE, PRESENT, AND PAST | 65 | ITALIAN PEASANTRY | 373 |
| HORIZONTAL SECTION OF EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE | 68 | JOHN WALTER | 377 |
| HAYES FARM, DEVON | 76 | PRINCE BISMARCK | 381 |
| ADOLPHE THIERS, THE STATESMAN | 83 | LOCH KATRINE | 389 |
| DR SCHLIEMANN | 93 | MELROSE ABBEY | 393 |
| YOUNG WOMAN OF MILANA | 97 | NAPOLEON III | 400 |
| LORD NELSON | 106 | EMPERESS EUGÉNIE | 401 |
| MONUMENT TO LORD NELSON, AT THE MENAI STRAITS | 109 | ASSYRIAN PALACE, ACCORDING TO LAYARD'S DISCOVERIES | 409 |
| THE SENTINEL ROCK, DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN COOK | 119 | CHARLES I OF ENGLAND | 416 |
| SIR ROWLAND HILL | 138 | NIAGARA, FROM THE AMERICAN SHORE | 425 |
| THE ALMONY, WESTMINSTER | 147 | THE NEVADA FALL, YOSEMITE VALLEY | 428 |
| WAR CORRESPONDENTS—MR F VILLIERS | 154 | GLACIER POINT AND MERCED RIVER, FROM THE VALLEY BELOW | 429 |
| MELTON PRIOR | 155 | PONT ABERGLASLYN | 432 |
| THE FOUNDER OF A REPUBLIC | 159 | IRVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY | 439 |
| A SCENE IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS | 165 | NATIVES GOING TO MARKET | 443 |
| FERDINAND DE LESSEPS | 173 | LIMBURG CATHEDRAL | 445 |
| EDMUND SPENSER AND THE "FAERY QUEEN" | 181 | THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA | 452 |
| JAPANESE ROYAL BARGE | 188 | THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA | 453 |
| CHARLES DICKENS | 193 | HADDON HALL | 459 |
| PEGGOTTY'S HUT AT YARMOUTH | 195 | ON THE RIVER | 466 |
| CAPTAIN BOYTON | 205 | LORD JOHN RUSSELL | 467 |
| ENTRANCE OF THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL | 213 | ALFRED TENNYSON | 475 |
| BEDFORD JAIL | 221 | DEATH OF CHARLES XII. | 481 |
| THE OLD BAPTIZING PLACE AT BEDFORD | 224 | LÉON GAMBETTA | 483 |
| DUREN'S HOUSE AT NUREMBERG | 225 | A SARCOPHAGUS AT DELAPAIS | 487 |
| THE NATIVITY | 229 | THE MOSQUE OF MAHOMET'S NURSE | 488 |
| ELISHA BURRITT | 239 | VIEW IN CYPRUS | 493 |
| KNIGHT TEMPLAR | 249 | WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE | 492 |
| SIR ROBERT PEEL | 253 | GEORGE MOORE | 500 |
| SIR ROBERT PEEL'S BIRTHPLACE | 256 | MR W E FORSTER | 502 |
| TANWORTH CASTLE | 260 | SIR CHARLES REED | 503 |
| | | GIOTTO | 505 |
| | | ORNAMENTAL TAILPIECE | 508 |



FAMOUS MEN & FAMOUS DEEDS.

"THE MAN FOR ALL TIME."



THE year of William Shakspeare's birth was a fearful year for Stratford. The plague raged with terrific violence in the little town. It was the same epidemic which ravaged Europe in that year; which in the previous year had desolated London, and still continued there. The red cross was probably not on the door of John Shakspeare's dwelling. "Fortunately for mankind," says Malone, "it did not reach the house where the infant Shakspeare lay; for not one of that name appears on the dead list."

The parish of Stratford was unquestionably the birthplace of William Shakspeare. Tradition says that William Shakspeare was born at one of his father's copyhold houses, in Greenhill Street, or in Henley Street. Tradition points out the very room in which he was born. Let us not disturb the belief. To look upon that ancient house—perhaps now one of the oldest in Stratford—pilgrims have come from every region where the name of Shakspeare is known. The property passed into a younger branch of the poet's family; the descendants of that

branch grew poorer and poorer ; they sold off its orchards and gardens ; they divided and subdivided it into smaller tenements ; it became partly a butcher's shop, partly a little inn. The external appearance was greatly altered, and its humble front rendered still humbler. The windows in the roof were removed ; and the half which had become the inn received a new brick casing. The central portion is that which is now shown as the birthplace of the illustrious man, "the myriad-minded."

The only qualifications necessary for the admission of a boy into the Free Grammar School of Stratford were, that he should be a resident in the town, of seven years of age, and able to read. The Grammar School was essentially connected with the Corporation of Stratford ; and it is impossible to imagine that when the son of John Shakspeare became qualified by age for admission to a school where the best education of the time was given, literally for nothing, his father in that year being chief alderman, should not have sent him to that school. We assume, without any hesitation, that William Shakspeare did receive in every just sense of the word the education of a scholar ; and as such education was to be had at his own door, we also assume that he was brought up at the Free Grammar School of his own town. His earlier instruction would therefore be a preparation for this school, and the probability is that such instruction was given him at home.

To the Grammar School, then, with some preparation, we hold that William Shakspeare goes, about the year 1571. His father is at this time, as we have said, chief alderman of his town ; he is a gentleman, now, of repute and authority ; he is Master John Shakspeare ; and assuredly the worthy curate of the neighbouring village of Luddington, Thomas Hunt, who was also the school-master, would have received his new scholar with some kindness. As his "shining morning face" first passed out of the main street into that old court through which the upper room of learning was to be reached,

a new life would be opening upon him. The humble minister of religion who was his first instructor has left no memorials of his talents or his acquirements ; and in a few years another master came after him, Thomas Jenkins, also unknown to fame. All praise and honour be to them ; for it is impossible to imagine that the teachers of William Shakspeare were evil instructors, giving the boy husks instead of wholesome aliment. They could not have been harsh and perverse instructors, for such spoil the gentlest natures, and his was always gentle—"My gentle Shakspeare" is he called by a rough but noble spirit—one in whom was all honesty and genial friendship under a rude exterior. His wondrous abilities could not be spoiled even by ignorant instructors.

Of the earlier part of that career of William Shakspeare, nothing can, probably, ever be known with certainty. His father added to his independent means, we have no doubt, by combining several occupations in the principal one of looking after a little land. Shakspeare's youth was, in all probability, one of very desultory employment, which afforded him leisure to make those extraordinary acquisitions of general knowledge which could scarcely have been made, or rather, the foundations of which could not have been established, during the active life which we believe he led from about his twentieth year.

The earliest connected narrative of Shakspeare's life, that of Rowe, thus briefly continues the history of the boy :—"Upon his leaving school he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him ; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford." At Shottery, a pretty village within a mile of the town, there is yet a farmhouse, now divided into two tenements, where it is affirmed that Hathaway dwelt. By a copy of a court roll, of the date of 1543, it appears that John Hath-

way then held a copyhold estate at Shottery. William Shakspeare was married to Anna Hathaway before the close of the year 1582. He was then eighteen years and a half old. This was indeed an early marriage. His wife was considerably older than himself. Early in 1585 twin children were born to him, and they were baptized on the 2nd of February as "Hämnet and Judeth."

The cause which drove Shakspeare from Stratford is thus stated by Kowe:—"He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and, amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London."

Although John Shakspeare, at the time of his son's early marriage, was not, as we think, "in distressed circumstances," his means were not such probably, at any time, as to have allowed him to have borne the charge of his son's family. That William Shakspeare maintained them by some honourable course of industry we cannot doubt. Scrivener or schoolmaster, he was employed. It is on every account to be believed that the altered circumstances in which he had placed himself, in connection with the natural ambition which a young man, a husband and a father, would entertain, led him to London not very long after his marriage. It has been discovered by Mr. Collier that in 1589, when Shakspeare was only twenty-five, he was joint proprietor in the Blackfriars Theatre, with a fourth of the other proprietors below him in the list. He had, at twenty-five, a standing in society; had the means, without doubt, of main-

taining his family; as he advanced in the proprietorship of the same theatre, he realized a fortune.

The first play of Shakspeare's which was printed was "The First Part of the Contention" ("Henry VI.," Part II.), and that did not appear till 1594.

Of the plays produced before the close of the sixteenth century, we would assign several to the period from Shakspeare's early manhood to 1591. Some of those dramas may possibly then have been created in an imperfect state, very different from that in which we have received them. That "Hamlet" in a very imperfect state, probably more imperfect even than the sketch in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, is the play alluded to by Nashe in 1589, we have little doubt. In the Duke of Devonshire's copy, dated 1602, there are passages, afterwards omitted, which decidedly refer to an early state of the stage. Amongst the comedies, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Love's Labour's Lost," "The Comedy of Errors," and "The Taming of the Shrew," contain very strong external evidence, especially in the structure of their versification, that they belong to the poet's earliest period. We have only one drama to add to this cycle, and that, we believe, was "Romeo and Juliet" in its original form.

The "Midsummer Night's Dream" may be taken, we apprehend, as a connecting link between the dramas which belong to the first cycle and those which may be assigned to the remaining years of the sixteenth century.

We have little difficulty in determining the plays which belong to Shakspeare's middle period. The list of Meres, and the dates of the original editions of those plays, are our best guides. The earliest of the historical plays of this cycle were those which completed the great story of the wars of the Roses. "Richard III." naturally terminated the eventful history of the House of York; "Richard II." commenced the more magnificent exhibition of the fortunes of the House of Lancaster. Both

these plays were printed in 1597. The two great historical plays of "Henry IV." which succeeded them were, no doubt, produced before 1596. "Henry V." undoubtedly belongs to that year; and this great song of national triumph grew out of the earlier history of the "madcap Prince of Wales." The three later histories are most remarkable for the exhibition of the greatest comic power that the world has ever seen. When the genius of Shakspeare produced Falstaff, its most distinguishing characteristics, his wit and humour, had attained their extremest perfection. There is much of the same high comedy in "King John." This was the period which also produced those comic dramas which are most distinguished for their brilliancy of dialogue—the "fine filed phrase" which Meres describes—"The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Much Ado about Nothing," and "Twelfth Night"; "The Merchant of Venice," and "All's Well that Ends Well," belong to the more romantic class. The "Twelfth Night" was originally thought to have been one of Shakspeare's latest plays; but it is now proved beyond a doubt that it was acted in the Middle Temple Hall in the Christmas of 1601.

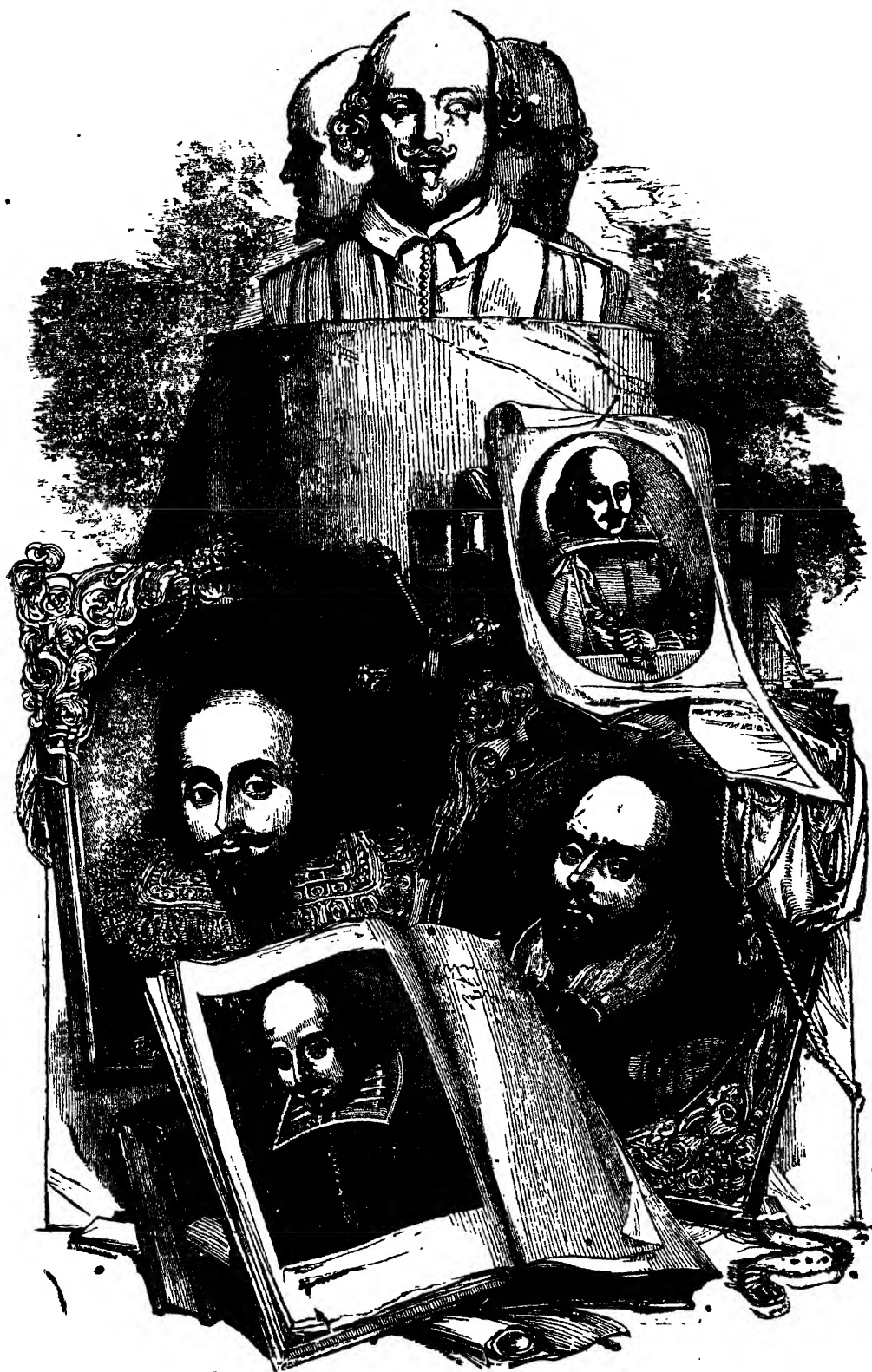
The close of the sixteenth century brings us to Shakspeare's thirty-fifth year. He had then been about fifteen years in London. We are not willing to believe that his whole time was passed in the capital. It is not necessary to believe it; for the evidence, such as it is, partly gossip and partly documentary, makes for the contrary opinion. Aubrey tell us "the humour of the constable in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' he happened to take at Grendon in Bucks, which is the road from London to Stratford, and there was living that constable about 1642, when I first came to Oxon." There is no constable in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; but he probably refers to the ever-famous Dogberry or Verges. In the same paper Aubrey says, "he was wont to go to his native country once a year."

But we have more trustworthy evidence than that of John Aubrey for believing that

Shakspeare, however indispensable a protracted residence in London might be to his interests and those of his family, never cast aside the link which bound him to his native town. In 1596 his only son died, and in Stratford he was buried. The parochial register gives us the melancholy record of this loss. This event, afflicting as it must have been, did not render the great poet's native town less dear to him. There his father and mother, there his wife and daughters, there his sister still lived. In 1597 he purchased the principal house in Stratford. It was built by Sir Hugh Clopton, in the reign of Henry VII., and was devised by him under the name of *the great house*. Dugdale describes it as "a fair house built of brick and timber." It appears to have been sold out of the Clopton family before it was purchased by Shakspeare. In the poet's will it is described as "all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, aforesaid, called the New Place." It is now incontestably proved that in the year previous to 1596 Shakspeare held a much more important rank as a sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre than in 1589; and that the Globe Theatre also belonged to the body of proprietors of which he was one.

There is a tradition that the valuable estate of New Place was purchased by Shakspeare through the magnificent assistance of Lord Southampton. It is pleasant to believe such a tradition; but it is not necessary to account for Shakspeare's property in the theatres, or even for his purchase of New Place at Stratford, that we should imagine that some extraordinary prodigality of bounty had been lavished on him. He obtained his property in the theatre by his honest labours, steadily exerted, though with unequalled facility, from his earliest manhood. The profits which he received not only enabled him to maintain his family, but to create an estate; and his was not a solitary case.

Shakspeare during the last year of two of the sixteenth century, and the opening



years of the seventeenth, was for the most part in London. In 1598 we find his townsman, Richard Quiney, writing him a letter, requesting the loan of thirty pounds. Mr. Alderman Sturley, with reference to some public business of that period, not only says in a letter that "our countryman, Mr. William Shakspeare, would procure us money," but speaks "of the friends *he* can make." Such notices are decisive as to the position Shakspeare then held in the estimation of the world. In 1601 his father died; and his burial is registered at Stratford. He appears then to have had three brothers living,—Gilbert, Richard, and Edmund.

In 1603 James I. ascended the throne of England. Lord Southampton, who had so imprudently participated in the conspiracy of Essex, was a favourite of the new king; and one almost of the first acts of the reign was a grant of a patent to the proprietors of the Blackfriars and Globe Theatres. In this patent the name of Shakspeare stands the second; the names mentioned being "Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakspeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillips, John Hemmings, Henry Condell, William Sly, Robert Armin, Richard Cowley."

It would appear that at this period Shakspeare was desirous of retiring from the more laborious duties of his profession as an actor. He desired to be appointed, there is little doubt, to the office of Master of the Queen's Revels. Daniel, a brother poet, was appointed; and in a letter to the Lord Keeper, Sir Thomas Egerton, he thus speaks of one of the competitors for the office:—"It seemeth to my humble judgment that one who is the author of plays now daily presented on the public stages of London, and the possessor of no small gains, and moreover himself an actor in the King's company of comedians, could not with reason pretend to be master of the Queen's Majesty's revels, forasmuch as he would sometimes be asked to approve and allow of his own writings."

But Shakspeare continued to hold his

property in the theatre. In 1608 the Corporation of London again attempted to interfere with the actors of the Blackfriars; and there being little chance of ejecting them despotically, a negotiation was set on foot for the purchase of their property. A document found by Mr. Collier amongst the Egerton papers at once determines Shakspeare's position in regard to his theatrical proprietorship. It is a valuation, containing the following item:—

"Item. W. Shakspeare asketh for the wardrobe and properties of the same playhouse £500, and for his four shares, the same as his fellows Burbidge and Fletcher, viz:—

£933 6s. 8d. . . . £1433 6s. 8d."

With this document was found another—unquestionably the most interesting paper ever published relating to Shakspeare: it is a letter from Lord Southampton to Lord Ellesmere, the Lord Chancellor; and it contains the following passage:—

"These bearers are two of the chief of the company; one of them by name Richard Burbidge, who humbly sueth for your Lordship's kind help, for that he is a man famous as our English Roscius, one who fitteth 'the action' to the word and the word to the action' most admirably. By the exercise of his quality, industry, and good behaviour, he hath become possessed of the Blackfriars playhouse, which hath been employed for plays since it was built by his father, now near fifty years ago. The other is a man no whit less deserving favour, and my especial friend, till of late an actor of good account in the company, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English plays, which, as your Lordship knoweth, were most singularly liked of Queen Elizabeth, when the company was called upon to perform before Her Majesty at court, at Christmas and Shrovetide. His most gracious Majesty King James also, since his coming to the crown, hath extended his royal favour to the company in divers ways and at sundry times. This

other hath to name William Shakespeare, and they are both of one county, and indeed almost of one town: both are right famous in their qualities, though it longeth not to your Lordship's gravity and wisdom to resort unto the places where they are wont to delight the public ear. Their trust and suit now is, not to be molested in their way of life whereby they maintain themselves and their wives and families (being both married and of good reputation), as well as the widows and orphans of some of their dead fellows."

We may now suppose that the great poet, thus honoured and esteemed, had retired to Stratford, retaining a property in the theatre—regularly writing for it. There is an opinion that he ceased to act after 1603. In that year his name is found amongst the performers of one of Ben Jonson's plays. But the years from 1605 to his death, in the April of 1616, were not idly spent. He was a practical farmer, we have little doubt. In 1604 he bought a moiety of the tithes of Stratford, which he would then probably collect in kind. He occupied the best house of the place; he had there his "curious knotted garden" to amuse him; and his orchard had many a pippin of his "own grafting." James I. recommended the cultivation of mulberry trees in England; and who has not heard of Shakespeare's mulberry tree? Vulgar tradition at this time represents him as writing a bitter epitaph upon his friend and neighbour John Combe, as he had satirized Sir Thomas Lucy. He was doing, we think, something better. To the first half of the period between 1604 and his death may be assigned "Macbeth," "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," and "The Tempest." The very recital of the names of these glorious works, associated as they are with that quiet country town, its beautiful Avon, its meadows, and its woodlands, is enough to make Stratford a name dear and venerable in every age.

The register of marriages at Stratford-upon-Avon for the year 1607 contains the entry of the marriage of John Hall, gentle-

man, and Susanna Shakspeare, on the 5th June. Susanna, the eldest daughter of William Shakspeare, was now twenty-four years of age. John Hall, gentleman, a physician settled at Stratford, was in his thirty-second year. This appears in every respect to have been a propitious alliance; Shakspeare received into his family a man of learning and talent.

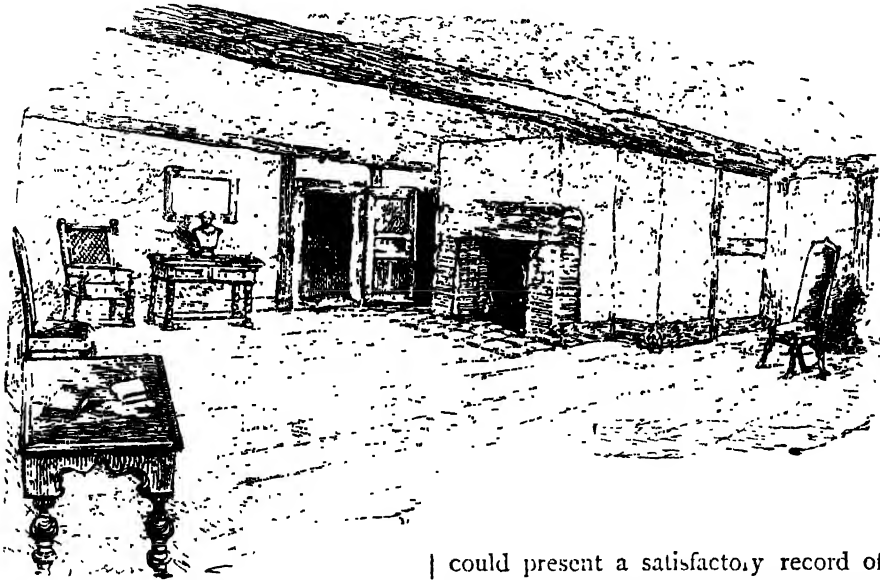
The season at which the marriage of Shakspeare's elder daughter took place would appear to give some corroboration to the belief that, at this period, he had wholly ceased to be an actor. It is not likely that an event to him so deeply interesting would have taken place during his absence from Stratford. It was the season of performances at the Globe. It is at this period that we can fix the date of "Lear." That wonderful tragedy was first published in 1608; and the title-page recites that "It was plaid before the King's Majesty at White-Hall, uppon S. Stephen's Night; in Christmas Hollidaies." This most extraordinary production might well have been the firstfruits of a period of comparative leisure; when the creative faculty was wholly untrammelled by petty cares, and the judgment might be employed in working again and again upon the first conceptions, so as to produce such a masterpiece of consummate art without after-labour. The next season of repose gave birth to an effort of genius wholly different in character; but almost as wonderful in its profound sagacity and knowledge of the world as "Lear" is unequalled for its depth of individual passion. "Troilus and Cressida" was published in 1600.

The year 1608 brought its domestic joys and calamities to Shakspeare. In the same font where he had been baptized, forty-three years before, was baptized, on the 21st of February, his grand-daughter, "Elizabeth, daughter of John Hall." In the same grave where his father was laid in 1601, was buried his mother, "Mary Shakspeare, widow," on the 9th of September, 1608. She was the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, who died in 1556. She,

was probably, therefore, about seventy years of age when her sons followed her to the "house of all living."

Every one agrees that during the last three or four years of his life Shakspeare ceased to write. Yet we venture to think that every one is in error. The opinion is founded upon a belief that he only finally left London towards the close of 1613. It is evident, from his purchase of a large house at Stratford, his constant acquisition of landed property there, his active engagements in the business of agriculture, the

interest which he took in matters connected with his property in which his neighbours had a common interest, that he must have partially left London before this period. But his biographers, having fixed a period for the termination of his connection with the active business of the theatre, assume that he became wholly unemployed; that he gave himself up, as Rowe has described, to "ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends." His income was enough, they say, to dispense with labour; and therefore he did not labour. But when the



THE BEDROOM.

days of leisure arrived, is it reasonable to believe that the mere habit of his life would not assert its ordinary control; that the greatest of intellects would suddenly sink to the condition of an everyday man—cherishing no high plans for the future, looking back with no desire to equal and excel the work of the past? At the period of life when Chaucer began to write the "Canterbury Tales," Shakspeare, according to his biographers, was suddenly and utterly to cease to write.

If those individuals who reason thus

could present a satisfactory record of the dates of all Shakspeare's works, and especially of his later works, we should still cling to the belief that some fruits of the last years of his literary industry had apparently wholly perished.

It is unnecessary, as it appears to us, to adopt any such theory. Without the means of fixing the precise date of many particular dramas, we have indisputable traces, up to this period, of the appearance of at least five-sixths of all Shakspeare's undoubted works. Are there any dramas whose individual appearance is not accounted for by those who have attempted to fix the exact chronology of other plays? There are such dramas, and they form a class.

They are the three great Roman plays of "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," and "Antony and Cleopatra."

The happy quiet of Shakspeare's retreat was not wholly undisturbed by calamity, domestic and public. His brother Richard, who was ten years his junior, was buried at Stratford on the 4th of February, 1613. Of his father's family his sister Joan, who had married Mr. William Hart of Stratford, was probably the only other left. There is no record of the death of his brother Gilbert; but as he is not mentioned in the will of William, in all likelihood he died before

him. Oldys, in his manuscript notes upon Langbaine, has a story of "One of Shakspeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of King Charles II." Gilbert was born in 1566; so that if he had lived some years after the restoration of Charles II., it is not surprising that "his memory was weakened," as Oldys reports, and that he could give "the most noted actors" but "little satisfaction in their endeavours to learn something from him of his brother." The story of Oldys is clearly apocryphal, as far as regards any brother of



JOHN SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE.

Shakspeare's. They were a short-lived race. His sister, indeed, survived him thirty years. The family at New Place, at this period, would be composed therefore of his wife only, and his unmarried daughter Judith; unless his elder daughter and his son-in-law formed a part of the same household, with their only child Elizabeth, who was born in 1608. The public calamity to which we have alluded was a great fire, which broke out at Stratford on the 9th of July, 1614. That Shakspeare assisted with all the energy of his character in alleviating the miseries of this calamity, and in the

restoration of his town, we cannot doubt. In the same year we find him taking some interest in the project of an inclosure of the common-fields of Stratford. The inclosure would probably have improved his property, and especially have increased the value of the tithes, of the moiety of which he held a lease. The Corporation of Stratford were opposed to the inclosure. They held that it would be injurious to the poorer inhabitants, who were then deeply suffering from the desolation of the fire; and they appear to have been solicitous that Shakspeare should take the same view of the matter as

themselves. His friend William Combe, then high sheriff of the county, was a principal person engaged in forwarding the inclosure. The Corporation sent their common clerk, Thomas Greene, to London, to oppose the project and a memorandum in his handwriting, which still remains, exhibits the business-like manner in which Shakspeare informed himself of the details of the plan.

The younger daughter of Shakspeare was married on the 10th of February, 1616, to Thomas Quiney, as the register of Stratford shows. Thomas Quiney was the son of Richard Quiney of Stratford, whom we have seen in 1598 soliciting the kind offices of his loving countryman Shakspeare. Thomas, who was born in 1588, was probably a well educated man. The last will of Shakspeare would appear to have been prepared in some degree with reference to this marriage. It is dated the 25th of March, 1616; but the word "Januarii" seems to have been first written and afterwards struck out, "Martii" having been written above it. It is not unlikely, and indeed it appears most probable, that the document was prepared before the marriage of Judith; for the elder daughter is mentioned as Susanna Hall,—the younger simply as Judith. To her, one hundred pounds is bequeathed, and fifty pounds conditionally. The life interest of a further sum of one hundred and fifty pounds is also bequeathed to her, with remainder to her children; but if she died without issue, within three years after the date of the will, the hundred and fifty pounds was to be otherwise appropriated. We pass over the various legacies to relations and friends, to come to the bequest of the great bulk of the property. All the real estate is devised to his daughter Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life. It is then entailed upon her first son and his heirs male; and, in default of such issue, to her second son and his heirs male; and so on: in default of such issue, to his grand-daughter Elizabeth Hall (called in the language of the time his "niece"): and, in default of

such issue, to his daughter Judith and her heirs male. By this strict entailment it was manifestly the object of Shakspeare to found a family. Like many other such purposes of short-sighted humanity, the object was not accomplished. His elder daughter had no issue but Elizabeth, and she died childless. The heirs male of Judith died before her. The estates were scattered after the second generation; and the descendants of his sister were the only transmitters to posterity of his blood and lineage.

The wife of Shakspeare was unquestionably provided for by the natural operation of the law of England. His estates, with the exception of a copyhold tenement, expressly mentioned in his will, were freehold. His wife was entitled to dower. She was provided for amply by the clear and undeniable operation of the English law. Of the houses and gardens which Shakspeare inherited from his father, she was assured of the life interest of a third, should she survive her husband, the instant that old John Shakspeare died. Of the capital messuage called New Place, the best house in Stratford, which Shakspeare purchased in 1597, she was assured of the same life interest, from the moment of the conveyance, provided it was a direct conveyance to her husband. That it was so conveyed we may infer from the terms of the conveyance of the lands in Old Stratford, and other places, which were purchased by Shakspeare in 1602, and were then conveyed "to the onley proper use and behoofe of the saide William Shakspeare, his heires and assignes for ever." Of a life interest in a third of these lands also she was assured. The tenement in Blackfriars, purchased in 1614, was conveyed to Shakspeare and three other persons; and after his death was reconveyed by those persons to the uses of his will, "for and in performance of the confidence and trust in them reposed by William Shakspeare deceased." In this estate, certainly, the widow of our poet had not dower. It has been remarked to us that even the express mention of the second.

best bed was anything but unkindness and insult ; that the best bed was in all probability an heirloom : it might have descended to Shakspeare himself from his father as an heirloom, and, as such, was the property of his own heirs. The best bed was considered amongst the most important of those chattels which went to their heir by custom with the house.

The will of Shakspeare thus commences :—"I, William Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent., in perfect health and memory, (God be praised !) do make and ordain this my last will and testament." And yet within one month of this declaration Shakspeare is no more :—

ORBIT ANO. DOI. 1616. ÆTAT 53. DIE 23. AP.

Such is the inscription on his tomb. It is corroborated by the register of his burial :—"April 25. Will Shakspeare, gent."

Tradition says that he died of a fever contracted at Stratford. The fever that is too often the attendant upon a hot spring, when the low grounds upon a river bank have been recently inundated, is a fever that the good people of Stratford did not well understand at that day. Whatever was the immediate cause of his last illness, we may well believe that the closing scene was full of tranquillity and hope ; and that he who had sought, perhaps more than any man, to look beyond the material and finite things of the world, should rest at the last in the "peace which passeth all understanding," in that assured belief which the opening of his will has expressed with far more than formal solemnity :—"I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting."



PORCH OF STRATFORD CHURCH.



SCHAMYL, THE CIRCASSIAN CHIEF.

THE mountain-chief whose exploits for so many years won the admiration of Europe, Schamyl, the warrior-prophet of the Caucasus, was born towards the end of the last century, at a town called Himri, situated in one of the wildest parts of Circassia. He was early educated in the two chief departments of Oriental knowledge—religion and arms; and many traits of truly Spartan courage are related of him. On one occasion, while a mere child, he was attacked and wounded by some comrades; but, although his life was endangered, he continued to conceal what had happened, because he would not consent to admit that he had been vanquished even by numbers.

For a long time Schamyl occupied a comparatively subordinate position as one of the Murides, or body-guards of Hamsad Bey, the Imâm. It was only after the assassination of that chief, in one of the civil contests which weakened Circassia and favoured the advance of Russia, that the celebrated warrior made himself known. He was elected to succeed the fallen Imâm by general acclamation, and having ruthlessly avenged the crime that had been committed, began that career which obtained for him a world-wide renown.

The means by which he obtained his popularity are not well known. As yet, we are in possession only of fragments of Circassian history. But it appears certain that Schamyl, though stained by many grievous faults, possessed noble qualities, and was eminently fitted to rule over a barbarous people.

His personal appearance is thus described. "He is of middle height, with grey eyes and red hair. His complexion is white, and as delicate as that of the Circassian

beauties who are sometimes exposed for sale in the private bazaars of Constantinople. Perhaps the contrast of his feminine appearance with his extraordinary courage and impassibility in the presence of danger may have strongly contributed to excite admiration among his rude and swartly countrymen. All reports speak of him as gentle even when ordering acts of the greatest cruelty. He is sober in food; and scrupulously obeys the injunction of the Prophet, to drink no wine—allowing his followers, however, full liberty to intoxicate themselves. A few hours of sleep suffice for him; and whilst his full-fed body-guard snore around, he rises, and somewhat ostentatiously employs himself in reading and prayer. A poet of Daghestan has said that 'he has lightning in his eyes and flowers on his lips'; for, like all popular leaders, he has the gift of eloquence, and gains his victories as much by oratory as generalship. All his proclamations are in gorgeous language; and it is said that nothing can equal the effect of the short orations he delivers to his troops before he leads them on to victory."

The first residence of Schamyl, after he was raised to supreme rank, was Achulgo, where he built, in the centre of the fortress, a little house in the European style, with the assistance of Russian prisoners and deserters. Here he lived in the humblest possible style, depending even for daily bread on the spontaneous offerings of his people. The fortress is built of the rudest rocks; and in 1839 was surrounded by defences of earth, with passages, covered ways, and moats, according to the best rules of science. The solid wooden towers, useless against artillery, had been removed, so that when General Grabbe appeared before it, after having taken Arquani and forced the passage of the Koi-sou, he at once understood the necessity of a regular



FIGHTING IN DEFENCE OF HER HOME.

siege. His first impulse, indeed, was to retreat; but remembering the orders of the emperor, hoping too to terminate the war with glory by the capture of Schamyl, he determined on an attack. The difficulties to be overcome were immense; but the troops under his command were numerous, and accustomed to passive obedience. The mountaineers by degrees found their communications cut off. They were completely surrounded, and hunger and thirst began to tell upon them with more fatal effect even than the dreaded cannon of their enemies.

It was on the 23rd of August, 1839, that, the advanced ramparts having been taken, the Russian general ordered his men to storm the citadel. The Circassians now displayed almost supernatural courage. Even the women took part in the struggle, sword and pistol in hand. "Never," says a Russian eye-witness, "have I beheld so horrible a spectacle. We swam in blood. We climbed over barricades of men. The death-rattle was our martial music. I was clambering at the head of my battalion, already decimated, up a steep ascent, the cannon had ceased to roar, the wind blew away the sombre curtain of smoke: we suddenly beheld, on a platform overhanging an abyss, a number of Circassian women. They knew that victory had declared against them, but firmly resolved to perish rather than fall into the hands of the Russians. They rolled enormous blocks of stone from the summit of the precipice. A huge mass whirled past me, and carried away several of my soldiers. I thought of the Eumenides. In the heat of the conflict they had thrown away their tunics; and their hair streamed wildly over their bare shoulders. I saw a young woman sitting down quietly with her infant in her arms; suddenly, as we approached, she arose, dashed her infant's head against a rock, and then leaped with it into the abyss below. The others followed one by one, and all were dashed to pieces."

The great object of this sanguinary attack was to take Schamyl; but the prophet was found neither among the dead nor

among the wounded. A whisper went abroad that he was concealed in a cave, and every rock was searched without success. Towards midnight, some sentinels heard a noise. A man descended a precipice by means of a cord. When down, he examined the ground, gave a signal, and immediately came a second, and then a third wrapped in a white cloak, such as Schamyl was accustomed to wear. The Russians now disclosed themselves, and took all three prisoners. But their joy threw them off their guard; and the real Schamyl—for he in the white cloak was only a decoy—darted by, leaped into the Koi-sou, and swam across untouched by the shower of balls sent after him. This wonderful escape of course added to the prophet's reputation; and it is not surprising that his people believe him to be the especial favourite of Allah. The lovers of the marvellous pretend that on one occasion Schamyl allowed himself to be taken prisoner under another name, was conducted to St. Petersburg, obtained the rank of colonel in the army, and having learned the art of war and the secrets of the enemy, escaped back to his own country. This extraordinary man, however, had no need of fiction to exalt his merits as a patriot chief.

Having been driven out of Achulgo, Schamyl removed his residence to a place called Dargy Wedenno, situated in the midst of dense forests and frightful precipices. It is from this place that he has since, with various success, directed the operations of the war, issuing forth at critical periods, and exciting his people by his presence, but taking care not needlessly to expose his person or to diminish the prestige of his name by too frequent appearances. Sometimes he has been reduced almost to the last extremity of despair. The Russian general, Woronzoff, by far the most formidable enemy ever sent against Circassia, cut roads through the country; and, instead of making periodical attacks on a grand scale, endeavoured to weary out the mountaineers by constantly marching to and fro in every

direction. Many tribes were entirely surrounded, and compelled to submit ; and at length the Tchetches found themselves unable to maintain their independence. They resolved, therefore, to send ambassadors to the stern Schamyl, asking him either to come and assist them, which they knew he could not, or to allow them to submit to Russia.

No one, however, would venture voluntarily to carry such a message ; and four men were chosen by lot. They set out for Dargy, and determined by means of gold to buy the intercession of the mother of Schamyl, that he should at least hear what they had to say, and accept or refuse. They easily succeeded in inducing the poor old woman to speak to her son.

What passed at the interview was kept a secret ; but horrible and sanguinary results were feared, for the prophet immediately afterwards retired to the mosque to fast and to pray. He remained there until late next morning ; and then appearing amidst a general assembly which he had ordered to be called together, announced, with many circumlocutions, that the Tchetches had formed the infamous project of submitting to the Giaours ; that they had sent messengers to plead their excuse ; that these messengers had suborned a woman to make him the disgraceful communication ; that he had asked counsel of the Prophet ; and that the Prophet had ordered him, from Allah, to give a hundred lashes with a whip to the woman who had been suborned. "That woman," he added in a terrific voice, "is my mother !"

There was a thrill of expectant horror in the assembly, and the mother of Schamyl, with a shriek, fell upon the ground.

The stern chieftain continued : "But what was my amazement when I heard this order ! I wept bitter tears. Mohammed then obtained from Allah that I might

substitute myself for the sinner. I am ready !"

So saying, Schamyl descended from his position, and ordered two of his guards to perform the office of executioner upon him. They refused at first, but were compelled to obey. At the fifth blow, the blood started ; but the people now rushed forward, snatched the whips from the hands of the men, and insisted that so painful a scene should not continue. The Tchetch ambassadors now expected that their time was come ; but to their surprise, and that of every one, Schamyl pardoned them, and said, "Go back to your cowardly countrymen and tell them what you have seen !"

It would be impossible, within any reasonable space, to give an outline of the various operations which Schamyl directed against the Russians. Indeed, accurate details are not known ; and it is to be feared that tradition alone will hand them down to posterity. But it is not only as a warrior and enthusiast that Schamyl was distinguished ; he was remarkable also as a legislator. By his influence, the people of Daghestan, previously divided into rival sects and tribes, were melted down into a mass almost homogeneous ; and he established many useful institutions. He partitioned the country into twenty provinces, each under its naib, or governor. Four of them were invested with absolute authority ; the others were obliged to give periodical reports of their actions. Each naib was obliged to raise three hundred horsemen, one from every ten families under his jurisdiction.

Every man, however, from fifteen to fifty, was, properly speaking, a soldier, ready to act on any great emergency. Schamyl himself had a body-guard of 1000 men, kept under rules of monastic severity. By their means he restrained the insubordination of such amongst his people as occasionally grew impatient of his iron yoke.

THE LONGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD.



THE great St. Gothard tunnel is now completed. At ten o'clock, on the morning of February the 29th, 1880, the piercing of the St. Gothard Tunnel was accomplished by one last blast, the two galleries which have been approaching each other from either end were thrown into one long tunnel, and the opposite gangs of workmen rushed into each other's arms and exchanged congratulations on the successful accomplishment of their task. The first man who actually succeeded in getting through the tunnel was M. Bossi, the manager of the works, but even he had been forestalled by the portrait of the late M. Favre, the contractor, which the workman had pushed through as soon as the aperture had reached a width of three inches.

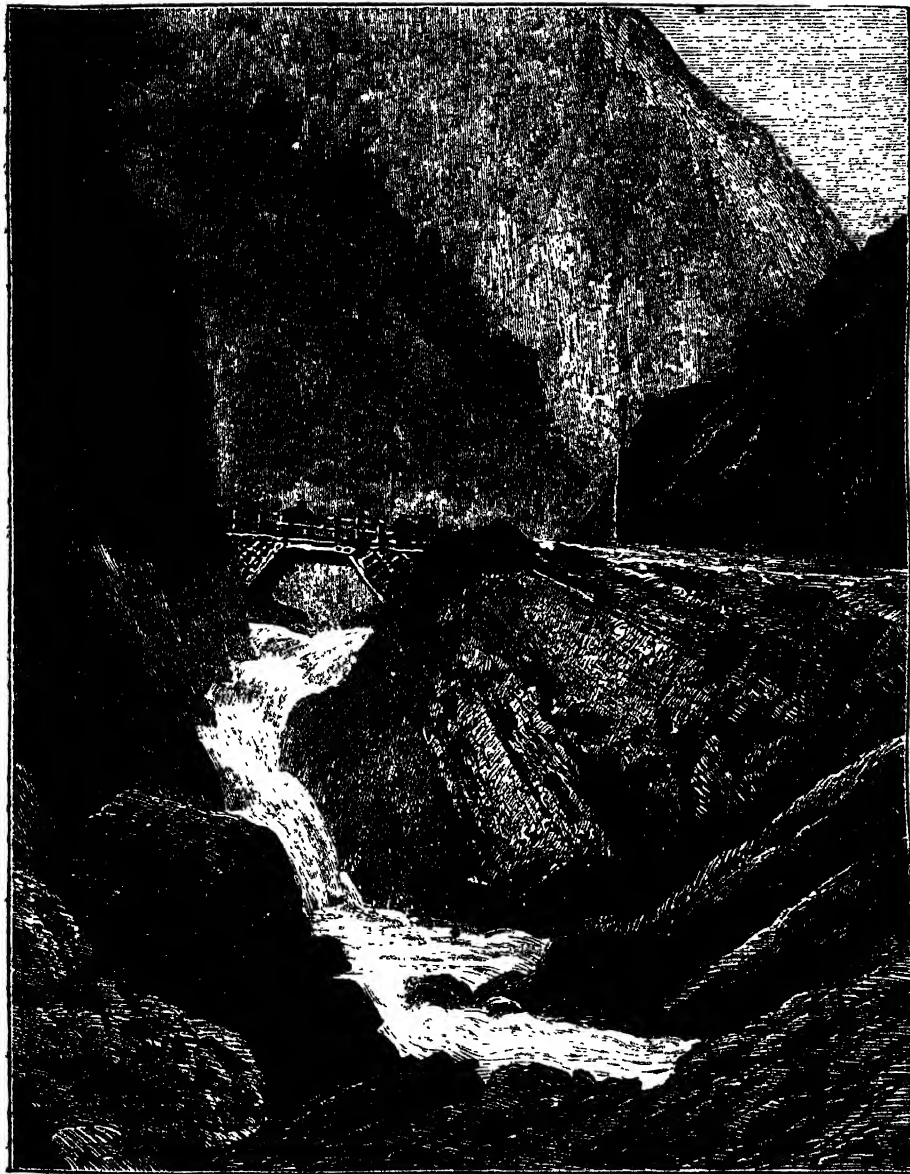
The tunnel is the longest in the world—nine and a quarter miles, and has only taken seven years and five months in piercing,—less than half the time occupied in piercing the Mont Cenis tunnel. This rapidity of execution is mainly due to the efficiency of the air compressors, invented by Professor Colladon of Geneva, the compressed air serving as a motive power for both the perforators which bore the rock and the locomotives which draw the wagons, and also as a means of ventilation. Notwithstanding a constant supply of air, however, the atmosphere in the tunnel has been terribly foul and hot. Out of a stud of forty horses, ten have died on an average every month; while the men, who worked eight hours a day—their daily wage being five shillings—were compelled to take frequent holidays to recruit their strength. Great care also had to be exercised respecting visitors, as a walk of several miles in the stifling heat might easily have proved fatal to people with weak heart action. The loss of life from premature explosions

has been considerable, several having been killed. Its architect, M. Favre, will not have lived to see the work which he undertook; but the contract which he signed will nevertheless have been executed within good time, in despite of enormous difficulties. Few people have any exact idea of the hardships of tunnelling. In the present instance it means boring through nine miles and a quarter of solid rock, from a small place called Geschenen, or Göschenen, at the mouth of a wild and picturesque little river, the Reuss, to another small place called Airolo, on the Ticino, which is the first village where Italian is spoken as you come out of Switzerland. The borings were commenced in 1872, with machinery worked by compressed air, and operations were carried on from both ends at once—a process which naturally demands that the plans of the engineers shall have been drawn with faultless minuteness. A deviation of one inch in the line within the first mile would have brought the workmen very far wide of their mark before the end of the thirty-sixth furlong was reached. As it is, the boring has been so correctly performed that the workmen from Airolo were able to shake hands through the opening with those of Geschenen. It seems that these unfortunates have been toiling in a temperature scarcely lower than that in a hothouse, for, though the compressed-air machines are ingeniously contrived to furnish ventilation, it has been found almost impossible to carry currents of cool air down a shaft over four miles long. Under the circumstances, the work which the honest miners have done has been truly heroic; and nobody grudged them hearty congratulations when they finished their piercing and established a regular grateful draught of air, which enabled them to carry on the remainder of their work under pleasanter conditions.

The cost of excavating and tunnelling

over the nine and a quarter miles was set down in M. Favre's contract at two millions sterling, which may give one some idea of what the submarine tunnel between Bou-

logne and Dover will cost, should it ever be attempted. Amateurs of speed in travelling will look upon the completion of the St. Gothard tunnel as an unmitigated



VAL DI TICINO, NEAR AIROLO, THE SOUTH ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL.

boon. Going from Bâle to Milan they will be spared the jolt by diligence or by sleigh, according to season, between Bellinzona and Lugano, and will have the satisfaction

of passing in the dark through one of the grandest tracts of scenery in Europe. They will do in twenty-five minutes what used not always to be accomplished in twenty-

five hours, for there were times when blinding snowstorms broke suddenly over that steep and treacherous St. Gothard Pass, making travellers right glad to reach the Monte Rosa hotel at the top, or the Hospice, where the benevolence of the Canton of Ticino has provided beds for fifteen poor travellers. Often wayfarers have lost their way in the snow, and have had to huddle helpless by the roadside, waiting to hear the tinkling of the bells round the necks of the Newfoundland dogs which the monks of the Hospice always sent out in quest of strangers when the weather was bad. What music so joyous as that of these bells in the perishing winter cold, unless it were the bark of the good dogs themselves as they sniffed the presence of the stranger, and ran with unerring accuracy to extricate him from his scrape! Grateful tourists endowed with worldly means were often anxious to buy their four-footed preservers, and were allowed to do so on a payment of about £15; or they could have a puppy for £3. It was safer to buy a puppy, for the larger dogs, accustomed to the keenness of the mountain air, never throve in other climes; and even the pups were apt to grow consumptive after they had been away for a few months from their snows.

A year or two ago an Irish gentleman who had been saved from certain death by a St. Gothard dog bought him and took him to Dublin. The poor beast became attached to his master, but soon pined and wasted. His master, after trying every remedy that could restore him to health, at last had the good sense to decide that the dog ought to be taken back to his birthplace, and he undertook the journey to St. Gothard on purpose. The parting from the faithful, shaggy creature must have been painful, but the dog has since revived and is doing well in his business.

Recollections like these—memories of dangers overcome and of pleasant nights spent on the mountain *albergi*—endear the St. Gothard road to travellers who are fond of meeting adventures when they journey. At the Monte Rosa hotel, or at the Albergo

del San Gothardo facing it, one was sure to get a comfortable bed in a well-warmed room, a substantial dinner, and sometimes cheerful company. The visitors' books in these two hostelries bear ample evidence that joviality is rather the rule than the exception among travellers, for one can scarcely read a grumble, whereas there are pages upon pages devoted to recording the impressions of tourists who have been delighted with everything they saw and heard, from the misty outlines of the "always invisible" St. Gothard to the patter of the large-eyed Italian serving wenches who bring in the tureens of steaming macaroni soup, flavoured with Parmesan cheese. The familiar names of Albert Smith, Thackeray, Leman Blanchard, Charles Kingsley, and Robert Browning may be read among the signatures on these scrap-books, mingling with those of Alexandre Dumas, Théophile Gautier, and George Sand. The French, however, indulge in a lighter style of contribution than the English. While the latter rhapsodise over the scenery, or throw out practical hints about the precautions which travellers should take to guard against the imposture of guides and diligence conductors, the former criticise the culinary department, and deliver opinions about the wines they have drunk. The two nations only agree in remarking that when the wind blows on the St. Gothard road at night it makes a noise like the howling of a legion of imps, and effectually scares sleep away.

This St. Gothard wind, by the bye, is called by the natives at the Swiss end of the road *Hut Schelm*, or *hat-rogue*, because of its playful propensity to whisk off the hats of travellers and fling them into some abyss or into the rumbling, foaming waters of the Reuss. Many a comfortable wide-awake, the pride and solace of its owner, has been disposed of in this way, without a warning whiff to announce that the boisterous wind was coming; therefore experienced tourists used to make their head-dresses fast with guards like small cables, and, what is more, they took care in

walking to hug the cliff side of the road, so as not to run the risk of being caught amidships themselves by the rough tornado, which was often strong enough to lift a lusty man clean off his legs.

As everybody knows, the St. Gothard road used to be until the beginning of this century a mere bridle path. It had been of old much frequented by travellers—pilgrims going to Italy on foot, or merchants faring with pack mules—but it ceased to be so after the construction of the fine roads over the Simplon, the Splügen, and the Bernardino. In 1820 the Governments of the Cantons of Uri and Ticino undertook the expense of cutting the present road, which is nineteen feet wide all the way through, and the work was finished to the general satisfaction about twelve years later. Baedeker's "Guide" justly says of it that in convenience and utility it was second to none of the Alpine routes, while in magnificence of scenery it is superior to all others, especially on the south side. The St. Gothard Pass is generally practicable for carriages during four or five months from the beginning of June; whilst in winter travellers can be conveyed over in one-horse sleighs, except when the snowfalls have been too heavy. At some points avalanches are to be dreaded, notably in the gorges just beyond Amsteg, below which the impetuous Reuss rushes in a series of noisy waterfalls, and again in the Schöllenen beyond the Sixth Bridge, where one of the most dangerous spots is protected by a gallery sixty yards in length. The Sixth Bridge just mentioned stands just at the north side of the new St. Gothard tunnel; it stretches over the Reuss, like most of the others, for the road winds and rewinds in spirals; the Seventh Bridge, a little beyond it, is called Sprengbrücke; and then we come to the famous Teufelsbrücke, or Devil's Bridge, said to have been constructed by an architect who had made a compact with Beelzebub. As legends of this sort are common to most mountainous countries, one need not inquire whether it is true that at this particular place (three miles

and a half from Geschenen) the devil was or was not cheated of his dues by the architect driving a dog with a kettle to his tail over the bridge when it was inaugurated. Enough that on the Devil's Bridge, when the weather is fine, a scene most beautiful in its wild desolation is to be obtained.

It is not always bad weather on the St. Gothard. When the snows have melted and the winter winds ceased blowing, the sun often shines out for days and days together, tinting all the mountain crests with pink, and throwing broad streaks of orange light into those craggy recesses which from November to May look so black. At such times, standing on the Teufelsbrücke and listening to the cascade of the Reuss, which dashes its waters with a noise of thunder to a depth of one hundred feet below, the traveller, soused with spray (unless he have a waterproof), may watch the old and broken Devil's Bridge twenty feet below, where a savage battle was fought between the Austrians and French in August, 1779. Every guide has the story of this Homeric encounter pat on the end of his tongue. The Austrians had taken up a strong position on the bridge, but, being unable to bear up against the *furia francese*, they blew up the side arch; in consequence of which hundreds of wretched Frenchmen were precipitated like so many frogs into the abyss underneath. Communications were thus cut off; but the surviving French, nothing daunted, actually scaled the right bank of the Reuss—an awful ascent—and drove the Austrians back. Such tales of human daring make the pulses thrill; but, may be, the tourist who eyes the fearful steeps, and measures the distance between the now moss-grown disused bridge and the rushing waters where so many brave fellows found a grave, will turn more gladly to the scene of human enterprise displayed a few miles farther off, where the tunnel borings were carried on day and night with a stolid and magnificent patience. Tunnelling is not quite a new art, for just beyond the Teufelsbrücke we have a tunnel of seventy yards, pierced through

the rock in 1707. It was a great feat with such instruments as were at the disposal of engineers then ; but it must not blind us to the altogether superior merit of such works as those of M. Favre. There may have been engineers of yore, but those of our time are Goliaths beside them.

The last period of the work was naturally one of no little excitement. The first intimation the workmen on the Geschenen side had of the final stage was the fact that pieces of rock fell down without any assistance on their part. Then they listened, and heard the sound of operations on the Airolo side. Terrified lest an explosion should take place, they retreated as fast as possible to a distance. On re-approaching the head of the gallery they saw the Airolo borer and touched it, but it was heated to such a degree that they burned their hands. After the news had been spread on the Saturday night no one thought of going to sleep. At any moment now the culmination of eight years' labour might be announced. At seven o'clock in the morning a train started from each end of the tunnel, carrying the officials and their invited guests. The machines were working on both sides, and when the guests arrived near the middle of the tunnel there was only one-third of a mètre of rock dividing them and remaining to be removed before they could meet. As it was from the Airolo side that the borer had penetrated through, it was just that the Airolo men should have the honour of completing the last portion of the work. Preparations were made accordingly, and at a quarter-past eleven the final blasting operations were performed, and after eight separate detonations, the last remnants of the wall of rock dividing the two portions of the tunnel were blown away, and with loud cheers the workmen and guests who had been waiting on either side rushed forward and embraced each other.

The St. Gothard tunnel is a mile and two-thirds longer than that of the Mont Cenis, and consequently the longest tunnel ever made. From its central point (3,779 feet above the sea level) there is a fall

towards Geschenen of 6 per 1,000 feet, and towards Airolo of 1 per 1,000 feet. Altogether it is a stupendous work, and its utility to the commercial and travelling classes will be immense. These are days when time is of value. The shortening of a journey by some hours is a great consideration, and affects for the better in a multitude of ways the nations which are thereby brought into closer contact. As for the travellers who love scenery, they may be compensated for the loss of it on the St. Gothard by the reflection that it is pleasant after all to doze comfortably whilst one glides through a tunnel secure from avalanches, snowstorms, and *hutschelms*. Fine scenery may still be inspected at leisure in almost any corner of Switzerland; and hardy pedestrians will still clamber up the old St. Gothard road to Monte Rosa for amusement, though no longer obliged to do so from necessity.

It is to be hoped that the Cantons of Uri and Ticino will not allow the grand route or any one of its eight bridges to fall into decay. It was a public spirited thing which they did when they cut the road sixty years ago ; and it will be wise of them to remember now that facilities of communication promote travelling in all directions, so that their famous pass may not become so deserted as they think, after all. Of course the owners of the diligences and sleighs are going to be great losers, but these worthies have so long been accustomed to fleece strangers that one need not pity them overmuch. Their extortions used to be one of the principal elements of worry in a journey up the St. Gothard road. The *vetturini* on the Italian side were worse to deal with than those on the Swiss, for they had a shameless trick of thrusting under your nose a printed tariff which was all false. Many an exasperated paterfamilias has gnashed his teeth and shaken his fists in the faces of the rascally crew of postilions and ostlers, whose charges were enough to make even a bridegroom on his honeymoon tour wince. And so, good luck to the tunnel, and *bon voyage* to those who will travel therein !

SOME EARLY ADVENTURERS.



HERE was bustle and excitement on both sides of the Thames on the 10th of May, 1553, for on that day three ships, commanded by some whose names figure honourably on the roll of England's naval worthies, dropped down the river from Ratcliffe to Greenwich. Whither were they bound? It could be no ordinary departure that attracted so much attention, made the common people break out into cheers, and drew the court to the windows of the palace to watch the passing vessels. Nor was it.

The day, indeed, was a memorable one to many on board. They had—as old Hakluyt tells us in his historical narratives, related with all the vigorous simplicity of the old story-tellers—they had “saluted their acquaintance, one his wife, another his children, another his kinsfolk, and another his friends, dearer than his kinsfolk;” and now, “being all apparelled in watchet, or sky-coloured cloth, they rowed amain, and made way with diligence. And being come near to Greenwich, where the court then lay, presently upon the news thereof; the courtiers came running out, and the common people flocked together, standing very thick upon the shore: the privy council, they looked out at the windows of the court, and the rest ran up to the tops of the towers. The ships hereupon discharged their ordnance, and shot off their pieces after the manner of war, and of the sea, insomuch that the tops of the hills sounded therewith, the valleys and the waters gave an echo, and the mariners, they shouted in such sort that the sky rang again with the noise thereof. One stood on the poop of the ship, and by his gesture bade farewell to his friends in the best

manner he could. • Another walks upon the hatches, another climbs the shrouds, another stands upon the mainyard, and another in the top of the ship. To be short, it was a very triumph, after a sort, in all respects to the beholders.”

Such was a leave-taking in the days of Edward VI., when one half of the globe was a perfect mystery and marvel to the other, and people were ready to believe in giants, in men with eyes in their breast, in snakes with two heads, Sindbad's roc, or any other monstrosity. They thought it worth while, too, to institute a search from time to time for Prester John. No wonder that crowds ran to behold with their own eyes the daring seamen who were going into unknown regions, perhaps to see sights that would fill them with terror or admiration.

The ships here mentioned,—of which the largest was not more than 160 tons,—comprised the expedition commanded by Sir Hugh Willoughby, whose terrible fate throws a melancholy interest over the early history of northern discovery. He and his crew were the first victims of the grim Frost King, stricken down, as though to warn future explorers from his icy dominions.

The vessels were fitted out by “certain grave citizens of London,” who, fearing the decay of trade, resolved to attempt a passage to China—or Cathay, as it was then called—by the north-east, and so checkmate the Spaniards and Portuguese, who were at that time pushing their discoveries in the west. They consulted the famous navigator Sebastian Cabot, who drew up a set of advices and instructions, which are as remarkable for their large and liberal views as regards the general conduct of the enterprise as for shrewd practical common sense in minor particulars. Under such auspices, the ships were “prepared and furnished out, for the search and discoverie

of the northerne part of the world, to open a way and passage to our men for travaile to newe and unknowen kingdomes." The "grave citizens" had vitality enough to perpetuate themselves, and still exist as the "Muscovy Company."

During the warm months that followed their departure the adventurers made good progress. Sir Hugh Willoughby got so far to the north that he struck the western coast of Nova Zembla, and sailed along it for some distance. To him, indeed, belongs the honour of the discovery of that "desolate" land, for he was the first Englishman, if not the first of any civilized nation, to visit its shores. A gale, which broke out shortly afterwards, separated the ships; in September, Sir Hugh, with two out of the three, took refuge in the mouth of the Warsina, on the coast of Lapland, where he and his crews, seventy persons in all, perished from cold and hunger before the winter was over. Remembering the names of his vessels,—*Bona Esperanza* and *Bona Confidentia*,—there seems a cruel mockery in his fate.

The third ship, the *Edward Bonaventura*, commanded by Richard Chancellor, had better fortune. After the gale, he sailed to Wardhuus, in Norway,—the appointed rendezvous,—and waited seven days, when, his consorts not arriving, he determined to prosecute the voyage alone. His project was, however, opposed by "certain Scotchmen" whom he fell in with, and who used every argument they could think of to dissuade him. Only think of Scotchmen being found in that remote place at such an early period! How did they get there? But Chancellor was not to be dissuaded: "A man of valour," he said, "could not commit a more dishonourable part than for feare of danger to avoyde and shun great attempts, . . . remaining steadfast and immutable in his first resolution, determining either to bring that to pass which was intended, or to die the death."

Chancellor's courage was shared by his crew: they willingly placed themselves under his guidance whithersoever he should

lead, knowing "his good-will and love towards them"; and so they put to sea. "Now," says the old chronicler, "they held on their course towards that unknown part of the world, and sailed so far that they came at last to the place where they found no night at all, but a continual light and brightness of the sun shining clearly upon the huge and mightie sea. And having the benefit of this perpetual light for certaine days, at the length it pleased God to bring them into a certaine great bay, which was of one hundred miles or thereabout over, whereinto they entered, and somewhat far within cast anchor; and looking every way about them, it happened that they espied afar off a certaine fisher-boat, which Master Chancellor, accompanied with a few of his men, went towards to commune with the fishermen that were in it, and to know of them what country it was, and what people, and of what manner of living they were. But they, being amazed with the strange greatness of his ship, began presently to avoyde and to flee; but he, still following, at last overtook them, and being come to them, they (being in great fear, as men half dead) prostrated themselves before him, offering to kiss his feet. But he, according to his great and singular courtesie, looked pleasantly upon them, comforting them by signs and gestures, refusing those duties and reverences of theirs, and taking them up in all loving sort from the ground. And it is strange to consider how much favour afterwards in that place this humanitie of his did purchase to himself; for they, being dismissed, spread by and by a report abroad of the arrival of a strange nation, of a singular gentleness and courtesie; whereupon the common people came together, offering to these new-come guests victuals freely, and not refusing to traffic with them, except they had been bound by a certain religious use and custom not to buy any foreign commodities without the knowledge and consent of the king."

The "great bay" into which Chancellor sailed is now known as the White Sea, though for some time after its discovery it

was called the bay of St. Nicholas. Here our countrymen soon learned that they were in "Russia, or Moscovie," of which land Ivan Vasilwitsch was emperor, or, as we now say, czar. The ship was anchored in the western mouth of the Dwina, and the governor of the place sent plentiful supplies of provisions on board, and showed much good-will to the strangers, but refused to trade with them until he knew the pleasure of his sovereign.

The news of their arrival, we are told, was "very welcome" to Ivan, "insomuch that voluntarily he invited them to come to his court," promising to defray the expenses of the journey, and gave full liberty to his subjects to trade with the foreigners. His messenger having by some mishap gone astray, Chancellor suspected the governor of making vain excuses for delay, and at last set off on the journey of 1,500 miles to Moscow, to visit the monarch whether or no. He had travelled some distance when he met the royal messenger, who had lost his way, and Ivan's letters at once removed all difficulties. So eager were the Muscovites to obey their ruler's orders, that for all the rest of the journey "they began to quarrel, yea, and to fight also, in striving and contending which of them should put their post-horses to the sled." In consequence of which Chancellor and his companions arrived speedily in Moscow.

A favourable reception awaited them; and after ten or twelve days spent in rest and in viewing the city, they had audience of the emperor. "Being come into the chamber of presence," says the narrator of the interview, "our men began to wonder at the majesty of the emperor; his seat was aloft on a very royal throne, having on his head a diadem or crown of gold, apparelled with a robe all of goldsmith's work, and in his hand he held a sceptre, garnished and beset with precious stones; and, besides all other notes and appearances of honour, there was a majesty in his countenance proportionable with the excellencie of his estate." The great officers of state stood

round about, they and the whole apartment glittering with gold and jewels; but Chancellor, "being therewithal nothing dismayed, saluted" and presented the letters from King Edward. These were read; and then, after some brief conversation, the Englishmen were invited to dine with his majesty, which they did two hours later, in the "golden court;" and saw such prodigious numbers of gold and silver goblets, casks, dishes, and other vessels, and such a multitude of attendants, as filled them with amazement, and, doubtless, made them well content at being the first to open a trade with so rich a country.

The result of the interview was that Ivan sent his visitors away with a letter in reply to those which he had received, declaring he had in all amity ordered that wherever Sir Hugh Willoughby and the missing crews might be found, every attention should be paid to them; that if an envoy were sent to treat on the matter, English "ships and vessels should have free mart, with all free liberties through my whole dominions, with all kinds of wares, to come and go at their pleasure, without any let, damage, or impediment." With this missive, which bore the great seal, Chancellor returned to England, and thus commenced the British trade with Russia.

The "grave citizens" were not slow to follow up their advantage; and while ships were sent out for the exchange of commodities, others were especially employed in further discoveries in the same region, for, above all, they hoped to find the passage to China. Succeeding explorers traced the extent of the White Sea; and, sailing through the narrow strait which separates Waigats Island from the main, discovered the Sea of Kara, and made persevering efforts to reach the mouth of the Ob. To the English and the Dutch the Russians are more indebted for these early discoveries than to themselves. For a century or two the White Sea was the only way by which they could communicate with the rest of the world by water.



THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH-EAST PASSAGE



THE Swedish navigator, about whom all the world is talking so pleasantly, is just forty-eight years old. His father was a well-known naturalist employed in a post of responsibility in the mines of Finland. His mother, in many respects a remarkable woman, bore the respectable name of Hartmann. He was the third of their

seven children. He comes of a good stock, the founder of the family, a certain Lieutenant Nordberg, or Nordenberg, having won distinction in the beginning of the seventeenth century. His grandson changed the name to Nordenskjöld, which, signifies in honest Swedish "Buckler of the North." To those who believe in the principle of heredity it may be interesting to learn that all the relatives of the Professor have been

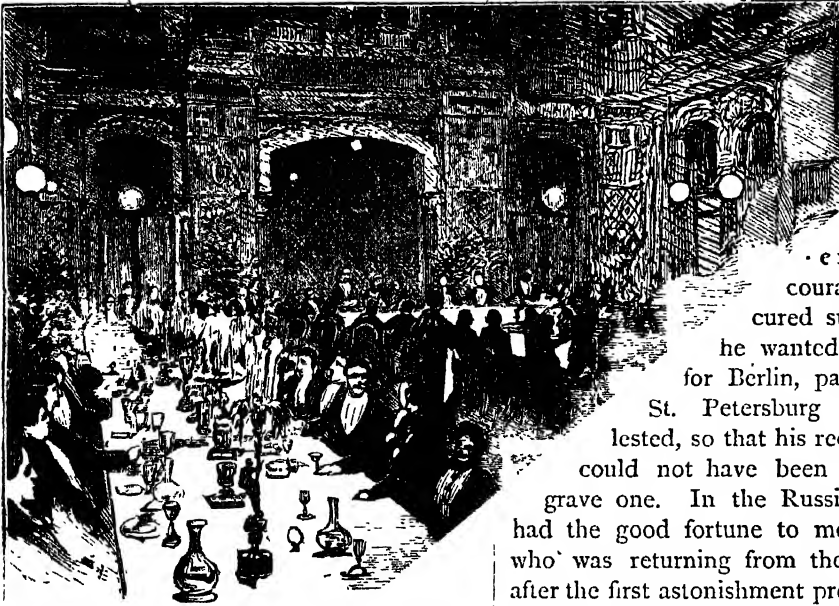
men of mark. A Colonel Adolphe Nordenskjöld constructed a valuable museum of natural history on his estate at Frugor. His brother, Otto Magnus, was the first who introduced many-bladed saws into Finland, and materially improved the business of wood-cutting. Unfortunately for himself, however, this busy-minded, practical man was also a philanthropist, and he got into a scrape both with the Swedish and Russian governments for riding his humanitarian hobby into the presence of the Empress Elizabeth. He expressed his wishes for universal peace among all Christian nations, and consequently died excommunicated by the clergy of his native land. His fate, however, did not serve as a warning to his kinsfolk, who seem always to have had a hankering for doughty deeds. Thus Augustus Nordenskjöld, nephew of the peace-seeker, not content with having won reputation as a scientific chemist of great merit, associated himself with the celebrated Bernard Wadstrom in his labours for the abolition of slavery, and died of wounds received from men of colour, while trying to form a colony of free negroes at Sierra Leone. The son of this good chemist, and brave though unsuccessful liberator, was Nils-Gustavus, a mineralogist of note, and father of the famous explorer of the northern seas, now before the public, Adolphus-Eric Nordenskjöld, who was born on the 18th November, 1832.

The navigator was educated as a child by his mother, who took great pains with him, and afterwards at Borgo, in an establishment which joined the advantages of a school and a university. The pupils were allowed, however, more than enough liberty, and he did little good there, as he himself very frankly admits in a candid autobiography which has been published. His parents seem to have been neither surprised nor vexed at the unsatisfactory reports of the college authorities of Borgo, but took the rather unusual course of giving both to him and a brother, who was his fellow student, unrestricted liberty of action. The two lads, thus left to their own devices,

paid five roubles a month for their modest board and lodging, pursuing such studies as pleased them, and the experiment was in every respect a happy one. Their self-respect was aroused, Adolphus-Eric devoted serious attention to his books, and the dons of the university had soon reason to form a better opinion of him. To M. Borenus and M. Ohman belongs the honour of having been his principal tutors. The first instructed him in the physical sciences, the second in geography, mathematics, and history. His master in Greek, was the illustrious poet, Johan Ludvig Runeberg.

Young Nordenskjöld quitted the University of Borgo abruptly for the singular reason that two of the students had been flogged—a proceeding which he seems to have thought derogatory to his dignity as one of their body; and in 1849 matriculated at Helsingfors, where he worked incessantly at natural history in its highest branches. During the vacations he accompanied his father, who was Chief of the Department of Mines in Finland, on some of his mineralogical excursions, and became himself a collector of minerals. It was from his father, who had been a favourite pupil of Gahn and Berzelius, that he first learned the uses of the blowpipe, an instrument which he managed with unexampled skill. Thus taught by times, the lad was entrusted with the care of the rich collection of minerals in the Museum at Frugor, and acquired a habit of classification which subsequently rendered him great service. In 1853 he completed his university career with signal credit, being placed first in all the examinations; and immediately afterwards he accompanied his father on a scientific journey to the Oural, where they inspected the copper mines of the Demidoffs at Tagilisk. There he projected a prolonged voyage into Siberia, but the Crimean war put a stop to it.

On returning home he continued to prosecute his studies with commendable diligence, and wrote some works on mineralogy which are still regarded as valuable. He was also appointed Director of the



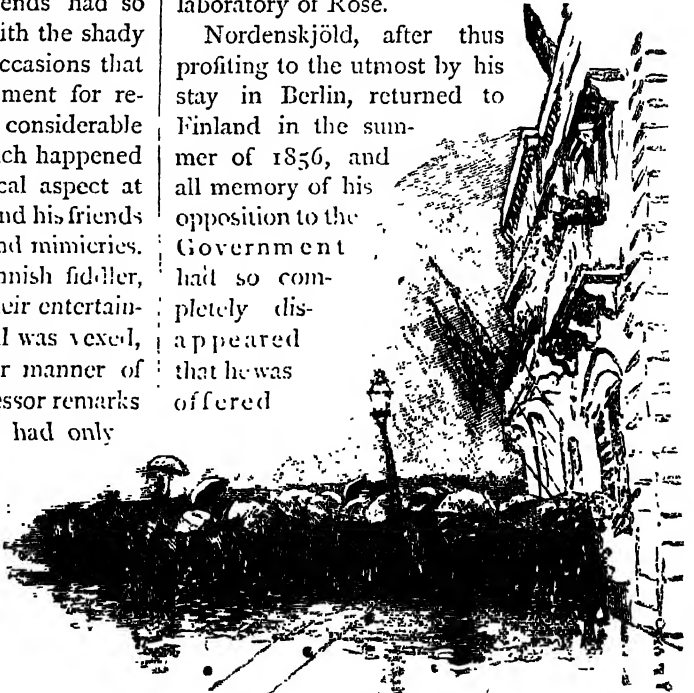
as he was by this stroke of ill-luck, young Nordenskjöld lost nothing of his

energy and courage. He procured such money as he wanted, and set out for Berlin, passing through St. Petersburg quite un molested, so that his recent escapade could not have been considered a grave one. In the Russian capital he had the good fortune to meet his father, who was returning from the Oural, and, after the first astonishment produced by the altered position of his affairs had been explained away, he was furnished with letters to the brothers Rose, to Mitscherlich, and to others who ranked highly among the learned men of Prussia. He was everywhere well received in honour of his father, and admitted daily to work in the famous laboratory of Rose.

Faculty of Mathematics and Physics, but he did not long enjoy the emoluments of those posts, being cashiered before six months were out for some political talk at a tavern dinner. The youthful professor declares he was not really in fault on this occasion, but with infinite good humour observes that he and his friends had so often mixed themselves up with the shady sides of politics on previous occasions that he cannot blame the Government for receiving their explanations with considerable reserve. Indeed the affair, which happened in 1855, wears rather a comical aspect at this distance. The professor and his friends got merry, and took to toasts and mimicries. They were betrayed by a Finnish fiddler, who had helped to enliven their entertainment, and whose righteous soul was vexed, or perhaps frightened, at their manner of amusing themselves. The professor remarks with great truth, that if they had only hired a Russian musician, which they might easily have done, the party would have got off scot free, for he would not have been able to understand a word of their discourse.

Deprived of place and pay

Nordenskjöld, after thus profiting to the utmost by his stay in Berlin, returned to Finland in the summer of 1856, and all memory of his opposition to the Government had so completely disappeared that he was offered



his choice between the Chair of Mineralogy and Geology or an appointment to proceed on a voyage of exploration with a handsome allowance for his expenses.

He chose the latter, but while he was hesitating the philologist Almgrist was nominated in his stead. A promise was, however, made to him that he should be selected for a similar expedition in a few months. The plan which he then proposed to himself was to make a geological excursion into Siberia, and especially to push on to Kamtchatka; but he was obliged to abandon this project, the terms of the mission which he actually obtained not coinciding with this idea. Before starting he obtained his degree of Master of Arts and Doctor from his Alma Mater, and then again got into trouble with his old enemy the Governor-General, Count de Berg, who had lent so ready an ear to the report of his tavern speech. This time, although he had the university authorities on his side, and was really guiltless of offence, M. de Berg was for having him tried for high treason, and he was advised by a prudent friend in his Excellency's counsels, to fly the country, or

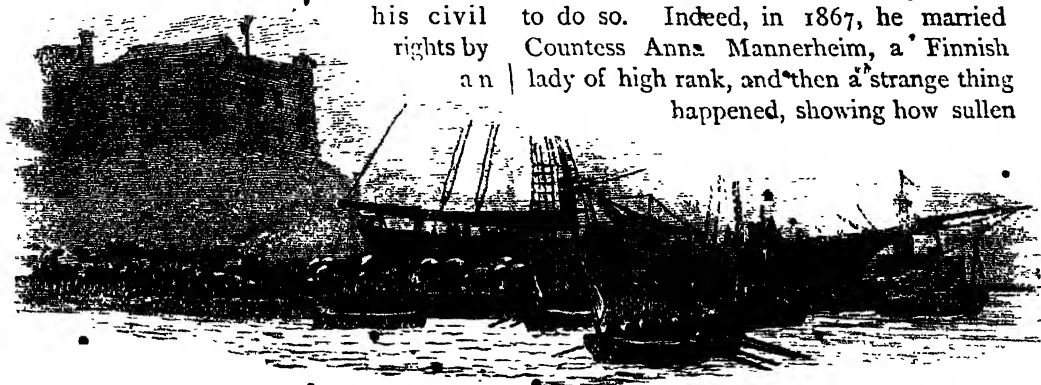
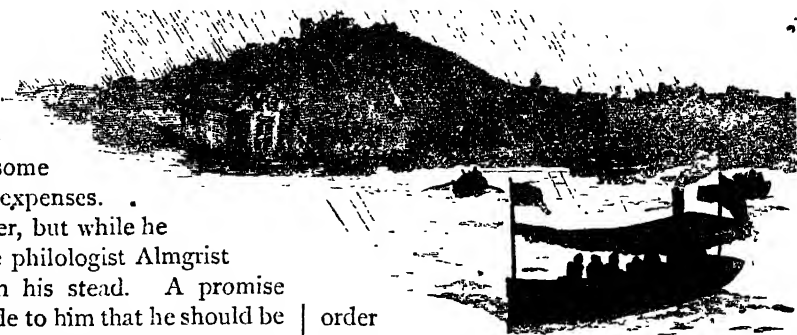
civil would happen to him. Indeed, the Professor was subsequently deprived of his civil rights by an

order

from the

Government of St. Petersburg. Nevertheless, in the autumn of 1858 M. Nordenskjöld was allowed to return to Finland without molestation; and having in the interval joined the expedition of Torell to Spitzberg he was offered the post of State Mineralogist at Stockholm, in succession to Mosander.

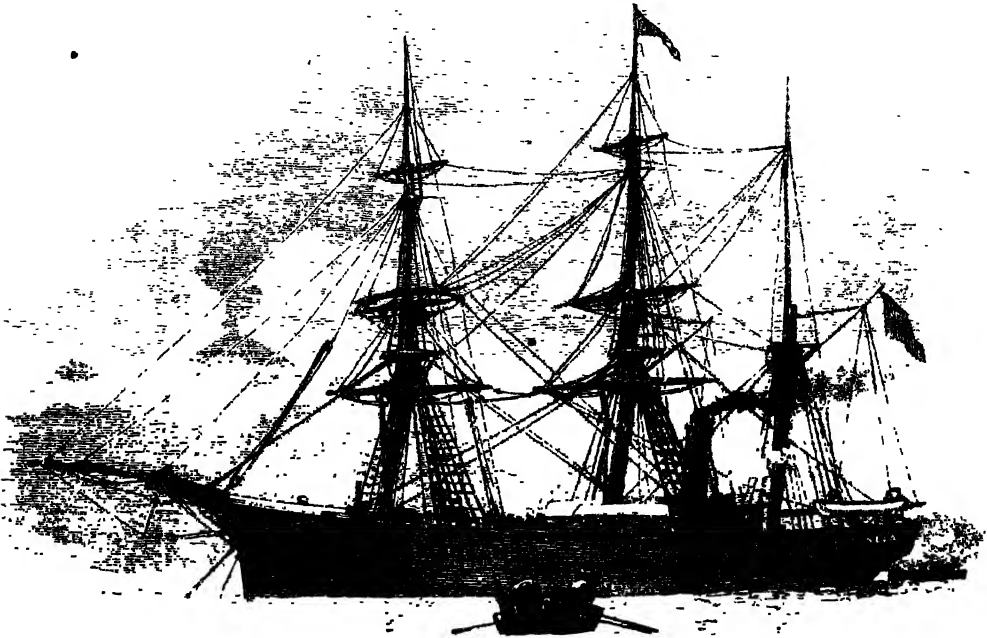
The persecution against him, however, set on foot by De Berg was still smouldering, though it had given out no active spark, and difficulties immediately arose about his passport. When he finally obtained it, also, it was accompanied by an emphatic warning from the governor to return no more; and the Russian Minister at Stockholm received orders never to affix a visa to his passport should he contemplate doing so. That order remained in force till 1862, when De Berg was deprived of his Governor-Generalship, and from that date the Professor has been able to visit his native land as often as he has felt any desire to do so. Indeed, in 1867, he married Countess Anna Mannerheim, a Finnish lady of high rank, and then a strange thing happened, showing how sullen



and persistent is official tyranny, forgetting and forgiving nothing.

Being desirous of establishing himself at Helsingfors after his marriage, the Professor became a candidate for the chair of mineralogy and geology, receiving the unanimous support of the academic council in his application for this appointment. M. Daschkof, Russian Minister at Stockholm, then sent for him and told him he should be at once nominated if he would renounce all interference in Finnish politics. Dr.

Nordenskjöld refused to give any promise to that effect; and the diplomatist appealed to his newly married wife. "Monsieur," said she in French, "Mon mari est très décidé." There ended the negotiation, and he was not named. It is hardly surprising that Professor Nordenskjöld should have subsequently obtained letters of naturalisation as a Swedish subject. He sat and voted in the Chamber of Nobles during the last two Assemblies of the Swedish States, and from 1869 to 1871 was Liberal mem-



THE VEGA AT ANCHOR IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.


ber for Stockholm. What has happened to him since then is a part of the grand history of Arctic navigation. The splendid liberality of Mr. Oscar Dickson and of M. Alexander Siberiakoff, the voyages of the gallant adventurer—often fruitless, always perilous, and at last successful—will find their proper place there.

The last and most renowned achievement of this eminent Swedish explorer was accomplished in the summer of 1879. It was the successful navigation, in a small steam-vessel called the *Vega*, of the entire North-East Passage from Europe, round the coast

of Siberia, and through Behring's Strait, to the Pacific Ocean. The importance of this great feat of maritime enterprise may not be confined to increasing our geographical knowledge, but may possibly extend to the opening of new routes for commerce. Our illustrations represent the enthusiastic reception of the expedition at Naples, in March 1880.

Wherever throughout the whole world there exists a generous enthusiasm for acts of daring done in the service of mankind, there will be hearty admiration and kind thought for Professor Nordenskjöld.

GIOVANNI DUPRÈ, THE ITALIAN SCULPTOR.

NE of the greatest of Italian sculptors has given his memoirs to the world,—having been written, as he tells us, for the benefit of young artists in the future, as well as a memorial for his family. To the art-student the name of Duprè is sufficiently well known; and those who know nothing of his works have perhaps heard of him as a striking example of a self-made man. His name has figured in "*Volere e Potere*" (To will is to be able). It is a sad story of young genius struggling desperately with every adverse circumstance, of which poverty was not the least.

Giovanni Duprè was the son of a poor wood engraver of Siena, and was born March 1st, 1817. His infancy was spent in wretched poverty, and the hardships of life were aggravated by the severe and unsympathetic father, who did not recognise the latent talent of the child, neither did he show much consideration for his natural feelings. He used to take him with him to the different towns where he went seeking employment; and often left him alone for days to mind the house, while he himself visited the rest of the family. The little fellow loved his mother, and grieved bitterly at the long separation from her. On one occasion he escaped from his father, and travelled from Siena to Florence, almost the whole way on foot, in order to spend the Easter festival with his mother and sisters. He was eventually apprenticed to an engraver, and he remained for several years in this employment; but while working for his master with a will and ability, and giving his small earnings to his mother, he found time to

pursue his favourite study by labouring during the hours of repose. Sculpture had for him an attraction which could not be resisted or overcome, and to satisfy this innate longing he was content to deprive himself of repose and nutriment.

Very simply and prettily he relates the story of his first and only love. When he was between eighteen and nineteen years of age, having acquired a certain superiority to his companions, and being noticed and complimented by gentlemen who visited the engraver's shop, he began to consort with gay companions, frequent billiard rooms, and substitute for the serious reading to which he had been addicted works of fiction of the lightest sort. Just in time, before he had gone far on the dangerous and slippery path which would have led him to ruin, his guardian angel appeared and took possession of his soul while it was still fresh and unpolluted. At the door of his master's shop he saw passing one day a young girl who walked with short, quick steps, and downcast eyes, and "thoughts within herself shut up." The young sculptor's lively and ardent imagination was impressed by the passing vision. He thought of her often at his work, and longed to see her again. The next time she crossed his path was in a church. She was kneeling at prayers in the shadow, and the expression of her face was so "chaste, sweet, firm, and serene," that the young artist remained enchained to the spot till she rose and departed. He followed her to her place of employment, and saw by the sign on the door that it was an ironing establishment. Many times he pursued the unconscious object of his romantic passion through the streets, and when she became aware of the fact, he would turn away disconcerted.

At last he conceived the idea of opening his mind to the girl ; and with this intention he followed her so closely one day that she stopped and said, " I will not have any one walking after me." The lover faltered some apology in such an agitated voice that she turned again and looked at him for a couple of minutes, then added, " Go to my mother's house, but do not stop me on the road again." " I thanked her with my eyes, and we separated, and I returned to the shop, with my heart throbbing with love and hope," says our author.

The mother of Maria thought Duprè too young, and very soon after visits had been exchanged between the families, he was requested to discontinue the intercourse till he was in a better position. After some months' banishment from the house of his betrothed, he was re-admitted, and soon after married. It was a most happy union ; for though the young Duprè rose within the space of four or five years to fame, if not to fortune, and associated with the cream of Italian and foreign society, it never entered his heart to be ashamed of his humble origin or his good and simple wife, to whom he never alludes without tender gratitude and affection.

The author's " Thoughts on Art " are as valuable as his personal memories are interesting, and all tend to show him a true artist and a true gentleman. The first great work which brought Duprè into notice was his " Abel," a prostrate figure, representing the good brother at the moment he received the fratricidal blow. He persuaded the illustrious master, Bartolini, to visit his studio, and pronounce judgment on this his most ambitious performance. The verdict was favourable, and " all the world " ran to look at the new statue, which was placed in the *Accademia delle Belle Arti*, in which institution the young artist was soon appointed to a professorship. Orders from illustrious patrons soon poured in on Duprè, and his studio became the resort of the most distinguished men in arts and literature. The Emperor of Russia visited him, and the Prince Demidoff was more his friend than

his patron. Of the prince's wife, Mathilde Buonaparte, the author relates a little story which does not give a favourable impression of that beautiful and charming lady.

A statue of Cain soon followed that of Abel, but it was not such a success, and the wits of the day used to say that this time it was *Abel* who killed *Cain*. Siena was very proud of her gifted son, and on the occasion of a visit to his native place, the citizens subscribed to give him an order for a new statue ; the subject, Pope Pius II. (Piccolomini). The sculptor grumbles—we think rather unreasonably—that this work was left unpacked in its case for months after its arrival, attributing this neglect to Pius IX.'s abandonment of the Liberal cause. It was the momentous year 1848, and the intense excitement in which men's minds were held by the approaching national crisis left them little inclination to think of statues. At a proper time the citizens of Siena unpacked Pius II.—notwithstanding the backslidings of his name-sake then in the Vatican—and placed him in a suitable niche in the beautiful Duomo, where he still occupies an honoured position. In the cemetery of Siena, also, there is a monument by Duprè, the " *Pietoi*," which won the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition.

The great work of his later years was the national monument to Cavour, which took eight years to complete, and was placed in Turin a few years ago. The sculptor shows himself content with this performance in his memoirs, but it has been severely criticised with regard to the conception, not only of the four allegorical groups at the corners, but the principal one, which represents Italy in a half-kneeling posture and semi-nude condition, offering a laurel crown to Cavour, who looks down at her with a somewhat patronizing air, as he holds a cigar in his hand. The sculptor's description is, that Italy is supposed to be rising from her prostrate condition, and half embracing her champion and saviour, as she offers him the wreath. But, however explained, the conception is not a happy one.

Pius IX. was about to have his bust executed by Duprè, but on learning that he was the author of the Cavour Monument, he declined—not on political grounds, but because of the nudities that adorned it, which had been described to him as objectionable. The artist expressed his deep regret at the holy father's displeasure, and the Pope replied by a kind message, saying he was sure of the goodness of his intentions, but all the same he would not have his bust done by him; but neither would he give the work to any one else.

Duprè never took any interest in politics, his whole soul was absorbed in the pursuit of his art; and the revolution of 1859, which every one in Florence was fully prepared for, came upon him like a bomb. The 27th of April found him shut up in his studio, hard at work, calmly unconscious of the frantic excitement that was raging without; and not till the cries of "*Viva l'Italia!*" came near, and were echoed from the neighbouring windows, was he aware of what was going on. Then, and not till then, did he tell his model that she might dress herself and go her way, as he had no stomach for work that day. The great revolution, which made so many millions of hearts throb with passionate emotion, was to him simply a disturbance, an interruption to the even tenour of life. After this we can easily understand that the flight of the Grand Duke was a grief to him, and that he thought more of the liberal patron of art, who had a special fondness for him (Duprè), than of the national aspirations for independence and unity. His grateful remembrance of his old master is that he was "sweet and commendable in his nature"; and though he had nothing to fear because of this partiality from the Liberal Government or the magnanimous king, still, one cannot help admiring fidelity to a fallen prince.

But what we do not admire is the Marshal Haynau episode. Making all due allowance for artistic instincts, the reader's sympathy cannot follow the author when he sacrifices his dignity to gratify the desire

of modelling a remarkable head, and the curiosity to talk to an infamous individual. The artist should not forget that he is a man; and if he cannot feel for his fellow-men so far away as Hungary, he was Italian, and could remember the atrocities committed in Lombardy in 1849. An outcry was raised against Professor Duprè when the fact became known, and the incident of the London draymen hunting the woman-flogger out of the city was quoted with commendations. The author speaks bitterly and sneeringly of these attacks, and says that his fellow-citizens did not know that he had declined to make a statue of the execrated Austrian, contenting himself with the head only; and adds in his defence that if an artist chose a brigand for a subject, he would not be condemned by public opinion. Very true; no Philistine would dispute the artist's right to model a brigand if he thought proper. But he treats the brigand as a brigand; while he enters the employment, so to speak, of the ruffianly marshal, takes his money, and treats him with the consideration due to a gentleman of distinguished position.

Not the least interesting chapter in the book is the author's account of his visit to the London Exhibition, where his chief works were displayed. He gives an amusing account of how he knocked off a badly-restored finger from one of his statues, and how he was taken before a commissioner, who condemned him, in bad French, to be confined for the offence; and when the artist declared his name, he ordered him to prove his identity by restoring the finger on the spot, which he accordingly did: and he warns young Italians not to venture into the country till they have learned a little English, as he suffered much inconvenience by not knowing a single word:—not even "Leicester Square" could he pronounce in an intelligible manner.

Passing out of the Piazza San Marco into the quiet little street, Via della Sapienza—the Street of Knowledge—on the right hand we come to a small door with the

plate, G. Duprè. Right opposite the door in the little entrance hall the First Murderer glares down on us, every limb and muscle of his body expressing the intense energy of rage; in an inner apartment we behold his victim lying prostrate, the rigidity of death just settling on his noble countenance and manly form; and there is the graceful, pensive Sappho with her lyre

beside her; the tired Bacchante; the little Dante and Beatrice; and the Madonna, with the Christ supported on her knee, sublime in her grief, as with extended hands she bends over to look into the dead face, on which no trace of suffering is visible—nothing to mar the perfect beauty and perfect repose expressed in the whole figure.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON, whose name has recently become so familiar to us in connection with various astonishing inventions, was born at Milan, Erie County, Ohio, in 1847. His father is of Dutch extraction, but his mother, though born in Massachusetts, was the daughter of Scotch parents. At her knee he received his education, or rather such education as he had acquired previous to the age of twelve, when he began the battle of life as a train boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad. On this railway, in a disused smoking saloon, he established a chemical laboratory, prosecuting his experiments while the train was in transit from place to place. Here also he established a printing office, and by means of some old type which he had purchased he actually started a weekly periodical—printed in the train, and entitled the *Grand Trunk Herald*. This, the only known instance of a newspaper printed under such peculiar circumstances, consisted of a small sheet, printed on one side only. Edison's printing operations, as well as his chemical experiments, were, it seems, brought to an abrupt conclusion by the upsetting of a bottle containing phosphorus, which nearly set the car in flames.

Shortly after this, becoming intimate with some telegraph operators at Detroit, his attention was directed to electrical science, in connection with which he was afterwards

destined to make so many discoveries. He at this time conceived the happy idea of telegraphing the headings of the newspapers in advance to the different towns on the line. Unlooked-for success attended his efforts, and he from this time devoted the principal part of his time to telegraphy. He was greatly assisted in this by one of the railway officials, whose child he had saved from a terrible death by an act of personal heroism.

Edison subsequently held several successive appointments as operator in different telegraph offices. But they were all of short duration, for his restless mind was ever prompting him to experiments with the instruments under his control, which were not in accordance with the traditions of a well-regulated office.

He next appears at Cincinnati in the same capacity. Here a strike occurred, and one evening the office was left without any official but young Edison, who managed unaided to get through the more important work. For this he was next day rewarded by an increase of salary. He presently left this situation for a more lucrative one at Memphis, which engagement was soon at an end, in consequence of changes which ensued when the lines were transferred from Government control to that of a public company.

After much uphill work and many disappointments, the year 1870 found Edison



THOMAS ALVA EDISON.
THE AMERICAN INVENTOR AND ELECTRICIAN.

at New York without employment. It so happened that about this time the apparatus at the office of the Gold Indicator Company, which was so old and faulty that it was constantly out of order, suddenly failed entirely. The confusion was very great, for there was an unusual pressure of work at the time. Edison boldly volunteered to put things to rights. His offer was accepted, he found the defect, and work was resumed after a short delay. He was rewarded with an important post on the staff of the company. From this time he prospered. His inventions gradually replaced the obsolete apparatus on the premises, and he was eventually retained as electrician at a large salary, the company holding the right of first purchase of every new machine which he might contrive. He now established a large factory at Newark, employing no less than 300 hands, and his labours were so indefatigable that at one time his assistants were busy upon no less than forty-five different inventions.

Finding that the ties of regular business hours interfered too much with the time he wished to employ in research, Edison gave up his appointment. He also broke up his establishment at Newark, and three years ago removed with his family to Menlo Park, which is about twenty-four miles from New York. Here, far away from the din of city life, he has built a laboratory and workshop which are stocked with all the newest appliances and labour-saving machines. Here, too, is kept a sample of every known chemical agent, in case at any time it might be required for experiment.

Edison has already been granted some 120 patents. By a peculiarity of the American patent laws many of these pertain to the same invention. Thus no less than thirty-five relate to Automatic Telegraph apparatus, and about the same number to telegraphic printing contrivances. But the machine with which his name is principally identified is the Speaking Phonograph, for its wonders are more attractive to the general public than his inventions of a far more important character. Among these

latter we may mention the Quadruplex Telegraph, by which four different messages may be simultaneously sent along a single wire; the Electric Pen; the Carbon Rheostat and Microtasmeter, the Electro Mograph, and its outcome, the loud-speaking Telephone. We may surmise that Edison's chief efforts are now directed to the production of the electric light for domestic use.

The various electric machines and lamps which are now employed with a varying measure of success are thus described by an American writer:—

“For some time past the public, like a schoolboy on an insulating stool, has been so highly charged with the electric light that, so to speak, each individual hair has stood on end with curiosity, if not with electricity. Gas stocks, after the fashion of the pith balls on an electrical machine, have gone dancing up and down under the influence of this mysterious agent. Newspapers, daily and weekly, have fizzled and sputtered with articles surcharged with electricity, and when, meteor-like some of the larger stores dazzled their Christmas patrons with its splendour, we revelled in its brightness, earnestly hoping that, as was prophesied, this white purity would soon replace the dim and yellow gas flame. Gentle reader, join us in an excursion to the laboratory, and though it be dark and dingy, noisy and dirty, with its busy engine and maze of belts and wheels and shafts, see if we cannot make the electricity give us some light on the subject.

A number of years ago Faraday and Arago, noted scientists of England and France, discovered two principles which opened a new and almost infinite field in electrical science, and enabled this age of machinery to invent a machine for producing electricity, thus dispensing with the bother and expense of the battery. All of the magneto-electric machines, as they are called, of the present day, however different in detail, are based on these two laws, which (and now for a dry bit of fact) are as follows: If a piece of insulated wire be coiled around a rod of iron, and an electric

current be allowed to pass through the wire, the iron will become a magnet so long as the current flows; and, conversely, if the wire-covered rod be moved to and fro near a magnet, so as to be influenced by its magnetism, currents of electricity will be produced in the wire so long as the motion is continued. Why this is so no one knows. The scientists learnedly call it 'magnetic induction,' but here their knowledge ends, and if we adopt the term we shall be as wise as they.

For convenience, our rod, with its covering of wire, is bent into a ring and mounted between the poles of a magnet, so that it may be easily and rapidly rotated by steam power or otherwise. In its revolutions each part of the iron is brought in succession under the magnet poles, causing by this mysterious 'induction' currents of electricity to flow through the wire covering, which are collected and carried to their destination by the conductors touching the wire.

This ring is called an armature, and though, as we shall presently see, there are many different forms in the dozen or twenty machines now in the market, this plan runs through them all, and is the only really essential characteristic of a machine for transforming power into electricity.

But enough of science, and here is the laboratory. A door swings open, ushering us into a long though rather low room with massive beams and rafters, that contrast sharply in their newly whitened purity with the whirling wheels and pulleys which, with their tangle of connecting belts, cover the ceiling. Through the busy room, past lathes and planers and milling machines, all filled with the curious possibilities of future machinery, we make our way to the corner devoted to electricity; and a queer place it is. Here, on a long wooden bench, the scarlet and vermilion forms of a dozen of the most prominent machines gleam brightly against the white wall of the building, while overhead the ceiling is crossed and recrossed with a maze of wire, till it seems as if some huge arachnid had amused

itself by spinning complicated problems in geometry.

First, at the end of the bench stands a Brush machine, at present the one most extensively used in America. In the centre is the armature, a ring of cast iron with a series of grooves cut in it, which are wound full of insulated wire. On either side are what appear to be two large spools of wire, but in reality they are the magnets, and here the first of our laws is illustrated. The early machines were made with magnets constructed of large pieces of hardened steel, but this was found to be very expensive and to have insufficient power. Mr. Ladd, of England, conceived the idea of making them of cast iron covered with wire, through which the electricity developed by the machine should be allowed to pass. This plan succeeded admirably, giving much more powerful magnets. In the Brush machine the armature is turned by a pulley at the left, and as the ring passes the poles of the magnets the iron becomes strongly magnetized, developing electric currents in the insulated wire filling the grooves. By an ingenious and rather complicated system of wire connections these are carried through the coils of the magnets and delivered at the binding posts in front, whence they may be conveyed to their destination.

Next stands a Wallace machine. Here the iron ring is replaced by a disk, bearing iron spools instead of grooves, for holding the insulated wire. There are two sets, one on each side of the disk, the advantage of this arrangement being that they may be used either separately or combined, thus giving two currents of moderate power, or one that is very strong. In the Fuller machine the armature is made of a piece of cast iron, having a series of projections like the spikes of a carriage wheel. The wire is coiled on these until the spaces between them are filled, thus making a nearly solid cylinder. Otherwise it is essentially like the others.

There are several other American machines, such as the Maxim, the Western,

etc., varying somewhat in detail, and each possessing some advantages not obtained in the others. The Gramme is a French invention, and of all the European machines has been most extensively used abroad. Here the magnets are placed above and below so as to enclose the armature, but the peculiarity of the machine lies in the construction of the latter, which, instead of a ring or disk partly covered with wire, is composed of an internal core of small iron rods completely covered with the insulated wire. Thus a very efficient arrangement is obtained in a small compass. For the successful operation of a magneto-machine, the armature must be very rapidly revolved, some thousand or fifteen hundred times a minute, and in order to maintain this speed against the powerful attraction of the magnets a great deal of force must be expended. Those which we have examined require from two to ten horse power, to give the best results.

Thus briefly we have seen the outlines of the principles involved in machinery for producing electricity. Let us inquire, after a little breathing space, how the current shall be utilized for illumination, the problem which so many are now waiting anxiously to see solved."

Having thus described the method of generating the light, the writer describes some of the lamps for utilising it:—

"Previously we have seen somewhat of the various sources of electricity; how shall we now make light of the force they furnish? Sir Humphry Davy obtained very brilliant results by tipping the poles of his battery with pieces of charcoal, and, after touching them together for an instant, separating them a little. In some mysterious way the electricity in its effort to cross the gap is converted into heat, and causes the charcoal points to glow with an intense white light. Under this fierce heat the longest pieces of charcoal are consumed in a few minutes, and it was not until some French scientists substituted a very hard kind of coke, called gas-carbon—since it is a product of the gas-works—that the electric light could be

maintained for any length of time. Even this carbon, hard as it is, slowly burns, and unless some means are arranged to cause the points to approach each other the space between them will soon become so great as to prevent the passage of the electricity, and the light stops, while if they move together too fast they will touch, and again we are in darkness. This motion must be perfectly uniform and steady, or the light will flicker and sputter; this unsteadiness it is that has caused so much complaint.

Many ingenious devices have been contrived to overcome these difficulties, nearly all being modifications of one fundamental idea, which is well illustrated by the Foucault lamp. In the case we see a complicated system of cog-wheels, whose object is to uniformly and steadily cause the carbons to approach each other a little faster than they are consumed. Situated on the base is an electro-magnet, so placed that when it attracts the lever it sets a little catch into the clock-work and stops it. The electricity that supplies the lamp passes through the magnet, and so long as the carbons are in the right position the wheel-work is locked and they remain stationary. Soon they burn a little, and the increasing space checks the current, and, weakening the magnet, sets free the lever, and starting the clock-work moves them together.

Let us try it; the connections with the machine are soon made, and touching a spring the lamp flashes into light, causing us, with a blink, to shield our eyes; for, indeed, it is quite hazardous to look even for a moment at such intense brightness. By putting the lamp in a magic-lantern we can throw a picture of the carbon-points on yonder screen and safely examine them at our leisure. This Foucault is probably the best of all the numerous lamps; but, owing to its delicate machinery, its high price would preclude people of moderate incomes, at least, from having a great many such burners in their houses. Probably, considering both cheapness and efficiency, the lamp accompanying the Brush machine is the best. It contains no complication of

clock-work, a rod holding the upper carbon being simply balanced inside of a hollow electro-magnet. As the carbon is consumed the rod slowly slides down, constantly retaining them in the proper position.

Ah, here is the famous Jablochhoff candle, the invention of an officer in the Russian army, whose ingenious device obviated the necessity of all the complicated machinery previously used in electric lamps. It occurred to him to place the two rods of carbon side by side, separated by a strip of glass or other insulating material. This keeps the electricity always at the top of the combination, where it plays back and forth, while the intense heat melts the glass and exposes fresh carbon as fast as it is required. Unfortunately the light is very unsteady, and the little candle can only be made to last for two or three hours.

Thus far, in all the lamps we have examined the light is obtained by the passage of the current between two points of carbon. There is however another way, which consists in forcing it through a thin strip or wire of platinum, or other infusible substance, which is a poor conductor of electricity. As between the carbon points, so in passing through the wire, the current is, in some manner not well understood, converted into heat, and raising the wire to a white heat causes it to give a pure steady light. This is called the incandescent method, and is the plan adopted by Mr. Edison. It is a glass globe in which nitrogen has been carefully substituted for the air, in order to prevent the combustion of a small pencil of lampblack or coke which takes the place of the platinum wire. The electricity is conveyed to the rod by two copper conductors extending to the base of the glass, and, making the connection with the machine, the little carbon is soon white hot, giving a very pleasing light about equal to two gas-burners. Mr. Edison's method is to pass the current through a little coil of wire made of an alloy of platinum and iridium, two very infusible metals. The little coil is then enclosed in a glass globe. The incandescent method presents the ad-

vantages of giving a perfectly steady, pure, white light in small lamps of moderate expense. Unfortunately it requires a good deal more electricity to give the same amount of light with these lamps as is given by the other method.

What about the divisibility of the light, do you say? as, having exhausted the laboratory's resources, and probably the time and patience of our host, its foreman, we turn homeward. Ah, that's the sticking point just now, yet doubtless time and effort on the part of the electricians will solve the problem. To obtain a very large and brilliant light very cheaply by electricity is now the easiest thing in the world, but to split that into forty or fifty little lights, suitable for a parlour or bedroom, is as yet unaccomplished. When magneto-machines were first invented it was found impossible to supply more than one light from a single machine. Either the lamps would all be too unsteady to be of any use, or one would burn successfully to the extinguishment of the others. Now it is common to place eight or ten lamps in a single circuit, and as many as twenty-five are claimed to have been supplied from a single machine. It will thus be seen that, as the science makes progress, we may expect to have a perfected system of extended illumination.

Among its many triumphs the nineteenth century may justly claim the electric light. Truly its universal application may lie far in the future, yet even now it is largely employed and its use rapidly extending. In oil-works and on shipboard, where absolute safety from fire is essential; in fabric and colour factories, whose success so largely depends on the purity and richness of the supply of light; and in some few public buildings, whose architects with wisdom unusual entertain a slight regard for ventilation, as affecting the comfort and health of humanity, the electric light is being rapidly introduced. Beware then, O gas companies, lest your high prices for poor illumination enable even the dawn of electricity's light to fade your dim and yellow flame into a shadow of the past."

SIR WILLIAM FERGUSSON.



SIR WILLIAM FERGUSSON was born at Prestonpans, in East Lothian, on the 20th of March, 1808. He was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, and passed from the School into the University, with the intention of ultimately practising the law ; but he soon abandoned this intention in favour of the more congenial pursuit of surgery, in which he was destined to become pre-eminently distinguished. Even as a pupil, Fergusson displayed the manual dexterity for which he was so remarkable in after-life ; and this quality attracted the attention of his great teacher, Robert Knox, who sought and secured his services as Demonstrator of Anatomy. Those were the days before the passing of Warburton's Anatomy Act, when teachers were dependent upon the so-called "resurrection-men" for a supply of subjects ; and soon after the commencement of Fergusson's career as a demonstrator, the storm caused by the discovery of the murders perpetrated by Burke and Hare burst upon the Edinburgh school. Knox was compelled to fly for his life ; but his more fortunate assistant succeeded in passing through the trouble of the time unscathed.

Fergusson taught anatomy with great earnestness for many years, and devoted much of his spare time to the preparation of dissections, which are still preserved in the museum of the College of Surgeons of Edinburgh as examples of his skill ; but he constantly looked forward to surgery as his eventual calling, and as early as 1831 he began to deliver surgical lectures as one of those extra-academical teachers from among whom the list of Edinburgh Professors is usually recruited. He was appointed

Surgeon to the Royal Public Dispensary, where he soon became noted for his skill and dexterity as an operator ; and upon the removal of Mr. Liston to London, in 1835, he was left with no rival in his own department, excepting Mr. Syme. In 1836 he became Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary, and in 1840, when King's College Hospital was established in London, the Council not unnaturally turned their eyes northward and made proposals to Fergusson. After some negotiation he accepted the post of surgeon to the hospital and the Professorship, and settled in Dover Street.

Having at first no professional following, and with the expenses of a family pressing upon him, Fergusson, like others, found the road to success a steep and difficult one, and it was only the possession of some private fortune through his wife which enabled him to hold his ground. Before long, however, medical practitioners began to flock to King's College Hospital in order to witness the performance of operations with a dexterity equal to that of Liston, and with a certain finish and carefulness which Liston had never displayed. In 1842 Fergusson published the first edition of his work on "Practical Surgery," which has since been the text-book of many generations of students, and which exerted well-deserving influence upon his success as a consulting surgeon. The medical school of King's College was also a constant source of practice, for its numerous pupils carried the name of their teacher to every part of the world.

In many respects Fergusson was much aided by fortune. Sir Astley Cooper died, full of years and honours, in 1842 ; Liston was cut off in his prime in 1847 ; and Aston Key, the most brilliant operator of the day, fell a victim to cholera in 1849. Sir Benjamin Brodie, who had never been remarkable as an operator, was glad in his

latter days to commit many cases which required the use of the knife to the hands of younger surgeons, and thus Fergusson soon found himself almost without a rival in London in his own department of the profession.

He was fully equal to the position in which he was placed, and rose rapidly in the estimation of the public. His fine, handsome person and winning manners were passports to the confidence of his patients, and his unhesitating adoption of ether and chloroform as soon as these agents were introduced into practice not only enabled him to accomplish more than had been possible to his predecessors, but to do this without the infliction of pain. His powerful hand rendered him especially fitted to deal with large and formidable tumours in a way which had never before been attempted, and, at the same time, his refinement of touch gave him great advantages in the performance of more delicate operations, among which those for the cure of deformities of the mouth, such as hare lip and cleft palate, were particularly remarkable for the improvements which he introduced and for the increased success which attended them. His greatest surgical work, however, was in the treatment of diseased joints, and generally in the treatment which he called by the apt name of "conservative surgery." To him is almost entirely due the modern practice of removing the actual disease of a joint only, in cases which, before his time, would have been treated by amputation of the whole of the affected limb.

In 1843 Fergusson was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and soon afterwards a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1849 he was chosen to succeed Mr. Aston Key as surgeon to the Prince Consort; in 1855 he was appointed Surgeon-Extraordinary, and in 1867 Sergeant-Surgeon to the Queen. In 1865 Her Majesty was pleased to elevate him to a baronetcy, the offer being conveyed in very flattering terms by the then Prime Minister, Earl Russell. Sir William was

President of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1870; and previously, but for a few years only, had held office as an Examiner, the duties of which post were not congenial to him.

As a surgeon, Sir William Fergusson was both enterprising and cautious. Fully reliant upon himself, he could often venture to perform operations which others had declined to undertake; and his perfect self-possession in the most trying emergencies has more than once converted into a surgical triumph what might in other hands have been a catastrophe. Deliberate in his movements, he yet completed his work more rapidly than more showy operators; since no action of his hand was thrown away, and no step had ever to be retraced. Thoroughly painstaking in his attention to details whenever such attention was likely to contribute to success, he despised the fussiness of complicated instruments and apparatus, and employed the simplest means for the accomplishment of the ends which he had in view. With an apparently intuitive knowledge of what ought to be done in a given case, he was not fond of long explanations or elaborate statements either to patients or to their friends; and his favourite phrase that he would "do a little something" was often applied to some of the most formidable proceedings in surgery. This reticence rendered his teaching a matter rather of example than of precept. Though not without a certain native eloquence on subjects which deeply interested him, he lacked clearness, as a lecturer, and his speeches on public occasions hardly carried the weight to which they were entitled by the position of the speaker. Kind of heart, and ready to help all who were in need, he was endeared to his many pupils and friends; and, fond of society, he acted the host both in George Street and at his Scottish home in Peeblesshire with geniality and genuine hospitality. He died at his house in George Street on Feb. 10th, 1877, after nearly a twelvemonth's illness, at the age of sixty-nine.



SIR TITUS SALT, OF SALTAIRE.

SIR TITUS SALT was born on the 20th of September, 1803, at the old Manor-house, Morley. His father, who was a wool-stapler, moved with his family from Morley to Crofton, near Wakefield, and at Heath Grammar School, near that town, his son received his education. It was just at the time when the worsted manufacture was beginning to rise from a domestic operation to a factory institution; and as the change was distasteful to the older stuff manufacturers in the district around Wakefield, the trade shifted its quarters and settled at Bradford. Among those who moved with it were Daniel Salt and his family. The father continued to confine himself to the purchase and sale of wool. The more ambitious son determined to attempt the manufacture of stuffs, and gave the first intimation of his speciality in the utilizing of raw materials heretofore unappreciated.

The wool called "Donskoi," from the south-eastern parts of Russia, grown on the banks of the river Don, was a coarse and tangled material, then considered unavailable for purposes of manufacture. How to overcome the difficulties of spinning and weaving this article was the first problem Mr. Titus Salt set himself to solve. For this purpose he set up his machinery in what was known as Thompson's Mill, Silsbridge Lane, Bradford. Successful in this enterprise, he extended his operations in this and other branches of the worsted manufacture, and added, a large factory in Union Street. His trade grew rapidly under his hands, and in a few years he was carrying on his works not only in the two places just named, but also at Hollings' Mill, Silsbridge Lane; at Brick-lane Mill, and in Fawcett Court.

It was in the year 1836 that Sir Titus Salt achieved his greatest success, in becoming for practical purposes the discoverer of the wool or hair now known in almost all parts of the civilized world as alpaca. The existence of the animal called the paca, or alpaca, had indeed been known nearly 300 years before, and its long fleeces were boasted of by the Spanish Governors of Peru in the 16th century. But no one in England had operated upon the article with much success, and it was shown to Mr. Salt by a Liverpool broker as a novelty in 1836.

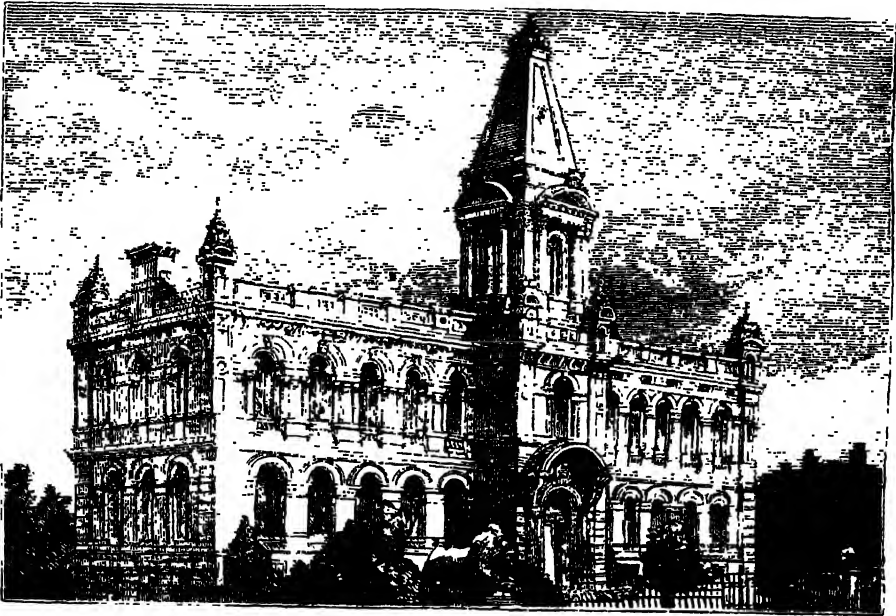
While thus founding his private fortunes, he was not unmindful of his more public obligations. He was elected Mayor of Bradford in 1848, and discharged the duties of that office with punctuality and efficiency. Meanwhile his reputation as a manufacturer was advancing, and the increased demand for his goods rendered necessary improved facilities for their production. Accordingly, in 1851, the year of the "Great Exhibition," the works at Saltaire were commenced. They were opened on the 20th of September, 1853, the fiftieth anniversary of their owner's birthday, on which occasion he gave in one of the vast rooms of the factory a banquet, at which he entertained 2,500 workpeople. The works started with such *éclat* received subsequently various additions and improvements, and furnished employment to a very large number of persons, for whose accommodation he erected the dwellings now grown into the town of Saltaire. These comprised, at the last census taken, 820 houses, occupied by 4,389 persons. In 1859 he erected the Congregational Church at Saltaire.

In 1863, by erecting buildings for baths and wash-houses, he provided for the cleanliness and consequent self-respect of his workpeople. He had before this furnished them with facilities for the education of their children by building a large

schoolroom ; but as, with the extension of his works and the increase in the numbers of his workpeople, this provision had in his judgment become inadequate, he built a fresh range of schoolrooms in 1868, with accommodation for 750 scholars. A new Sunday-school was built by Sir Titus in connection with the Saltaire Congregational Church, costing, with the site, nearly £10,000. He contributed in a munificent manner towards the cost of the handsome Congregational Church at Lightcliffe, and

since then offered a site for a Board School at Saltaire.

A hospital and infirmary have also been added to his erections, so that the needs of the sick might be relieved ; while for the widows and aged he provided 45 almshouses, with a lawn and shrubbery in front, all so neatly kept as to be models of cleanliness and comfort. In 1871 a beautiful park, fourteen acres in extent, on the banks of the river Aire, and within an easy distance of the factory and the town,



SALTAIRE CLUB AND INSTITUTION.

was given by Sir Titus Salt for the use of the public ; and in November of the following year a large and handsome building was provided by him to serve as a Club and Institute, where a large library is to be found, evening classes assemble, lectures on science and literature are delivered, and the games of chess and billiards may be played.

In the year 1857 he filled the office of President of the Bradford Chamber of Commerce. In 1859 he was elected Member of Parliament for the borough of

Bradford. So long as he filled this post he attended regularly the sittings of the House of Commons, but the post was somewhat of an irksome one to him, and he resigned his office in 1861 and came back to his admiring followers and friends. Previous to entering Parliament, however, he had filled a number of important public offices. Besides being a magistrate for the borough of Bradford, he was appointed on the Commission of the Peace for the West Riding, and was also made a deputy-lieutenant of the Riding. In September, 1869,

the Queen conferred a baronetcy upon him—an act which was universally recognised as a well-merited bestowal of the Royal favour.

During the latter part of his life he lived in retirement at Crow Nest, although never relinquishing his connection with the works at Saltaire. During the twenty-seven years over which the history of Saltaire now extends there have been many public manifestations of the high esteem in which Sir Titus Salt was held both by his own workpeople and the public generally. In 1829 Sir Titus married Caroline, daughter of Mr. George Whittam, of Grimsby, by whom he had a family of eleven children.

Sir Titus Salt's public donations during the last quarter of a century have amounted to many hundred thousand pounds. The estimate of a man's charitableness of nature is not, of course, to be formed merely from the money value of his gifts. But those

who were best acquainted with Sir Titus Salt knew that he felt genuine compassion for distress, however much it might be unconsciously veiled by an outward appearance of impassiveness and reserve. Though unable, from advancing years and physical infirmity, to take a prominent part in public matters, his influence and his purse were ever at the disposal of patriotism and benevolence. He remained true to the Liberal political opinions he had formed in his youth. He had been a Radical reformer ever since he attained to manhood, and he was not a person to give up convictions that had become part of his character. A conscientious Dissenter when comparatively poor, he would not throw aside his religion when he got rich. And, having always sympathised with the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, his practical manifestations of the feeling increased with his power of exhibiting them.

SOME FAMOUS NAVIGATORS.



WE begin with the most famous of them all—Christopher Columbus. The exact date and place of his birth are uncertain. He was born probably near Genoa, about the year 1436. His family was of humble origin, but his father, a woollen manufacturer, was in sufficiently easy circumstances to send him to the University of Pavia, where he studied grammar, Latin, geography, astronomy, and navigation. He was only fourteen, however, when he left the school and went to sea, and by the age of forty "had sailed to every part that had ever been sailed to before," perhaps even to Greenland, and was looked upon as a thoroughly competent mariner. In 1477 he went to explore the countries beyond Iceland, and this voyage being successfully

terminated, he returned to his home at Lisbon, where he married. His wife did not live long. The history of the great man for many weary years was a checkered one. With the fires of genius burning in his bosom, he must perforce eke out a scanty subsistence by the trade of a picture-seller.

At length he obtained the protection of the great cardinal-archbishop of Toledo, and through him was admitted into the presence of the King and Queen of Spain. But even now his troubles were not over. The ecclesiastics held that the doctrine of the sphericity of the earth was contrary to the Bible, and heresy was an awful crime in those days. Years passed away, and it was not until Isabella was moved by the thought of the unbelievers of Asia, whom she hoped to convert to the Catholic faith, that the expedition was agreed upon by which Columbus hoped to solve the pro-

blem of reaching the East Indies by sailing westward around the globe.

On the 17th of April, 1492, when Columbus was in the fifty-sixth year of his age and eighteen years after he had conceived the project, the treaty with the King of Spain was signed. The dignity of high admiral was to belong to Columbus and to descend to his heirs and successors; he was named viceroy and governor of the new possessions which he hoped to conquer in the rich countries of Asia, and one-tenth of the precious stones, gold, and merchandise which he might acquire was to be his.

Three caravels—half-decked vessels of small tonnage—the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta*, and the *Nina*, were equipped, and with a hundred and twenty men in all, the little fleet on Friday, August 3rd, 1492, at eight o'clock in the morning, crossed the bar of Saltez, off the town of Huelva, in Andalusia, beginning the most famous voyage of history. The aim of Columbus was "to explore the East by the West, and to pass by way of the West to the land whence come the spices." The discovery of a new continent was not in his thought. It may be that he never knew he had made the discovery of America. But with the audacity of genius he ventured himself upon an utterly unknown sea, and showed the way to a new hemisphere.

We have not space to follow the rest of the story—how on the 11th of October land was discovered, how he made other voyages, how without fault of his own he fell into disgrace, and was brought back to Spain in fetters, how at last grief at the ingratitude and faithlessness of his sovereign brought him to his grave. At Valladolid, May 20th, 1505, at the age of seventy, he rendered up his soul with these words: "O Lord, into Thy hands I resign my soul and body." •

Another famous navigator was Vasco da Gama, who was born at Sinés in Portugal. The year 1469 is commonly assigned as the date of his birth, but our author thinks it is later than the facts warrant. His

father before him had distinguished himself as a navigator, and Vasco early began the career of a sailor.

It was on July 8th, 1497, that, in command of a fleet of four small vessels, the largest of one hundred and twenty tons and the smallest of fifty tons, he set out from the port of Rastello upon his famous voyage. He did not sail to the West as Columbus had done, but his object was to sail around Africa. He doubled the Cape of Good Hope on the 19th of November. After some tarrying at the Cape and at Natal, on the 10th of March, 1498, the expedition cast anchor before the island of Mozambique. They sailed thence, after a somewhat varied experience, and on the 18th of May anchored six miles below "Calicut." The rich and wonderful countries for which they had been searching were at last reached!

The story of the intercourse with the king of Calicut, of the arts of diplomacy used, of the varying fortunes of the expedition, is of much interest. In it all, the firmness and real ability of Da Gama are apparent.

On the 10th of August, 1498, the expedition departed from Calicut. They sailed along the coast of the Deccan, repaired their ships at the Laccadive Archipelago, and then turned toward Europe again. Dead calms and contrary winds made their voyage one of three months before reaching the African coast. The crews suffered terribly, and thirty sailors perished. Recruiting on the coast of Africa, and putting the reduced crews into two ships, they continued on their homeward way. The island of Zanzibar was discovered, and on the 20th of February, 1499, they doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and were once again on the Atlantic.

The expedition reached Portugal in the early part of September, and the admiral was received with stately festivals. He was rewarded with dignities and emoluments, as he deserved after so adventurous a voyage.

It is a cause of real and lasting regret

that the New World was not named after the man to whom belongs the honour of making the first westward voyage over the great unknown sea. This western continent should have been Columbia, not America. But as it is, the history of the man from whom it gains its name is full of interest.

Amerigo Vespucci, belonging to a family of distinction and wealth, was born at Florence, March 9th, 1451. Mathematics, natural philosophy, and astrology, as it was then called, were his special studies. He left Florence in 1492 and went to Spain, where he occupied himself at first in commercial pursuits. He was connected with a house in Seville which advanced money to Columbus for his second voyage, and thus probably formed the acquaintance of the admiral. He may have become tired of a situation which he deemed below his powers; he may have been seized with the fever for making new discoveries which the voyages of Columbus stimulated; or he may have hoped to make his fortune rapidly. At any rate, we find him, in 1499, attached to an expedition which sailed from the port of Santa Maria, and was commanded by Alonzo Hojeda. Americus Vesputius, as his name is commonly written, would seem to have been astronomer to the fleet.

In twenty-seven days the continent of America was sighted at a place named Venezuela, because the houses being built on piles reminded the voyagers of Venice. Ineffectual attempts were made to hold intercourse with the natives. The expedition then touched at the Island of Margarita, the Gulf of Paria, and at the Caribbee Islands, where Hojeda made a number of prisoners, whom he hoped to sell as slaves in Spain. He landed at Yaquimo, in Hispaniola, September 5th, 1499, and was a source of trouble to Columbus in the colony in which already discord existed. He was finally induced to return to Spain, which he reached in February, 1500, Vesputius having preceded him on the 18th of October, 1499.

It has been claimed that Vesputius' first voyage was in 1497, and that consequently he must have seen the American continent before Columbus. Varnhagen asserts that Vesputius, having started on the 10th of May, 1497, entered the Gulf of Honduras on the 10th of June, coasted by Yucatan and Mexico, sailed up the Mississippi, and at the end of February, 1498, doubled the Cape of Florida, and, after anchoring for thirty-seven days at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, returned to Cadiz in October, 1498. If Vesputius really made such a marvellous voyage, his name is deservedly given to this continent. But the best writers, our author asserts, agree with Humboldt, that Vesputius' first voyage was that made with Hojeda.

He made three other voyages, the last two in the service of Emmanuel, King of Portugal. This service he did not find lucrative, and on other accounts his position was not satisfactory. He therefore re-entered the service of the King of Spain, by whom he was made *Piloto Mayor*. Some valuable emoluments were attached to this appointment, which enabled him to end his days in comfort. He died at Seville, February 22nd, 1512.

One author says that Vesputius had nothing to do with the attachment of his name to the New World. "He was for a long time charged, though most unjustly, with impudence, falsehood, and deceit, it being alleged that he wished to veil the glory of Columbus, and to arrogate to himself the honour of a discovery which did not belong to him. This was an utterly unfounded accusation, for Vesputius was both loved and esteemed by Columbus and his contemporaries, and there is nothing in his writings to justify this calumnious statement."

Columbus discovered the New World. Da Gama sailed around the Cape of Good Hope to the far-distant Indies. Vesputius gave a name to the Western Continent. Both Columbus and Vesputius died thinking that they had reached Asia by the western passage. Of the magnitude of the

new continent no one was yet aware. America was thought to be a collection of islands, among which was sought the passage which would lead to the Pacific Ocean and to those Spice Islands the possession of which would have made the fortune of Spain. The solution of the problem was reserved for a Portuguese in the Spanish service, Ferdinand de Magellan.

The exact place and date of Magellan's birth are unknown. He was the son of a gentleman of *Cota e Armas*, was born toward the end of the fifteenth century, and was brought up in the house of King John II., where he received as complete an education as could then be given him. He early embraced a maritime career, and made voyages to the Indies. He took part in the expedition sent by Albuquerque, about 1510, to seek for the famous Spice Islands, and at this time landed at the Malaysian Islands, and in the Archipelago of the Moluccas obtained the circumstantial information which gave birth in his mind to the idea of the voyage which he was destined to accomplish later on.

Subjected to slights and insults at the hands of King Emmanuel, Magellan publicly changed his nationality and became a citizen of Spain. After many delays and difficulties, the expedition of which he was given the command, and which was to discover a route leading to the very centre of the spice production, and to be to the great prejudice of the trade of Portugal, sailed from the port of Seville, September 20th, 1519. The fleet consisted of two vessels of 120 tons each, one of 90 tons, one of 85 tons, and one of 75 tons. Of these

vessels, the *Victoria*, of 85 tons, completed the voyage around the world, anchoring before the mole at Seville, September 8th, 1521. The world circumnavigated in a ship hardly a third as large as many of our modern coasting schooners!

We have not space to follow the varying fortunes of this remarkable expedition. There was insubordination among the officers, there were tempests on the sea. December 13th they anchored in what is now known as the Bay of Rio Janeiro. The expedition wintered in St. Julian's Bay. Mutiny among the company was quelled only by the sternest measures. On the 24th of August, 1520, the squadron again put to sea. October 21st they entered the straits which now bear the name of the great navigator, and after a twenty-two days' voyage through them, sailed out upon the Pacific. For four months they sailed upon this great ocean without encountering a storm; but their privations were excessive. Recruiting at what is now known as Samar Island, the expedition set out to explore the Malaysian Archipelago. It was at one of these islands, in a contest with the natives, that Magellan was killed, April 27th, 1521.

The expedition, reduced finally, as we have noted, to one vessel, returned to Spain. Eighteen men only were left when the *Victoria* reached Seville. Magellan had achieved the circumnavigation of the world, and had opened a new path for commerce—evidence, certainly, of his great ability as a navigator. "The glory of Magellan," says Pigatetta, the enthusiastic historian of the expedition, "will survive his death."



THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SERFS.

EVERY one had been long looking for the great event, but looking for its occurrence at some more distant day. Unpleasant rumours were ever afloat; and it was ever being alleged that new and insuperable difficulties had arisen, in consequence of which the final settlement of the matter must be indefinitely postponed. True, many had heard that the printing-presses of the Government were at work night and day, throwing off hundreds of thousands of the long-looked-for proclamation; but it was felt that these rumours might be baseless reports, such as are in constant circulation in a populous city. Contrary to what is usually the case, in this instance the secret of Government was perfectly preserved. It was expedient that it should be so; the occasion was extraordinary. At first the populace,—at least the populace in the metropolis,—seemed to receive the intelligence of the intended repeal of the law establishing serfdom with deep interest; but afterwards, as year after year passed away, and nothing was done, the interest lost much of its intensity amongst the multitude, who could have no idea of the complicated interests involved in the settlement of the matter. Many, being accustomed for long and tedious years to see to-day pass away like yesterday, and to-morrow like to-day without bringing any change, they had even ceased to believe in the possibility of so great a change being effected in the condition of the people. But at length, on the 5th day of the month of March, in the year 1861, an event occurred which will make this year so memorable in Russia, that millions of her people will date from it as the epoch commencing a new era in the history of the nation. On this fifth day of March, which happened to be

the last day of the carnival, at early morning prayers, a small body of worshippers, sons of toil who, even in those days of revelry, had not forsaken the temple of God, were privileged to be amongst the first to learn that the set time had come, and on that very day would their freedom be proclaimed.

At the conclusion of the service (says a Russian eye-witness), the priest, advancing amongst them, said,—“Ye orthodox! Come again to church to-day, and after mass I will read in your hearing the Imperial Edict, which will fill your hearts with joy—joy such as your fathers and your fathers’ fathers did not even dare to dream of! Come, then, yet again to the temple of God, and honour this day by a quiet and sober gladness; not giving yourselves up to that revelry unhappily so common on these holy days in which the Church is already commencing the services of Lent.”

The hearts of the more quick-witted of the hearers beat high on hearing this inspiring announcement; others scarcely knew what these things meant; but all, talking with subdued tones among themselves, went to their several homes, each one bearing to their kindred these the glad tidings of great joy, which were still involved in a veil of mystery, intensifying the interest they created. The same announcement was doubtless made in all the churches of the metropolis; and the joyful intelligence, passing from mouth to mouth, was speedily diffused through the dwellings of the rich and the poor alike, reaching at once the garret and the cellar, and filling with gladness the hearts of all who hear it,—as when on the Thursday in Passion Week, in accordance with Russian usage, every one carries from the church to his home a lighted taper, with which are lighted thousands of lamps and candles, lighting up at once the sleeping chambers of the

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SERFS.

rich and the smoky hut, the crowded attic, the dark damp cellar of the poor,—everywhere, in short, where there was one of the orthodox carefully preserving the holy customs of the olden times.

Long before the commencement of the service, the people had begun to assemble in the church. Some were sitting in the porch, others within the church on benches in the recesses, but there was little speaking. Most sat in silence; others quietly communicated to each other their views and feelings; but deep thought was manifest on every countenance.

The worship commenced. In all the service there was something unusually solemn. Whether it was that the priests were affected by the great announcement they were called to make to the people, or whether it only seemed so because the heart of the worshipper was in a state of expectancy of something great, it would be difficult to say, but so it was. In the holy words pronounced by the priest and the deacon, there was something unusually and profoundly affecting, and in the singing of the choir there was something unusually solemn; and the people seemed to pray with greater fervour than ever before. There were two lads standing beside me, who kept protesting themselves unceasingly, and to me it seemed manifest that their honest faces spoke their prayer—an ardent prayer for freedom addressed to Him who purchased the freedom of every man by the shedding of His blood. The service being finished, three priests and a deacon, in their resplendent robes, came out from the holy place and stood before the golden gates. The deacon then stepped forward with paper in hand, and the multitude rolled on towards the balustrade of the altar, which kept them aloof from the dais on which the clergy stood.

I was in the very middle of the crowd; but, to my surprise, I saw nothing of that pressing and squeezing generally witnessed in such circumstances. This arose, I suppose, from every one fearing to lose the opening words of the decree. Before the

reading began, the silence was such, that one felt as if he could hear the beating of his neighbour's heart.

I unintentionally turned round. What a scene presented itself all around me! Thousands of most varied faces—faces of old and young—faces of males and females—faces of parties worn out with hard labour—and faces of parties full of strength and vigour of manhood, but faces mostly kind and mild in their expression, expressed in their diversified features one and the same feeling of the most profound attention. The clergy, in their richly decorated robes, stood before the open gates of the holy place, like messengers of peace and joy from heaven. Within the altar screen, where a certain air of mystery is induced by the exclusion of the worshippers, the candles on the altar were seen burning, quietly and joyously, brightly illuminating the saving cross and the holy Gospel—those first announcements of salvation and freedom; and on the altar was seen the figure of the Saviour coming forth from the tomb, having burst the bands of death. It is not in vain that He spreads out His hands, His hands marked with wounds through which He was affixed to the cross, spread out as if bestowing His blessing on the liberated people. Where, in any heathen land, could such a peaceful, holy solemnity be possible? During the reading of the decree, which lasted nearly half an hour, not a rustle, nor a cough, not a moving of a boot-heel on the marble pavement of the church even broke the silence. Long must it be since any oration or discourse has called forth such intensified attention. Nor need we wonder. What could be more eloquent than the announcement of freedom proclaimed from the steps of the Christian altar, before the open gates of salvation, and that at once to TWENTY-THREE MILLIONS of men!

But though the silence was unbroken during the reading of the decree, so soon as the deacon had pronounced these concluding words, so full of meaning:—"Sign thyself, O Christian nation! with the sign of

the cross; and, together with us, call for the blessing of God upon thy FREE labour," a broad, rushing wave seemed to roll through the church as a thousand hands made the sign of the liberating cross; and the chains of slavery fell to the ground, never to be again replaced. It was a great, a holy, a truly Christian moment in the life of the Russian people.

The deacon having finished reading, the concluding word, the signature of the Czar. "Alexander," loudly resounded through the arches of the church, and loudly was the name re-echoed by the hearts of the hearers. In that blessed name was proclaimed the freedom of twenty-three millions of men! That name has thrown back into the irrevocable past serfdom with all its barbarous accompaniments; it has opened the gate of freedom to the future descendants of millions; it has divided the history of Russia into two eras. What must the Emperor have felt in that all-completing, all-confirming word!

When the reading of the decree was over, a solemn thanksgiving service began. I was myself so deeply moved by what I had seen and heard, that I could no longer observe the manifestation of feeling in others. Our Russian peasant, moreover, is not disposed to give outward manifestation of his deep spiritual emotion. Often expressing himself with great vivacity about some trifling matter, he becomes still and silent when a deep, strong feeling lays hold of his heart; the lively signs of passion then pass from his countenance, and he becomes serious and quiet; and the deeper and stronger the feeling, the more completely is it hidden in the heart of a Russian; like a wise householder, he shuts up and conceals the more precious, and leaves only the more trifling ordinary possessions in sight; and thus nothing was to be seen but that these good people looked unusually solemn, and that they prayed with much greater fervency than is their wont.

Beside me there stood a tall and strong hale old man, and with him a boy of about twelve years of age, apparently the son, or,

it may be, the grandson of the old man. Both were in sheepskin *shoobies*. The face of the old man was grave and thoughtful; the fine frank face of the boy was radiant with joy, while his hands, which were strong and unusually developed for his years, thoroughly engrained with black, showed that it was only on a holiday he could look outside his blacksmith's shop, and rejoice in God's light. At the commencement of the thanksgiving service, both the old man and the boy prostrated themselves several times, and after this the serious look of the old man became changed somewhat; he looked down on the boy with remarkable tenderness, and passed his wrinkled and horny hand over the head of the child. I could see that the hand was trembling; nor is it difficult to conceive of what was expressed by the involuntary movement!

On leaving the church I heard, as I passed through the crowd, several short and unconnected exclamations such as these:—"Glory be to God! we have lived to see the day at last! God grant many happy years to our father the Czar!" "He has kept his word: the word of the Czar never fails!" "He has remembered us! now we must pray, and pray earnestly to God!" Such were the shouts and remarks heard from the crowd. "Ay! but did you hear, *Two years yet?*" said a young sledge-driver, to his companion. "How or why should it be otherwise?" was the ready reply. "You would have it all done out of hand at once, would you? Why, you yourself take some three hours simply to harness your horse!"

In the street, a young lad, a workman in some factory, apparently worse for liquor, attempted to call out "Hurrah!" but immediately there was heard on all sides of him such reproofs as these:—"What are you giving tongue for there?" "Why are you bawling, you drunken fellow?" "Oh, the wretch! to get muddled *on this day!*" Such were the reproofs showered on him from all sides; and his attempts at a noisy demonstration completely failed. "What are you snapping at?" he growled between



THE GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW.

his teeth, and, as if thoroughly ashamed of himself, he staggered off home

The sun was shining brightly, and the warm breath of spring was in the air. On leaving the church I had all the feelings of an Easter morning. I hastened home to congratulate my family on the liberation of the serfs. Such greetings were borne from the churches into many a home by thou-

sands of Russians, and in a few days the joyful tidings spread over the whole of the Russian land—from the Niemen to the Ural, and from the White to the Black Seas! In the chronicles of Russia there is not recorded a brighter, a more Christian day! God bless the author of this great joy and gladness to the Russian people—the author of this truly Christian triumph

an achievement of which Russians and mankind at large may ever be proud !

Never, in former years, did the latter days of the carnival pass so quietly and soberly as on this memorable occasion. To the surprise of every one, scarcely was a drunken man to be seen in the streets ; while on the same day last year one could not take a step without meeting some noisy, tipsy crowd.

On the following morning a friend of mine, a foreigner, called on me, and the conversation naturally turned on the event of the day. "You Russians," said he, "are a strange people ! An event so important, one for which you have been waiting apparently with great impatience, has at length broken upon you, and there was not the slightest *demonstration* ! Yesterday, I drove about the town the whole day, expecting to see something extraordinary, but there was nothing."


"Oh, yes," said I, "there was a demonstration, only you did not remark it."

"Was there, indeed ? Where ? How ? What sort of a one ? I saw nothing of it."

"A very original one certainly," was my reply. "Yesterday, the last day of the carnival, usually a day of revelry and drunkenness, the gin shops were empty, and the churches were full ! They say the spirit-dealers are greatly disconcerted by the publication of the decree on such a day ; and I myself heard one of them reckoning up the enormous profits he had expected to make on the day of the publication, and telling bitterly how completely he had been disappointed !"

"Do you know," said my friend, continuing the conversation, "I could not help thinking, yesterday, that, while with you this truly great work has been accomplished quietly and without disturbance, on the other side of the globe a great empire has fallen to pieces, and a bloody struggle is commencing in connection with the same question—that of slavery and freedom."

EDWARD BAINES, OF LEEDS.



EDWARD BAINES was descended from a class of society, which, though somewhat undefined, has both an historic and poetic interest—the bold "yeomen of England." His father, however, had forsaken the farm for the shop and the loom, and Edward was born on the 5th of February, 1774, at a village in the beautiful valley of the Ribble, about a mile from Preston. He was a healthy and sprightly lad, full of mirth and mischief. The poet Wordsworth was his schoolfellow at the Free Grammar School at Hawkshead, a small town among the Lakes—a neighbourhood, amidst the solitude of which the eagle still dwelt. "What a place for a

dreaming, sensitive boy !" says one of Wordsworth's biographers. "There winter lingered late, and the frost and snow came early ; around the village the mountain-streams tumbled and thundered, and gave refreshment to a race of people hardy and simple as their native hills."

Whether the scenery of the Lake district produced any impression on the youthful heart of the future man of business, as on that of the future poet, we are not informed. But a family tradition has preserved an oracle uttered by his master, that "he would either be a great man or be hanged." And one of the adventures of his after boyhood seems to justify the prophecy. The master of the Preston Free Grammar School was a pompous, ill-educated man, who smote his pupils liberally with cane and tongue.

In one of those juvenile rebellions well known of old as a "barring out," the doors of the school were fastened with huge nails, and one of the younger lads was let out to obtain supplies of food for the garrison. The rebellion having lasted two or three days, the mayor, town-clerk, and officers were sent to intimidate the offenders. Young Baines, on the part of the besieged, answered the magisterial summons to surrender, by declaring that they would never give in unless assured of full pardon, and a certain length of holidays. With much good sense the mayor gave them till the evening to consider; and on his second visit the doors were found open, the garrison having fled to the woods of Penwortham. They regained their respective homes under the cover of night; and through some interposition they escaped the punishment they had deserved.

At this period of his life the spirit of frolic and adventure was very strong in Edward Baines. Stories are told of the mayor's halberds being abstracted and thrown into the reservoir of the waterworks; and the youth passed one night in prison for frightening a lady by firing a pistol over her head. When his boyish pranks were laid aside, and he and his companions were put to business, and began to employ their leisure in reading and debating, five of them formed the project of emigration, and planned the establishment of a superior academy on the other side of the Atlantic. Young Baines was to be at the head of the establishment; one of the number was to be professor of botany, another of music, and so on. The scheme had been elaborated for some time, maps consulted, and pocket-money saved; but the amount of their practical wisdom may be judged from the resources with which the expedition was undertaken. One of them had saved sixteen shillings, another fifteen, and the other three smaller sums. A few years later, Coleridge, Southey, and their friends, formed a project more visionary still, which was to be realized on the same American shores—the establishment of a republic in Illinois.

Baines and his friends actually left Preston one Sunday morning on foot for Liverpool, whence they hoped easily to get conveyed to America. And it was not till they had exhausted their small store that they ventured to face their parents and acknowledge their folly. Penniless they returned from Liverpool to Preston on the Friday after their departure, and crept into their several homes, considerably humbled and wiser than when they left.

Edward Baines chose the business of a printer, and became a diligent and expert workman. In this occupation, and in the debating society in which he and his friends spent their leisure, his intellectual character was rapidly developed. In him, as in many others, the child was father to the man. And already the desire for improvement in all matters, personal and public, which characterized him through life, was strong.

Two years before the termination of his apprenticeship, Edward Baines, with the consent of his master, left his native town in search of greater scope for improvement and advancement. In 1795, the frugal apprentice, stout of heart and limb, travelled on foot from Preston to Leeds with his bundle on his arm. From Clitheroe he crossed the hills into Yorkshire alone, with no companion but his staff, and all his worldly wealth in his pocket. In after years he often referred to the touching acknowledgment of the patriarch, and with like gratitude and humility: "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which Thou hast showed unto Thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands." Wayworn, young Baines reached Leeds, and finding the shop of Messrs. Banns & Brown, he inquired if they had room for an apprentice to finish his time. The stranger was carelessly referred to the foreman; and as he entered the *Mercury* office, he inwardly resolved that if he should gain admittance there he would never leave it. In a few years comparatively the office and newspaper became his own, and so continued till his death.

Edward Baines had now reached man's estate, and his character was assuming the mould which it ever after retained. Transplanted to a new soil, and henceforth dependant wholly on himself, he acquired the self-reliance and prudence which, with good principles and the blessing of God, constitute the main elements of success in life. Being received into the *Leeds Mercury* office, his industry, good conduct, and obliging disposition, won the esteem and confidence of his employers. His maxim was, that whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. He laid the foundation of future success as a master in the thorough knowledge and performance of the duties of a workman. His tastes were simple, his habits strictly temperate, and his companionships virtuous. He sought the society of intellectual men in a "Reasoning Society," like that to which he had belonged at Preston. Though characterized by its president as a "diamond in the rough," he was amiable and genial, and if rudely treated would reply facetiously and with gentle satire. His pleasant humour and hearty laugh proved that "the fullest enjoyment of all innocent amusement is compatible with unwearied application to business, and needs not the fool's stimulant of liquor or licentiousness." This was in 1797.

In 1801 Mr. Baines became proprietor and editor of the *Leeds Mercury*. At that period, like other provincial papers, the *Mercury* was insignificant both in dimensions and in influence. Before his death it had become one of the most powerful organs of the English provincial press. In 1801, a single copy contained about 21,000 words; in 1848, a single copy contained 180,000. From the date of his connection with the *Mercury* as its proprietor, Mr. Baines was a public man, and took an active, earnest, and prominent part in the political and social questions of the day. His life is identified with the history of the largest county of England, and one of the greatest seats of industry, during fifty years of extraordinary improvement.

Nine-and-thirty years after Edward Baines

had entered Leeds, a poor apprentice in search of employment, he was invited by his fellow-townsmen to represent them in the senate of the nation, and when he left Leeds to take his seat in the House of Commons, he had the honour of a popular demonstration. If he had any affectation in his altered circumstances, he said, "it should be an affectation of economy and simplicity of manners and appearance both in his domestic concerns and all others. The contrary conduct has been fatal to the character and independence of many public men; but (he said) by the blessing of God guiding and directing me, it shall never be fatal to me or mine." To this resolution he adhered throughout his parliamentary course, and indeed to the end of his life. The simplicity of his habits was unchanged, and he found by experience that the best safeguard for independence is to restrict one's wants. At three successive elections Mr. Baines was returned to Parliament as member for Leeds: and for eight years he devoted his untiring energies to the discharge of his public functions; his integrity and conscientiousness constraining the esteem even of those who differed most from some of his opinions.

Life with Mr. Baines had been real and earnest, but in the review it was like a dream; and he was brought somewhat suddenly to the point where things seen lose all their importance, and things unseen become the only realities. Edward Baines has often been called "the Benjamin Franklin of Leeds." And the points of resemblance between them both in character and in history, are numerous and striking. But we now come to a point, where, instead of resemblance, we find contrast.

The truth is, that Benjamin Franklin, one of the most sagacious of men in all that concerns this life, was contented to enter on eternity, with less care to examine the grounds of his hope and the character of his prospects regarding it than he would have thought necessary in the settlement of any question involving temporal interests. He early saw that some religion was ne-

cessary to the earthly well-being of men, indispensable to the safe and right working of society; and ever after his almost boyish days he evidently considered the man who attacked Christianity as doing that which was inimical to the best interests of his fellow-men. He wrote on the obligation and benefits of worship and other religious observances, and subscribed to the erection of churches, but seldom entered them. To

the last his religion was vague and unsatisfactory. Beyond the principles of natural religion, nothing seemed thoroughly ascertained and settled. With a Bible in his hand whose truth and excellence he admitted, he was content to leave in a great measure unexamined and unsettled the precise character of its contents and the full extent of its authority. It was this world, this state, which filled his heart and



EDWARD BAINES.

mind. The portal of existence was examined with curious and prying eyes; its stones, its cement, its very dust, were all taken careful note of, but there were few thoughts for the vast edifice beyond.

Far otherwise was it with Edward Baines. He lived to be seventy-five years of age; and when he died, with an honourable oblivion of party distinctions, the inhabitants of Leeds lamented Mr. Baines as a

good man, and a public benefactor, and vast numbers almost as a father. By a spontaneous movement, his funeral was made a public one. Many thousands thronged to witness the solemn ceremony; and among the many sincere mourners, few were more truly so than the poorest of the poor, who joined their tears with those of his family, and felt that they had lost a father and a friend.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.



WE are told the grandfather of Sir Edwin settled as a jeweller in London in the middle of the last century; and here, it is said, his father, Mr. John Landseer, was born in 1761, though another account fixes Lincoln as his birthplace, and his birth itself at a later date. John Landseer became an engraver, rose to eminence in his line of art, became an Associate of the Royal Academy, and having held that position for nearly fifty years, died in 1852. He was largely employed in engraving pictures for the leading publishers, including Macklin, who engaged him on the illustrations to his "Bible"; this employment led to his marriage with a Miss Pott, a great friend of the Macklins, and whose portrait as a peasant girl, with a sheaf of corn upon her head, was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The issue of this marriage consisted of three daughters and also of three sons—Thomas, born in or about the year 1795; Charles, born in 1799; and Edwin, the youngest, in 1802.

The artistic education of Edwin Landseer was commenced at an early age under the eye of his father, who, after the example of the greatest masters, directed him to the study of nature herself, and sent him constantly to Hampstead Heath and other suburban localities to make studies of donkeys, sheep, and goats. A series of early drawings and etchings from his hand, preserved in the South Kensington Museum, will serve to show how faithful and true an interpreter of nature the future Academician was even more than half a century since, for some of his efforts are dated as early as his eighth year, so that he is a standing proof that precocity does not always imply subsequent failure. Indeed, he drew ani-

mals correctly and powerfully even before he was five years old!

His first appearance, however, as a painter dates from 1815, when, at the age of thirteen, he exhibited two paintings at the Academy—"Portrait of a Mule" and "Portraits of a Pointer Bitch and Puppy," and the young painter appears as Master E. Landseer, 33, Foley Street. In the following year he was one of the exhibitors at "the Great Room in Spring Gardens," then engaged for "the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours," along with De Wint, Chalon, and the elder Pugin; about the same time, too, we find him receiving regular instruction in art as a pupil in the studio of Haydon, and the residence of the family in Foley Street was the very centre of a colony of artists and literary celebrities. Mulready, Stothard, Benjamin West, A. E. Chalon, Collins, Constable, Daniel, Flaxman, and Thomas Campbell, all lived within a few hundred yards of John Landseer's house; and from their society young Landseer, we may be sure, took care to draw profit and encouragement. He also derived considerable assistance from a study of the Elgin marbles at Burlington House, where they lay for some time before finding a home in the British Museum. These ancient treasures he was led to study by the advice of his teacher, Haydon. In the same year (1816) he was admitted as a student to the Royal Academy. In the following year he exhibited "Brutus, a portrait of a Mastiff," at the Academy, and also a "Portrait of an Alpine Mastiff," at the Gallery in Spring Gardens already mentioned.

With the year 1818 commenced an important epoch in the life of Landseer. His "Fighting Dogs Getting Wind" excited an extraordinary amount of attention; and, being purchased by Sir George Beaumont, it set the stream of fashion in his favour.

Sir David Wilkie, writing to Haydon at this date, remarked, as much in earnest as in jest, "Young Landseer's jackasses are good."

"The Cat Disturbed" was young Landseer's chief picture in 1819; it was exhibited at the Royal Institution; here, also, were exhibited about the same date his "Lion enjoying his Repast," and a companion picture, a "Lion disturbed at his Repast." In these paintings it is not fanciful or absurd to say that an educated eye can detect the hand of the designer of the lions which guard the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square. His opportunity for studying the anatomy of the lion had arisen shortly before, we are told, through the death of one of the old lions in Exeter 'Change, and his subsequent dissection in Landseer's presence.

In 1821 he exhibited at the Academy his "Ratcatchers," which was subsequently engraved by his brother Thomas; and at the British Institution another sporting picture, entitled "Pointers, So-ho." In 1822 he was fortunate enough to obtain the premium of £150 from the directors of the British Institution for his celebrated picture "The Larder Invaded." This was followed next year by "The Watchful Sentinel," contributed to the Exhibition of the British Institution, now in the Sheepshanks Gallery at South Kensington, and styled "The Angler's Guard." It represents a large brown and white Newfoundland dog and a white Italian greyhound, seated and keeping strict watch and ward over a fishing rod and basket. In 1824 he exhibited, also at the Royal Institution, "The Cat's Paw," which, we believe, hangs, or hung, in the dining-room at Cashiobury, the seat of Lord Essex, in Hertfordshire. "Taking a Buck," "The Widow," and a stray "Portrait" were Landseer's contributions to the Academy in 1825, and in the same summer his "Poacher" was hung on the walls of the British Institution. In the following season was shown at the Academy his, "Hunting of Chevy Chase," an important picture, which has often been ex-

hibited since. In the same year Landseer removed to the house in St. John's-wood Road, where he fixed his studio to the last. In 1826 he exhibited at the Royal Institution the picture of "The Dog and the Shadow." It was about this time that, being asked by Lord and Lady Holland to sit for his portrait to Landseer, Sydney Smith sent the well-known reply, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

It can scarcely be supposed that it was merely the exhibition of "Chevy Chase" which led to Edwin Landseer's election at this time to an Associateship of the Royal Academy. The fact is that the honour was anticipated long before, and that the election was made almost as a matter of course immediately on his attaining the age of four and twenty—the limit prescribed by the laws of the Academy. It may be interesting to our readers to know that the only other artists to whom a like compliment has been paid are Sir Thomas Lawrence and Mr. J. E. Millais.

It was in this year that Landseer paid his first visit to the Highlands—a district of which it may be said with truth that for more than thirty years he was the prophet and interpreter, and from which he drew more subjects than from any other, illustrating its men, its animals, and its landscapes with almost unvaried success. "The Chief's Return from Deer-stalking," exhibited at the Academy in 1827, may be regarded as the firstfruits alike of this northern tour and of his Associateship. Together with this appeared his "Monkey who had Seen the World," showing the reunion of "Pug" and his untravelling friends at home. Meantime, in spite of his election to the Academy, he proved that he did not forget his acquaintances and friends at the British Institution, to which he contributed, in the same year, another picture of "Chevy Chase," and "A Scene at Abbotsford," representing Sir Walter Scott's favourite dog Maida reclining by a piece of ancient armour. The year 1828 was one of comparative rest to Landseer—at all events, it

was productive of no contribution to the exhibitions of the day; but in 1829 he produced his "Illicit Whisky Still in the Highlands," and "A Fireside Party," in which the terriers which figure as the principal characters are said to have been the original "Peppers and Mustards" so graphically described in "Guy Mannering," by Sir Walter Scott.

The year 1830 witnessed the election of Landseer to the full honours of the Academy; and from that date to the end of his long career there is little for a biographer to do but to chronicle a long and regular catalogue of pictures year by year, exhibited either at the British Institution or else on the walls of the Academy.

The numerous pictures exhibited by Landseer during the first ten years after he began to write the letters "R.A." after his name were almost all of them great favourites at their first appearance, and are well known to the world by the engravings of them. They may be regarded as marking the perfection of Landseer's style.

With the year 1851 the Highland sketches occur less frequently, and there is a corresponding increase in ideal subjects in the published list of Landseer's works. "A Flood in the Highlands"—his only contribution to the Academy Exhibition in 1860—will long be remembered for its pathos and truth to life.

The closing decade of Landseer's artistic career shows but little falling off from the preceding, either in the number or in the power of its productions. Many of them will crowd with more or less vividness and freshness on the reader's memory as he peruses this brief biography of him who in his day was deservedly called "the Shakespeare of the world of dogs." It appears from the annual catalogues that from the very first Landseer was one of the most regular and constant exhibitors at the Academy, for from his first appearance on its walls in 1815 down to the year 1873 his name is absent on only seven occasions—namely, in 1816, 1841, 1852, 1855, 1862, 1863, and 1871. But even this statement

fails to do justice to his indefatigable industry as a painter, for, between 1818 and 1865, he exhibited at the British Institution no less than 90 pictures, including some of his most popular efforts, such as "The Twa Dogs," "The Sleeping Bloodhound," "The Eagle's Nest," "Well-bred Sitters," and "Dear Old Boz," painted for Her Majesty. To this list must be added four other pictures exhibited with the Society of British Artists between the years 1826 and 1832, and also nine more exhibited in his early days, between 1816 and 1820, on the walls of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours, in Spring Gardens. His contributions to the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1870 were five in number: "Voltigeur," the winner of the Derby and St. Leger; "Deer: a Study"; "Lassie: a Sketch"; and two pictures already mentioned. The name of Sir Edwin Landseer does not occur in the catalogue of 1871, as illness had then paralysed his powerful and charming pencil. He exhibited in 1872 and 1873, but the works were scarcely worthy of his fame and reputation.

It is not our purpose, nor, indeed, would it be possible, here to enter into any minute and detailed criticism on the works of Landseer. His paintings are well known in the household of every educated man through the length and breadth of the land. His sculptured lions at the foot of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, are so well known to the public that we need only allude to them here.

In 1850 he received from Her Majesty the honour of knighthood. He received also the large gold medal from the authorities of the Universal Exhibition of Paris in 1855. A few years ago, upon the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, he was offered the Presidency of the Royal Academy, but his modesty led him to decline the distinction. In private life he was one of the most kind and courteous of men and the warmest of friends; and in very many circles, from royalty downwards, people missed with regret his round, merry, genial face, his white hair, and his pleasant smile.



JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON was born in London on the 9th day of December, 1608. His father, in early life, had suffered for conscience' sake, having been disinherited upon his abjuring the popish faith. He pursued the laborious profession of a scrivener, and having realized an ample fortune, retired into the country to enjoy it. Educated at Oxford, he gave his son the best education that the age afforded. At first, young Milton had the benefit of a private tutor; from him he was removed to St. Paul's School. Next he proceeded to Christ's College, Cambridge; and finally, after several years' preparation by extensive reading, he pursued a course of continental travel. Every passenger through St. Paul's

Churchyard must have noticed the dark imprisoned court, under the colonnade, opposite to the east end of the cathedral. It makes itself known at times as the playing place of the boys in St. Paul's School, by the sportive shouts and the bursts of glee which issue from between the close iron rails. St. Paul's School in the first quarter of the seventeenth century was quite an other sort of building. A gothic edifice in the Tudor style then stood there, probably with open courts patched over with a little green; and hither wended from the Spread Eagle, "with satchel on back," and there played with his long-since-forgotten schoolfellows, the bard of Paradise. The boy was studious, and, when only twelve years of age, many a time did he sit up till

midnight, conning his books, thus not only laying the foundation of his marvellous scholarship, but of his blindness too. Nor was his muse unfledged even then. Ere eleven summers had rolled over him, he would sing of "the golden-tressed sun," "the spangled sisters of the night," and "the thunder-clasping hand of the Almighty."

In 1632, having taken the degree of M.A., Milton finally quitted the University, leaving behind him a very brilliant reputation, and a general goodwill in his own college. His father had now retired from London, and lived upon his own estate at Horton, in Buckinghamshire. In this rural solitude Milton passed the next five years, resorting to London only at rare intervals, for the purchase of books and music. His time was chiefly occupied with the study of Greek and Roman, and, no doubt, also of Italian literature. But that he was not negligent of composition, and that he applied himself with great zeal to the culture of his native literature, we have a splendid record in his "Comus," which, upon the strongest presumptions, is ascribed to this period of his life. In the same neighbourhood, and within the same five years, it is believed that he produced also the "Arcades" and the "Lycidas," together with "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso."

In 1637 Milton's mother died, and in the following year he commenced his travels. The state of Europe confined his choice of ground to France and Italy. The former excited in him but little interest. After a short stay at Paris he pursued the direct route to Nice, where he embarked for Genoa, and thence proceeded to Pisa, Florence, Rome, and Naples. He originally meant to extend his tour to Sicily and Greece, but the news of the first Scotch war having now reached him, agitated his mind with too much patriotic sympathy to allow of his embarking on a scheme of such uncertain duration. Yet his homeward movements were not remarkable for expedition. He had already spent two months in Florence, and as many in Rome, yet he

devoted the same space of time to each of them on his return. From Florence he proceeded to Lucca, and thence, by Bologna and Ferrara, to Venice, where he remained one month, and then pursued his homeward route through Verona, Milan, and Geneva. He had conversed with Galileo; he had seen whatever was most interesting in the monuments of Roman grandeur, or the triumphs of Italian art; and he could report with truth that, in spite of his religion, everywhere undissembled, he had been honoured by the attentions of the great and by the compliments of the learned.

After fifteen months of absence, Milton found himself again in London at a crisis of unusual interest. The king was on the eve of his second expedition against the Scotch, and we may suppose Milton to have been watching the course of events with profound anxiety, not without some anticipation of the patriotic labour which awaited him. Meantime he occupied himself with the education of his sister's two sons, and soon after, by way of obtaining an honourable maintenance, increased the number of his pupils. He was now lodging at a tailor's in St. Bride's Churchyard, and here he made the acquaintance of Patrick Young, the librarian of Charles I. But "he made no long stay at his lodging in St. Bride's Churchyard; necessity of having a place to dispose his books in, and other goods fit for the furnishing of a good handsome house, hastening him to take one; and accordingly a *pretty garden house* he took in Aldersgate Street, at the end of an entry, and therefore the fitter for his turn, by reason of the privacy, besides that there are few streets in London *more free from noise than that.*" Aldersgate Street free from noise! a garden house there!

At Whitsuntide, in the year 1645, having reached his thirty-fifth year, he married Mary Powell, a young lady of good extraction in the county of Oxford, but "accustomed to a great deal of company, merriment, and dancing, and little fitted, therefore, to sympathise with him in his severe

tastes and classic sort of life." One month after he allowed his wife to visit her family. When summoned back to her home, she refused to return. Upon this provocation, Milton set himself seriously to consider the extent of the obligations imposed by the nuptial vow, and came to the conclusion that in point of conscience it was not less dissoluble for hopeless incompatibility of temper than for positive adultery, and that human laws, in as far as they opposed this principle, called for reformation. These views he laid before the public in his *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*.

Meantime the lady, whose rash conduct had provoked her husband into these speculations, saw reason to repent of her indiscretion, and finding that Milton held her desertion to have cancelled all claims upon his justice, wisely resolved upon making her appeal to his generosity. This appeal was not made in vain; in a single interview at the house of a common friend, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, where she had contrived to surprise him, and suddenly to throw herself at his feet, he granted her a full forgiveness; and so little did he allow himself to remember her misconduct, or that of her family, in having countenanced her desertion, that soon afterwards, when they were involved in the general ruin of the royal cause, he received the whole of them into his house, and exerted his political influence very freely in their behalf. Fully to appreciate this behaviour, we must recollect that Milton was not rich, and that no part of his wife's marriage-portion (£1000) was ever paid to him.

We next find him in Lincoln's Inn Fields. His removal there occurred just after the march of the army to London, in 1647, to put down an insurrection which had been excited by Massey and Brown.

Early in 1649 the king was put to death. For a full account of the state of the parties which led to this memorable event, we must refer the reader to the history of the times.

In 1649 the Council of State had resolved no longer to employ the language of a rival

people in their international concerns, but to use the Latin tongue as a neutral and indifferent instrument. The office of Latin Secretary, therefore, was created, and bestowed upon Milton. His hours from henceforth must have been pretty well occupied by official labours. Yet at this time he undertook a service to the State, more invidious, and perhaps more perilous, than any in which his politics ever involved him. On the very day of the king's execution, and even below the scaffold, had been sold the earliest copies of a work admirably fitted to shake the new Government, and, for the sensation which it has engendered, one of the most remarkable known in literary history. This was the "*Eikon Basilike*, or *Royal Image*," professing to be a series of meditations drawn up by the late king, on the leading events from the very beginning of the national troubles. Milton drew up a running commentary upon each separate head of the original; and as that had been entitled the king's image, he gave to his own the title of "*Eikonoclastes*, or *Image-breaker*," "the famous surname of many Greek emperors, who broke all superstitious images in pieces."

He now removed to Petty France, now York Street, to a "house next door to the Lord Scudamore's, and opening into St. James's Park." The garden formerly opened upon the park, in what is now called Bird-cage Walk. It was never a large house, and shows that the illustrious Secretary of the Foreign Department did not then live in much splendour. His salary was only £280 a year. In 1651 his wife died, after she had given him three daughters.

Looking over this house, it is touching to remember that here his blindness became complete. A letter, dated September 28th, 1654, probably written in one of these very rooms, gives an account of the rise and progress of this sad malady. "It is now about ten years," he says, "since I first perceived my sight beginning to grow weak and dim. When I sat down, my eyes gave me considerable pain. If I looked at a

candle, it was surrounded with an iris. In a little time a darkness covered the left side of the left eye, which was partially clouded some years before the other intercepted the view of all things in that direction. Objects in front seemed to dwindle in size whenever I closed my right eye. This eye too, for three years gradually failing, a few months previous to my total blindness, while I was perfectly stationary, everything seemed to swim backward and forward, and now thick vapours appear to settle on my forehead and temples, which weigh down my lids with an oppressive sense of drowsiness, especially in the interval between dinner and the evening. I ought not to omit mentioning that before I wholly lost my sight, as soon as I lay down in bed, and turned upon either side, brilliant flashes of light used to issue from my closed eyes; and afterwards, upon the gradual failure of my powers of vision, colours proportionably dim and faint seemed to rush out with a degree of vehemence and a kind of inward noise. These have now faded into uniform blackness, such as ensues on the extinction of a candle, or blackness varied only and intermingled with a dimmish grey. The constant darkness, however, in which I live day and night inclines more to a whitish than a blackish tinge, and the eye in turning itself round admits, as through a narrow chink, a very small portion of light." How very affecting is this detail, especially the allusion to the "narrow chink" which remained in the dark shutter folded over the windows of the eye, to admit mementoes of the precious gift he had for ever lost. But his soul bows with Christian patience to the Divine behest:

"Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
Right onward."

The lustre of his dark grey eye did not fade after blindness had smitten it. His portrait brings him before us, with light brown hair parted in the middle, and clustering on the shoulders, and a coun-

tenance which, till manhood was advanced, retained its youthful ruddy hue. The loss of sight was, in a measure, compensated by the exquisite acuteness of his hearing. He judged, as blind men are wont to do, of people's appearance by their voice. "His ears," says Richardson, "were now eyes to him." No doubt, in that home next Lord Scudamore's, Milton had his organ and bass viol, and would cheer the hours of his unintermitting darkness by music, for which he had a taste by nature. Milton's voice is said to have been sweet and harmonious, and he would frequently accompany the instruments on which he played.

In 1655 he resigned his office of Secretary, in which he had latterly been obliged to use an assistant.

Some time before this period he had married his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, to whom it is supposed that he was very tenderly attached. In 1657 she died in child-birth, together with her child, an event which he has recorded in a very beautiful sonnet. This loss, added to his blindness, must have made his home, for some years, desolate and comfortless.

In the spring of 1660 the Restoration was accomplished amidst the tumultuous rejoicings of the people. It was certain that the vengeance of Government would lose no time in marking victims, for some of them in anticipation had already fled. Milton wisely withdrew from the first fury of the persecution which now descended on his party. Probably it was early after the Restoration, and while living in Holborn, near Red Lion Square, and then in Jewin Street, that he was not only in darkness, but "with dangers compassed round," fearing assassination from some royalist hand, sleeping ill and restlessly. In the latter place he married his third wife; and there Ellwood, the Quaker, is introduced to him—the kind, patient Ellwood, who sits for hours reading Latin with a foreign accent, and sometimes little understanding what he reads, for the recreation of his now poor but illustrious friend. But highly honoured was that same Ellwood when the



JOHN MILTON IN HIS BLINDNESS.

great poet put into his hands a manuscript, asking his opinion of it, which proved to be the "Paradise Lost." That scene was a little cottage at Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, where Milton had gone during the plague; but in Jewin Street, probably, the great poem was nearly brought to its completion. It was the work of years. Every former strain prepared for it. Prelusive touches had there been from boyhood of rich, sweet, solemn harmony; but in "Paradise Lost" came out the prolonged oratorio, swelling forth from the organ of his soul in notes of bird-like sweetness, in tones of deep-pealed thunder. The history of it is, probably, associated with most of the previous residences of Milton, but in Jewin Street it was nearly perfected; and in our mind wakens some echo of the poet's song whenever we walk along the pavement of that most unpoetic region. The general interruption of business in London, occasioned by the plague, and prolonged by the great fire in 1666, explain why the publication was delayed for nearly two years. The contract with the publisher is dated April 26th, 1667, and in the course of that year the "Paradise Lost" was published. Originally it was printed in ten books; in the second and subsequent editions the seventh and tenth books were each divided into two. Milton received only five pounds in the first instance on the publication of the book. His further profits were regulated by the sale of the three first editions. Each was to consist of fifteen hundred copies, and on the second and third respectively reaching a sale of thirteen hundred, he was to receive a further sum of five pounds for each, making a total of fifteen pounds. The receipt of the second sum of five pounds is dated April 26th, 1669.

In 1670 Milton published his "History of Britain," and in the same year he published in one volume "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes."

Milton's biographers enable us to trace his daily life. He rises early; has a chapter in the Hebrew Bible read to him; then meditates till seven; till twelve he listens

to reading, in which he employs his daughters; then takes exercise, and sometimes swings in his little garden. After a frugal dinner, he enjoys some musical recreation; at six he welcomes friends; takes supper at eight; and then, having smoked a pipe and drunk a glass of water, he retires to repose. That repose is sometimes broken by poetic musings, and he rouses up his daughter that he might dictate to her some lines before they are lost.

Although neglected by the great among his countrymen, illustrious foreigners search out the man whose literary fame is heard through Europe; and many who came before the fire of London, ere they left our shores, found the house in Bread Street, with the sign of the spread eagle, for even then it was thought a privilege to enter Milton's birthplace. One Englishman of rank, however, is said to have visited him, but the visit was most unworthy in its motive. The Duke of York, as the story goes, expressed a wish to his brother Charles II. to see old Milton, of whom so much was said. The king had no objection, and soon the duke was on his way to the poet's house, where, on introducing himself, a free conversation took place between these very "discordant characters." The duke asked Milton whether he did not consider his blindness to be a judgment inflicted on him for writing against the late king. "If your highness thinks," he replied, "that the calamities which befall us here are indications of the wrath of Heaven, in what manner are we to account for the fate of the king, your father? The displeasure of Heaven must, upon this supposition, have been much greater against him than against me, for I have only lost my eyes, but he lost his head." The duke, disconcerted by the answer, went his way.

Milton's end was now approaching. In the summer of 1674 he was still cheerful and in possession of his intellectual faculties; but the vigour of his bodily constitution had been silently giving way through a long course of years to the ravages of gout. It was at length thoroughly undermined; and

about the 10th of November, 1674, he died with tranquillity so profound that his attendants were unable to determine the exact moment of his decease. He was buried, with unusual marks of honour, in the chancel of St. Giles' at Cripplegate.

Milton's last resting-place is one of the old ecclesiastical structures which escaped the fire of London. It contains the ashes of John Foxe, the martyrologist, and John Speed, the historian; the mural tablet to the memory of the former, and the effigy which brings before us the grave face and quaint costume of the latter, adorn the right side of the chancel within the altar rails. But from these and other monuments we

turn, to look at the bust of Milton, placed to the left as you enter the church, on the third pillar from the east end. The spot, beneath, now covered with a spacious pew, has been pretty well identified as the poet's grave. To this last earthly home he was borne on the 12th November, 1674, "the funeral being attended," according to Toland, "by the author's learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar."

Milton's funeral must, indeed, have been a solemn sight! One fancies it slowly wending down from Artillery Walk, through the picturesque streets of the seventeenth century.

THE BUILDER OF EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.



OUR information respecting the domestic history of Smeaton is exceedingly scanty; it amounts to little more than that he very early displayed a taste for mechanical pursuits; delighting, it is said, even when a child in petticoats, to observe mechanics at work, and to question them re-

specting their employments.

John Smeaton was born, according to most authorities, on the 28th of May, 1724, at Austhorpe, near Leeds, in a house built by his grandfather, and long afterwards inhabited by his family. His father was an attorney, and brought him up with a view to the legal profession. One of his biographers states that his toys were the tools of men; and that, while yet little more than an infant, he was discovered one day on the top of his father's barn, fixing something like a windmill. At the age of fourteen or fifteen we find him constructing a machine for rose-engine turning, and producing neat ornamental boxes, etc., for his

friends. He appears to have been but little older when he cut, in a lathe of his own manufacture, a perpetual screw in brass, from the design of his friend Henry Hindley of York, with whom he joined in mechanical pursuits. By the age of eighteen years he had attained much skill in mechanical operations, and had furnished himself with many tools for performing them.

About this time, in the year 1742, in pursuance of his father's design, young Smeaton came to London, and attended the courts of law at Westminster Hall; but, finding the bent of his mind averse to the law, his father yielded to his wishes, and allowed him to devote his energies to more congenial matters. The next event related is his taking up the business of a mathematical-instrument maker, about the year 1750, when he was residing in lodgings in Great Turnstile, Holborn. In 1751 he tried experiments with a machine that he had invented for measuring a ship's way at sea; and in 1752 and 1753 was engaged in a course of experiments concerning the natural powers of water and wind to turn

mills and other machines depending on circular motion." He visited Holland and the Netherlands in 1754; and the acquaintance he thus obtained with the construction of embankments, artificial navigations, and similar works, probably formed an important part of his engineering education.

In 1766 Smeaton commenced the great work which, more than any other, may be looked upon as a lasting monument of his skill—the EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

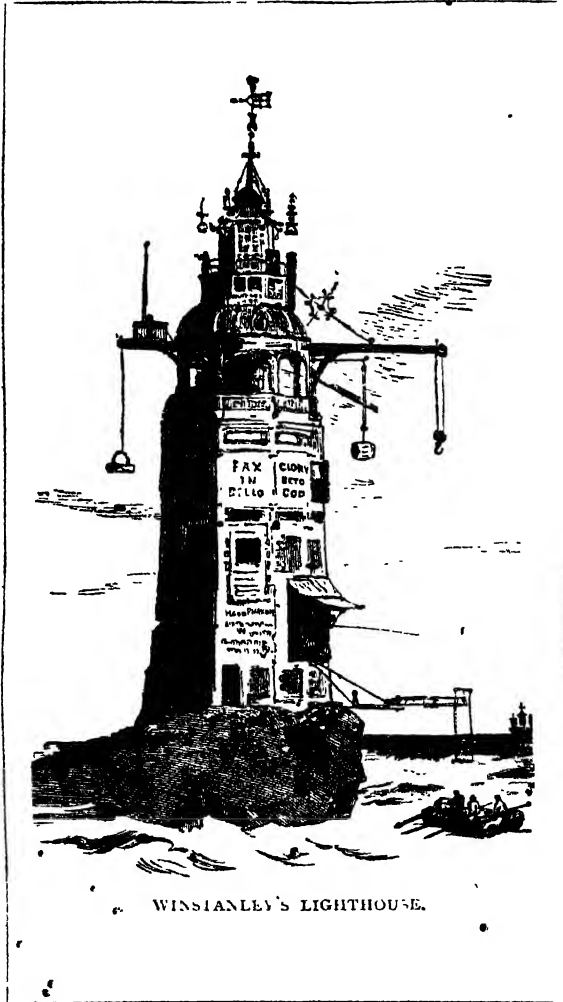
It was the third lighthouse built on the perilous rock from which it derives its name; and in order to understand the real merit of the enterprise, it will be desirable to show what was the nature of the two previous attempts to form a lighthouse at this spot.

As the Eddystone rocks lie nearly in the direction of vessels coasting up and down the Channel, they were unavoidably, before the establishment of a lighthouse there, very dangerous, and often fatal to ships; their situation, with regard to the Bay of Biscay and the Atlantic, is such that they lie open to the swells of the bay and ocean from all the south-western

points of the compass; so that all the heavy seas from the south-west quarter come uncontrolled upon the Eddystone rocks, and break upon them with the utmost fury. Sometimes when the sea is to all appearance smooth and even, and its surface unruffled by the slightest breeze, the

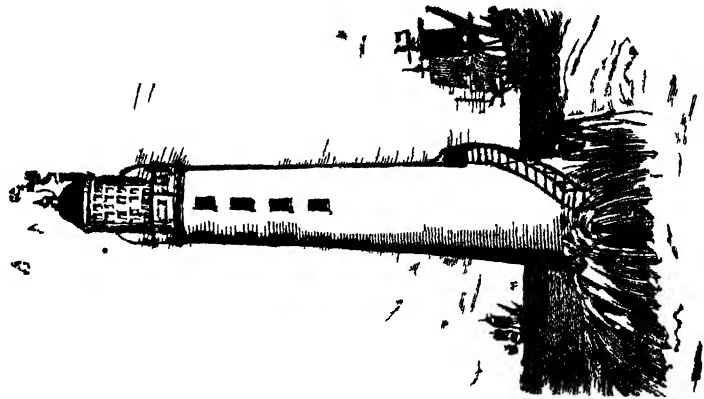
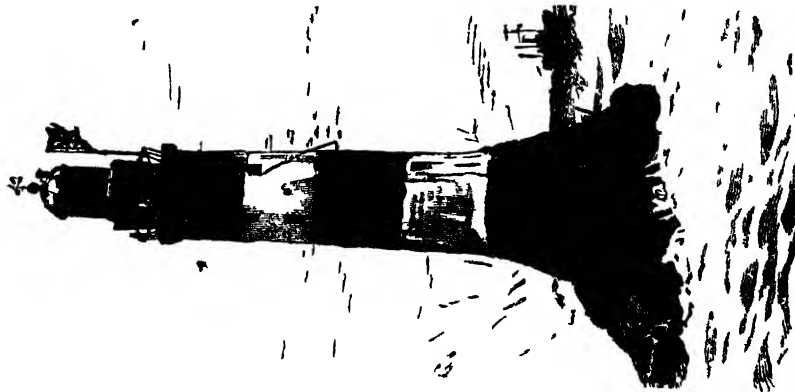
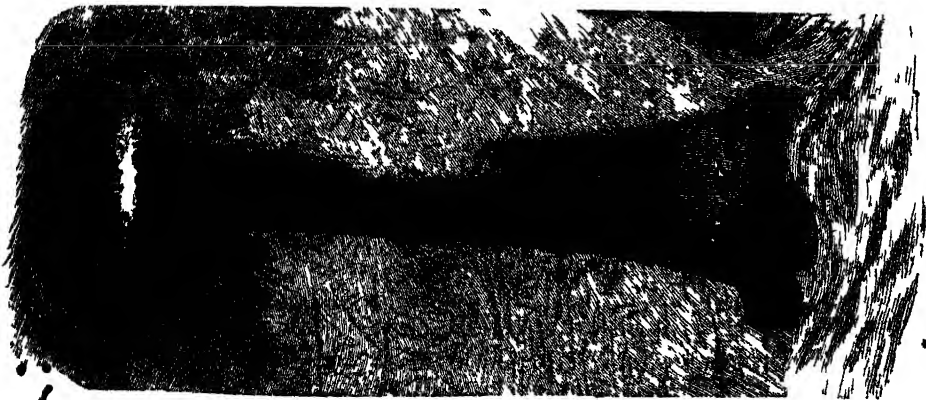
ground-swell meeting the slope of the rocks, the sea beats upon them in a frightful manner, so as not only to obstruct any work being done on the rock, but even landing upon it.

The nearest land to the Eddystone rocks is the point to the west of Plymouth called the Ram Head, from which they are about ten miles distant nearly south. As these rocks (called the Eddystone, in all probability, from the whirl or eddy which is occasioned by the waters striking against them) were not very much ele-



WINSTANLEY'S LIGHTHOUSE.

vated above the sea at any time, and at high water were quite covered by it, they formed a most dangerous obstacle to navigation, and several vessels were every season lost upon them. Many a gallant ship, which had voyaged in safety across the whole breadth of the Atlantic, was



EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSES—FUTURE, PRESENT, AND PAST.

shattered to pieces on this hidden source of destruction as it was nearing port, and went down with its crew in sight of their native shores. It was therefore very desirable that the spot should, if possible, be pointed out by a warning light.

But the same circumstances which made the Eddystone rocks so formidable to the mariner rendered the attempt to erect a lighthouse upon them a peculiarly difficult enterprise. The task, however, was at last undertaken by a Mr. Henry Winstanley, of Littlebury in Essex, a gentleman of some property, and not a regularly bred engineer or architect, but only a person with a natural turn for mechanical invention, and fond of amusing himself with ingenious experiments. His house at Littlebury was fitted up with a multitude of strange contrivances, with which he surprised and amused his guests; and he also had an exhibition of water-works at Hyde-Park Corner, which appears, from a notice in the *Tatler*, to have been in existence in September, 1709.

Winstanley began to erect his lighthouse on the Eddystone rocks in 1696, and it was finished about four years after. From the best information which can now be obtained it appears to have been a polygonal (or many-cornered) building of stone, and, when it had received its last additions, of about a hundred feet in height. Still the sea in stormy weather ascended far above this elevation, so much so that persons acquainted with the place used to remark, after the erection of Winstanley's building, that it was possible for a six-oared boat to be lifted up upon a wave and to be carried through the open gallery by which it was surmounted. The architect himself, it is said, felt so confident in the strength of the structure, that he frequently declared his only wish was, to be in it during the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of the heavens, that he might see what would be the effect. But these words were perhaps merely ascribed to him after the event.

On the 26th of November, 1703, Winstanley was in the lighthouse superintending

some repairs, when there came on the most terrible tempest which was ever known in England. Next morning not a vestige of the building was to be seen. It had been swept into the deep, as was afterwards found, from the foundation, not a stone, or beam, or iron bar remaining on the rock. The single thing left was a piece of iron chain, which had got so wedged into a deep cleft that it stuck there till it was cut out more than fifty years afterwards.

Such was the end of the first Eddystone Lighthouse. Soon after, the *Winchelsea*, homeward-bound from Virginia, was lost on the rocks, when the greater part of her crew perished. An Act of Parliament was then passed for the building of a new lighthouse, on a lease granted to a Captain Lovet, or Lovell, for ninety-nine years. The individual whom Lovet made choice of was a Mr. John Rudyerd, a silk-mercator on Ludgate-hill, who began the building of his lighthouse in July, 1706; it was so far advanced that a light was put up about two years from that time; and in 1709 it was completed in all its parts. It differed from its predecessor in two important respects; being, not of stone, but of wood, and not angular, but perfectly round. Its entire height was ninety-two feet.

This building, notwithstanding some severe storms which it encountered, stood till the 2nd of December, 1755. About two o'clock on that morning, one of the three men who had the charge of it, having gone up to snuff the candles in the lantern, found the place full of smoke, from the midst of which, as soon as he opened the door, a flame burst forth. A spark from some of the twenty-four candles, which were kept constantly burning, had probably ignited the wood-work or the flakes of soot hanging from the roof. The man instantly alarmed his companions; but, being in bed and asleep, it was some time before they arrived to his assistance. In the meantime he did his utmost to effect the extinction of the fire by throwing water upon it from a tub which always stood in the place. The other two, when they came, brought up

more water from below ; but as they had to go down and return a height of seventy feet for this purpose, their endeavours were of little avail. At last a quantity of the lead on the roof, having melted, came down in a torrent upon the head and shoulders of the man who remained above. He was an old man of ninety-four, of the name of Henry Hall, but still full of strength and activity. This accident, together with the rapid increase of the fire notwithstanding their most desperate exertions, extinguished their last hopes, and, making scarcely any further efforts to arrest the progress of the destroying element, they descended before it from room to room, till they came to the lowest floor. Driven from this also, they then sought refuge in a hole or cave on the eastern side of the rock, it being fortunately by this time low water.

Meanwhile the conflagration had been observed by some fishermen, who immediately returned to shore and gave information of it. Boats of course were at once sent out. They arrived at the lighthouse about ten o'clock ; and with the utmost difficulty a landing was effected, and the three men, who were by this time almost in a state of stupefaction, were dragged through the water into one of the boats. One of them, as soon as he was brought on shore, as if struck with some panic, took flight, and was never more heard of ! As for old Hall, he always persisted in saying that the doctors would never bring him round, unless they could remove from his stomach the lead which had run down his throat when it fell upon him from the roof of the lantern. Nobody could believe that this was anything more than an imagination of the old man ; but on the twelfth day after the fire, having been suddenly seized with cold sweats and spasms, he expired, and a flat oval piece of lead of the weight of seven ounces five drachms was found in his stomach.

As there was still more than half a century of their lease unexpired, the numerous proprietors felt that no time should be lost in setting about the rebuilding of the light-

house. Application was made to Lord Macclesfield, the President of the Royal Society, to recommend to them the person whom he considered most fit to be engaged. His lordship immediately named and most strongly recommended Mr. Smeaton, who had recently left the business of mathematical instrument maker, and taken up that of a civil engineer, for which his genius admirably fitted him. Once more, therefore, the Eddystone Lighthouse was destined to have a self-educated architect for its builder. When it was first proposed that the work should be put into his hands, he was in Northumberland ; but he arrived in London on the 23rd of February, 1756. On the 22nd of March the architect set out for Plymouth ; but, on account of the badness of the roads, did not reach the end of his journey till the 27th. He remained at Plymouth till the 21st of May, in the course of which time he repeatedly visited the rock, and having, with the consent of his employers, determined that the new lighthouse should be of stone, hired work-yards and workmen, contracted for the various materials he wanted, and made all the other necessary arrangements for beginning and carrying on the work. Everything being in readiness, and the season sufficiently advanced, on the 5th of August the men were landed on the rock, and immediately began cutting it for the foundation of the building. This part of the work was all that was accomplished that season, in the course of which, however, both the exertions and the perils of the architect and his associates were very great. On one occasion the sloop in which Mr. Smeaton, with eighteen seamen and labourers, was embarked, was all but lost in returning from the work.

During this time the belief and expressed opinion of most persons were, that a stone lighthouse would certainly not stand the winds and seas to which it would be exposed on the Eddystone. However, on the 12th of June, 1757, the first stone was laid.

From this period the work proceeded with great rapidity. On the 26th of August, 1759, all the stonework was completed.

On the 9th of October following the building was finished in every part; and on the 16th of the same month the saving light was again streaming from its summit over the waves. Thus the whole undertaking was accomplished within a space of little more than three years, "without the loss of life or limb," says Mr. Smeaton, "to any one concerned in it, or accident by which the work could be said to be materially retarded." During all this time there had been only 421 days, comprising 2674 hours, which it had been possible for the men to spend upon the rock; and the whole time which they had been at work there was only 111 days 10 hours, or scarcely sixteen weeks. Nothing can show more strikingly than this statement the extraordinary difficulties under which the work had to be carried on.

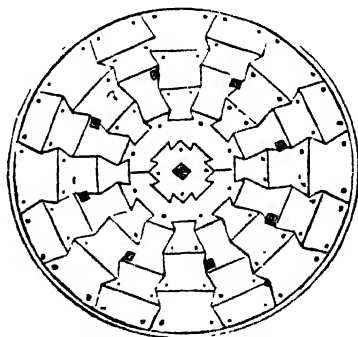
A few particulars concerning the mode of constructing this remarkable building may be interesting.

Smeaton's edifice is a circular tower of stone, sweeping up with a gentle curve from the base, and gradually diminishing to the top, somewhat similar to the swelling of the trunk of a tree. The upper storey is furnished with a door and windows, and a staircase and ladders for ascending to the lantern, through the apartments of those who keep watch. In order to form his foundation, Smeaton accurately measured the very irregular surface of the rock, and made a model of it.

The materials employed in building the tower are moor-stone, a hard species of granite, and Portland stone. The granite rock was partially worked to form the foundations; and as the ground joint would be more subject to the action of the sea than any other, it was found necessary, not only that the bed of every stone should have a level bearing, but that every outside piece should be grafted into the rock, so as to be guarded by a border thereof at least three inches in height above it, which would in reality be equivalent to the founding of the building in a socket of three inches depth in the shallowest part.

On the 3rd of August, 1756, Smeaton fixed the centre point of the building and traced out part of the plan on the rock; and on the 6th nearly the whole of the work was set out. On the 4th of September the two new steps at the bottom of the rock and the dovetails were roughed out, and some of the beds brought to a level and finished, after very great labour. The stones for the several courses were rough worked at the quarries according to various drafts made by the engineer.

A part of the upper surface of the rock having been taken carefully off, but without the use of gunpowder, lest it should loosen the rock, six foundation courses dovetailed together were then raised on the lower part of the rock, which brought the whole to a solid level mass. These courses, with eight others raised above them, form the solid bed of the work, and take the form of the swelling trunk of a tree at its base. The courses of masonry are dovetailed to-



HORIZONTAL SECTION OF EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

gether in the most skilful manner: the successive layers of masonry being strongly cemented and connected by oaken trenails or plugs, and the whole strongly cramped. The general weight of the stones employed is a ton, and some few are two tons. In the solid work the centre stones were fixed first, and all the courses were fitted on a platform and accurately adjusted before they were removed to the rock.

The base of the tower is about 26 feet 9 inches in diameter, taken at the highest part

of the rock. The diameter at the top of the solid masonry is about 19 feet 9 inches, and the height of the solid masonry is 13 feet from the foundation. The masonry may still be considered of solid construction to the top of the stone staircase, the height to the top of which, from the centre of the base, is 28 feet 4 inches. The height of the tower from the centre is 61 feet 7 inches; the lantern, the base of which is stone, is 24 feet; and the diameter of the tower below the cornice is 15 feet. The whole height is therefore 85 feet 7 inches.

The Eddystone Lighthouse has not only the merit of utility, but also of beauty, strength, and originality, and is itself sufficient to immortalize the name of the architect. As an illustration of his careful foresight, it is stated that when he was building it, a century ago, he discovered a hollow in the rock under his proposed tower. He sought from the Masters of Trinity House an appropriation to cover the cost of filling this hollow with cement. The expense would have been trifling, two or three hundred pounds. But the Board were in a parsimonious fit, or thought that their architect's fears were groundless. At any rate the appropriation was not made, and the hollow was left. It is this hollow that has at last forced the building of a new tower on a new ledge. A refusal to expend two or three hundred pounds a century ago has necessitated the expenditure of sixty or seventy thousand pounds now.

Of the many useful works executed by Smeaton, Ramsgate Harbour perhaps holds, next to the Eddystone Lighthouse, the most prominent place. This work was commenced in 1749, but was carried on with very imperfect success until it was placed under his superintendence, in 1774. This harbour, being enclosed by two piers of about 2,000 and 1,500 feet long respectively, affords a safe refuge for ships where it was much needed; vessels in the Downs having been exposed to imminent risk during bad weather before it was constructed. Smeaton laid out the line of the great canal connecting the western and eastern shores of Scot-

land, from the Forth to the Clyde, and superintended the execution of a great part of it. To his skill, in all probability, the preservation of Old London Bridge for many years was attributable. In 1761, in consequence of alterations made for improvement of the navigation, one of the piers was undermined by the stream to a fearful extent. The first volume of Smeaton's "Reports," of which a second edition was published in 1812, contains a short mention of him preparatory to the volume, and in this is given the following paragraph, relating to this matter:—"On opening the great arch at London Bridge, by throwing two arches into one, and the removal of a large pier, the excavation around and underneath the sterlings of that pier was so considerable as to put the adjoining piers, the arch, and eventually the whole bridge, in great danger of falling! The apprehensions of all the people on this head were so great that many persons would not pass over or under it. The surveyors employed were not equal to such an exigency. Mr. Smeaton was then in Yorkshire, where he was sent for by express, and from whence he arrived in town with the greatest expedition. The committee of Common Council adopted his advice, which was, to re-purchase the stones of all the city gates, then lately pulled down and lying in Moorfields, and to throw them pell-mell into the water, to guard these sterlings, preserve the bottom from further corrosion, raise the floor under the arch, and restore the head of water necessary for the water-works to its original power; and this was a practice he had before and afterwards adopted on similar occasions. Nothing shows the apprehensions of the bridge falling more than the alacrity with which his advice was pursued: the stones were re-purchased that day; horses, carts, and barges were got ready, and the work was instantly begun, though it was Sunday morning."

The Calder Navigation was one of the great works which he successfully accomplished; and he provided with much skill for the effect of the impetuous floods to

which that river is subject. The Spurn Lighthouse at the mouth of the Humber, some important bridges in Scotland, and many other works of like character, might also be mentioned.

About 1783 Smeaton's declining health rendered it necessary for him to avoid entering upon many new undertakings. He then devoted much attention to the publication of an account of the Eddystone Lighthouse, which was to have been followed by a treatise on mills, and other works embodying his valuable experience as an engineer. The former of these was the only work he lived to complete; and it is a volume of great and permanent interest, detailing in the most minute and simple manner every circumstance worthy of record concerning the history or the construction of the lighthouse. It is dedicated to George III., who had taken much interest in the structure; and in the dedication, in explaining the circumstances which had deferred the appearance of the narrative until so long after the completion of the building, the author observes, "I can with truth say, I have ever since been employed in works tending to the immediate benefit of your Majesty's subjects; and indeed so unremittingly, that it is not without the greatest exertion that I am enabled even now to complete the publication." He had made some progress in this work before 1763; but it appears to have been laid aside for about twenty years, and was not published until about 1791. On the 16th of September, 1792, while walking in his garden at Austhorpe, Smeaton was seized with an attack of palsy; and on the 28th of October he died.

Smeaton was not a money-making engineer, nor did he much value money. His profession he passionately loved for its own sake, and he limited his engagements to what he could really do and do well, and which would at the same time afford him opportunity to pursue his congenial tastes and experiments.

In person Smeaton was of middle stature, broad, and strongly made, and of

good constitution. In his manners he was simple, frank, unassuming. He was of warm temperament, occasionally abrupt, and seemed harsh to those who did not know him. He never lost the dialect of his native Yorkshire, but seemed rather to glory in the use of it.

Two or three anecdotes are recorded of Smeaton. When on one occasion he was pressed more than he liked to undertake some new business, and the prospect of great remuneration was held out to him, he called in the old woman who took charge of his chambers in Gray's Inn, and pointing to her, said, "Her attendance suffices for all my wants." Thus was he rich through the paucity of his desires rather than the abundance of his means.

Another time, when the Princess Daschkow urged him to go to Russia and enter the service of the Empress, who was extremely anxious to have him employed on the great engineering works she was prosecuting, she offered him his own terms if he would consent to the proposal. But his plans and his heart were bent on the exercise of his skill in his own country, and he steadily refused all the offers made to him. When the Princess found all her attempts unavailing, she said to him, "Sir, I know you; you are a truly great man. You may, perhaps, have your equal in abilities, but in character you stand alone. The English minister, Sir Robert Walpole, was mistaken, and my sovereign has the misfortune to find one man who has *not* his price."

On one occasion he was introduced to the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury in a most singular way. He was walking with his wife in Ranelagh Gardens,—the fashionable resort in those times,—when he observed an elderly lady and gentleman fix their mark upon him. At length they came up, and the lady, who proved to be the eccentric Duchess of Queensbury, said to him, "Sir, I do not know who you are or what you are; but so strongly do you resemble my poor dear Gay (the poet) that we *must* be acquainted. You shall go home and sup with us; and if the minds of the two men accord, as do the

countenances, you will find two cheerful old folks who can love you well, and I think (or you are a hypocrite) you can as well deserve it." Mr. Smeaton and his wife accepted the invitation, and it proved one of their most intimate and pleasing London friendships. Ofttimes did he spend a leisure hour at their house. It happened that the Duke and Duchess were very fond of card-playing, a pastime which Smeaton detested. "On one such evening," writes his daughter, "he effected the abolition of that inconsiderate, indiscriminate play among people of a superior rank and fortune, which compels every one to join, and at their own stake too. The game was *Pope Joan*, the general run of it was high, and the stake in *pope* had accidentally accumulated to a sum more than serious. It was my father's turn, by the deal, to *double* it; when, regardless of his cards, he busily made minutes on a slip of paper, and put it on the board. The Duchess eagerly asked him what it was; and he as coolly replied, 'Your grace will recollect the field in which my house stands may be about five acres, three roods, and seven perches; which, at thirty years' purchase, will be just my stake; and if your grace will make a duke of me, I presume the winner will not dislike my mortgage.' The hint thus conveyed by the joke was kindly received, and henceforth they never played but for the merest trifle."

There is too much reason to fear that Smeaton taxed his brain too much in philosophical investigations. The story of his last hours is beautifully told by Smiles. "Happily his faculties returned to him, and he expressed his thankfulness to the Almighty that his intellect had been spared. He was very resigned and cheerful, and took pleasure in seeing the usual social occupation of the family going on about him. He would, however, complain of his growing slowness of apprehension, and excuse it with a smile, saying, 'It could not be otherwise; the shadow must lengthen as the sun goes down.'" Some phenomena relating to the moon formed one evening

the subject of conversation, when it was shining very bright full into his room. Fixing his eyes upon it, he said, "How often have I looked up to it with inquiry and wonder, and thought of the period when I shall have the vast and privileged views of a hereafter, and all will be comprehension and pleasure!" In a letter to a friend he said, "I conclude myself nine-tenths dead; and the greatest favour the Almighty can do me (as I think) will be to complete the other part; but as it is likely to be a lingering illness, it is only in His power to say when that is likely to happen."

In the 68th year of his age, his spirit found rest, and his mortal remains repose in the old parish church of Whitkirk.

The ceremony of laying the foundation of the new Eddystone lighthouse, in September, 1879, was successfully accomplished. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh embarked in a steam-launch for the Trinity yacht *Galatea*, and, followed by a little fleet of steamers and other craft loaded with spectators, proceeded to the rock, upon which they landed. After prayer had been offered up by the Rev. Dr. Wilkinson, vicar of St. Andrew's, Plymouth, the Royal Master of the Trinity House spread the cement for the stone. The Prince of Wales having also used the trowel, the ceremony was complete, and the Royal party returned in the *Galatea*, and in the evening they dined with the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe at his residence, Mount Edgcumbe Park, which was brilliantly illuminated in honour of their visit. Magnesium lights were placed at intervals among the trees, and the effect of these, together with the various coloured smoke arising from them, as seen from Barmpool where the *Osborne* lay at anchor, was very fine. The building, now in course of erection is expected to be completed in about four years, and H.R.H. the Duchess of Edinburgh has promised to lay the top stone. Its height will be 130 feet above high water at spring tide, and its light will be visible at a distance of more than seventeen miles.



SIR HENRY HOLLAND.

It was no idle boast for Sir Henry Holland to be able to say that, dating from the commencement of the century, he had lived, an intelligent and omnipresent spectator, through seventy-two of the most exciting and eventful years of the world's history; that he had seen the political and social aspect of most civilized nations in both hemispheres transformed three or four times over, including the fall of two empires, two monarchies, and three or four republics, to say nothing of provisional governments, in France. He had crossed the Atlantic sixteen or seventeen times; travelled over more than 26,000 miles of the American continent; made four expeditions to the East, three tours in Russia, two in Iceland, several in Sweden, Norway, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Greece; innumerable voyages to the Canary Isles, the West Indies, Madeira, etc., and, to use his own words, "other excursions which it would be useless to enumerate." He had associated in every capital in Europe with all that is, or was, most eminent for rank, birth, genius, wit, learning, and accomplishment. He could call every leading statesman of the United States and every President for the last half-century his friend. In his professional capacity, besides a long list of royal and princely patients, he had the honour and deep responsibility of prescribing for six Prime Ministers of England, besides Chancellors of the Exchequer, Secretaries of State, Presidents of the Council, Chief Justices, and Lord Chancellors.

We say "deep responsibility," because it is difficult to overestimate the influence of health on statesmanship, on the administration of justice, or on the general conduct

of affairs. Although the fact of Pitt's illness behind the Speaker's chair, during the speech to which he made his famous reply in 1783, did not impair his eloquence, the collapse of the ministry formed by Lord Chatham in 1766 was certainly owing to suppressed gout. There were three occasions—Borodino, the third day of Dresden, and Waterloo—on which the eagle eye of Napoleon was perceptibly dimmed by indigestion or physical suffering. When Lord Tenterden's stomach was out of order—as it generally was after a City dinner, from his extreme fondness for turtle—woe to the unlucky junior who cited an inapplicable case, and still greater woe to the prisoner who had the misfortune to appear before him in the criminal court.

Sir Henry Holland is as bad as the philosopher who said he would not open his hand if he had it full of truths. Vehement remonstrances were addressed to him on the first appearance of his "Recollections." He was reminded that he could probably account in the simplest manner for what has hitherto seemed unaccountable—why one of his Premier patients wrote that imprudent letter which fell among his party like a bomb-shell—why another made that angry speech which precipitated the downfall of his Government. Was it, he was asked, simply because their "guide, philosopher, and doctor" was not called in a little sooner—because the blue pill or colchicum was administered too late? But Sir Henry died and made no sign. There are only two or three instances in which he in the slightest degree departed from his provoking although, we must admit, highly creditable reserve. He tells us that when he was in attendance on Canning at Chiswick, in August, 1827, the dying statesman said to him, "I have struggled against this long, but it has conquered me at last." That Canning's death was accelerated by

political worry and excitability is well known. "Having occasion to call on Lord Liverpool in the preceding February, he (Lord Liverpool) begged me to feel his pulse, the first time I had ever done so." His Lordship's state was such as to induce an immediate appeal to his medical advisers, and the very next morning his political life was closed by a paralytic stroke. "His pulse alone had given me cause for alarm; but there were one or two passages in half an hour's conversation so forcibly expressing the harassing anxieties of his position, that I could hardly dissociate them from the event which thus instantly followed." There is a striking reminiscence of Lord Palmerston:—

"I have seen him under a fit of gout, which would have sent other men groaning to their couches, continue his work of reading or writing on public business almost without abatement, amid the chaos of papers which covered the floor as well as the tables of his room."

There is only one consultation, if it can be called one, which Sir Henry was tempted to betray. It was his being asked by Ali Pasha whether he knew of any poison which, put on the mouthpiece of a pipe or given in coffee, might slowly and silently kill, leaving no note behind. "The instant and short answer I gave, that, as a physician, I had studied how to save life, not to destroy it, was probably, as I judged from his face, faithfully translated to him. He quitted the subject abruptly, never to return to it."

He was born at Knutsford, Cheshire, on the 27th of October, 1787, of a respectable family, and received his principal education at a school at Bristol, where he was named head boy at once in succession to John Cam Hobhouse, the late Lord Broughton. On leaving school he was placed for a short time in a merchant's counting-house at Liverpool, but in his eighteenth year we find him studying medicine in Edinburgh, where he graduated in the autumn of 1811, taking as the subject of his Latin thesis, "The Diseases of Iceland," which he had

already visited. Of the three years yet wanting of the age required for admission to the College of Physicians in London he resolved to appropriate the first part to a scheme of travel, embracing the Mediterranean and the countries bordering on it. The result was given in his "Travels in Portugal, Sicily, the Ionian Islands, and Greece," published in 1815, in which year Mrs. Piozzi writes from Bath:—

"We have had a fine Dr. Holland here. He has seen and written about the Ionian Islands, and means now to practise as a physician—exchanging the Cyclades, say we wits and wags, for the sick ladies. We made quite a lion of the man. I was invited to every house he visited at for the last three days. So I got the *queue du lion*, despairing of *le cœur*."

There is a story that when his engagement to his second wife, Sydney Smith's daughter, was made known in 1834, Lady Holland asked Sydney Smith whether Saba was not going to marry an apothecary or something of the sort, and that the answer was, "Yes, but he happens to be a namesake of yours." This is hardly possible, for we learn from the "Recollections" that he became free of Holland House and Lansdowne House soon after his return to England in 1814. But he was not made a baronet until 1853, and we have grounds for believing her reported threat (though he said he never heard of it) that he should never set foot in Holland House again if he brought a rival Lady Holland into the field. In the summer of 1814 he accepted the appointment of domestic medical attendant on Caroline, Princess of Wales (afterwards Queen), on an engagement to accompany her on her travels and stay with her during the first year of her intended residence on the continent. He saw a great many curious things and came into contact with a great many remarkable people while he remained with her, but he tells us next to nothing of them which might not be procured at Charing Cross, and indeed he fairly warns us, to prevent disappointment: "I have never been a

practised relater of anecdotes, and do not pretend thus late in life to take up that character." Her Royal Highness must have paid him the compliment of being singularly prudent and reserved in his company, for when he was called as a witness for the defence at her trial, he positively stated that he had seen nothing improper or derogatory in her behaviour at any time.

To give some idea of the personal anxieties created by this trial, he mentions that during its progress he was called upon to see as patients three ladies summoned as witnesses, and made ill by their apprehensions: "One of them only was examined, but this in a way to justify her fears. I can affirm, notwithstanding one scene in the House of Lords, that the Queen herself was the person least excited or affected by the proceedings."

Besides professional calls to foreign parts, he made a point of indulging himself annually in a two or three months' ramble, choosing the long vacation for his holiday; and this goes far to explain why his patients did not call in another doctor, or (as has been rather maliciously insinuated) "take an unfair advantage of his absence to get well." They belonged almost exclusively to a class which emigrated about the same time; and a good many of them, we suspect, were rather ailing than ill. We knew a wealthy couple whom he visited regularly during the season, receiving daily from each a two-guinea fee, which he could not have refused without offending them. After stating that steam and electricity enabled him to make engagements for the very moment of his return, he adds:—

"I recollect having found a patient waiting in my room when I came back from those mountain heights, not more than 200 miles from the frontier of Persia, where the Ten Thousand Greeks uttered their joyous cry on the sudden sight of the Euxine. The same thing once happened to me in returning from Egypt and Syria, when I found a carriage waiting at London Bridge to take me to a consultation in Sussex Square; the

communication in each case being made from points on my homeward journey. More than once in returning from America I have begun a round of visits from the Euston Station."

"Time and tide wait for no man," and we can hardly believe that a congestion of the liver, a diarrhoea, or even a fit of the gout, would be more accommodating than time or tide. That round of visits was most assuredly to the class of patients whom he had in view in the frank admission that "the practice of a West End physician abounds in cases which give little occasion for thought or solicitude, and are best relieved by a frequent half-hour of genial conversation." There could be no West End physician better qualified to administer this sort of remedy, for, besides his varied information and good sense, every one felt safe in his society.

His published writings place his professional and scientific knowledge, as well as his literary attainments, beyond dispute; but a fashionable physician with his style of practice, must expect to encounter a good deal of harmless pleasantry, and can afford it. When Lady Palmerston was suffering from an illness that occasioned some alarm to her friends, one of them, meeting the late Dr. James Ferguson, asked anxiously how she was. "I can't give you a better notion of her recovery," was the reply, "than by telling you that I have just received my last fee, and that she is now left entirely to Holland." On this being repeated to Lord Palmerston, his lordship mused a little and then said, "Ah! I see what he means. When you trust yourself to Holland, you should have a superfluous stock of health for him to work upon."

On the announcement of his failure to kill either of a brace of pheasants that had risen within easy range at Combe Florey, Sydney Smith asked why he did not *prescribe* for them. To refute this story, he says:—"I can even affirm, though without boasting of it, that I have never fired gun or pistol in my life, either as sportsman or in any other capacity." Once, on his making the

same statement at a dinner table, it was suggested that he would have been placed at a disadvantage if, like the doctor in "Peregrine Pickle," he had been obliged to fight a duel. One of the party remarked:—"Not at all; if Sir Henry had the choice of arms he might choose the same as the two French doctors, who agreed to have two pills silvered over so as to look exactly alike, one of bread and one of deadly poison, which, after tossing up for first choice, they were to swallow at a signal. This mode of duel has also the marked recommendation that, whatever the result, there is sure to be a doctor the less."

He was engaged in hot argument with Bobus Smith, an ex-Advocate General, touching the merits of their respective professions. "You will admit," said Holland, "that *your* profession does not make angels of men." "No," retorted Bobus, "there you have the best of it. *Yours* certainly gives them the best chance."

Sancho Panza's short tenure of his government was embittered by the attendance at supper of his state physician, who waved his wand as a signal to the Major Domo to remove untasted every savoury dish in succession for fear his Excellency's invaluable health should suffer from excess. This is a duty which Sir Henry Holland would have discharged reluctantly and inefficiently. Towards the conclusion of an excellent dinner—after, in fact, eating and drinking more than was good for him—Lord Melbourne was in the daily habit of, as he expressed it, "topping up" with toasted cheese and orange brandy. The year before he died, a friend who was at Bocket when Sir Henry Holland came down and stayed to dinner, called his attention to this habit as a fair case for medical interference.

"I shall certainly keep it in mind," was his reply; "but if I made any direct reference to what I saw at dinner, none of my patients would ever ask me to dine with them again, and most of them would leave off consulting me." Let it be remembered that this was said by a man of excellent sense and known liberality, who might have materially increased his professional income had he thought fit.

A little exaggerating Sir Henry's light equipment as a traveller, Sydney Smith used to say that he started for his two months' tours with a box of pills in one pocket and a clean shirt in the other—occasionally forgetting the shirt. Certain it is, as all who have fallen in with him by sea or land will attest, that he might be seen in all climates, in the Arctic regions or the tropics, on the prairies or the pyramids, in precisely the same attire—the black dress coat in which he hurried from house to house in Mayfair. Yet he never had a serious illness till his last. There was not a day, probably not an hour, when he could not boast of the *mens sana in corpore sano*; and, without headache or heartache, he attained the extraordinary age of 86.

But if it be a blessing or sign of Divine favour to die young, surely it is a still greater blessing to live a long, happy, useful, irreproachable life, and sink, calmly, full of years, into the grave, regretted and esteemed by all.

Sir Henry Holland died at his house in Brook Street, on his 86th birthday, Monday, the 27th October, 1873, having attended the Bazaine trial at Versailles on Friday, the 24th, and dined that same day at the British Embassy in Paris, where he was especially remarked as "cheerful and happy, and full of conversation."



HAYES FARM, DEVON.

THE PRINCE OF DISCOVERERS.

EVERY little is known concerning the youth of Sir Walter Raleigh. He was a younger son, descended of an ancient family, and was born at a farm called Hayes, near the mouth of the river Otter, in Devonshire, in the year 1552. He went to Oriel College, Oxford, at an early age, and gained high praise for the quickness and precocity of his talents. In 1569 he began his military career in the civil wars of France, as a volunteer in the Protestant cause. It is conjectured that he remained in France for more than six years, and returned to England in 1576. Soon after, he repaired to the Netherlands, and served as a volunteer against the Spaniards. In such schools, and under such leaders as Coligni and the Prince of Orange, Raleigh's natural aptitude for political and military science received

the best nurture: but he was soon drawn from the war in Holland by a pursuit which had captivated his imagination from an early age—the prosecution of discovery in the New World. In conjunction with his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a man of courage and ability, and a skilful sailor, he made an unsuccessful attempt to establish a colony in North America. Returning home in 1579, he immediately entered the queen's army in Ireland, and served with good esteem for personal courage and professional skill, until the suppression of the rebellion in that country. He owed his introduction to court, and the personal favour of Elizabeth, as is traditionally reported, to a fortunate and well-improved accident, which is too familiar to need repetition here. It is probable, however, that his name and talents were not unknown, for we find him employed almost immediately in certain matters of diplomacy.

Among the cares and pleasures of a courtier's life, Raleigh preserved his zeal

for American discovery. He applied his own resources to the fitting out another expedition in 1583, under command of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, which proved more unfortunate than the former one: two out of the vessels returned home in consequence of sickness, and two were wrecked, including that in which the admiral sailed; and the only result of the enterprise was the taking possession of Newfoundland in the name of England. Still Raleigh's desire for American adventure was not damped. The continent northward of the Gulf of Florida was at this time unknown. But Raleigh, upon careful study of the best authorities, had concluded that there was good reason for believing that a considerable tract of land did exist in that quarter; and with the assent of the queen in council, from whom he obtained letters patent, granting to himself and his heirs, under certain reservations, property in such countries as he should discover, with a right to provide for their protection and administration, he fitted out two ships, which sailed in April, 1584. The first land which they made was an island named Okakoke, running parallel to the coast of North Carolina. They were well received by the natives, and returned to England in the following autumn highly pleased. Nor was less satisfaction felt by Raleigh, or even by the queen, who conferred on him the honour of knighthood, a title which was then in high esteem, inasmuch as it was bestowed by that wise princess with a most frugal and just discrimination. She also gave him a very lucrative mark of favour, in the shape of a patent for licensing the selling of wine throughout the kingdom; and she directed that the new country, in allusion to herself, should be called Virginia. Raleigh did not think it politic, perhaps was not allowed, to quit the court to take charge in person of his undertaking; and those to whom he entrusted the difficult task of directing the infant colony appear to have been unequal to their office. It is not necessary to pursue the history of an enterprise which proved unsuccessful, and in which Sir

Walter personally bore no share. He showed his earnestness by fitting out several expeditions, which must have been a heavy drain upon his fortune. But he is said to have derived immense wealth from prizes captured from the Spaniards; and we may here observe that the lavish magnificence in dress, especially in jewels, for which Raleigh was remarkable, even in the gorgeous court of Elizabeth (his state dress is said to have been enriched with jewels to the value of £60,000), may be considered less as an extravagance than as a safe and portable investment of treasure. A mind less active might have found employment more than enough in the variety of occupations which pressed upon him at home. He possessed a large estate, granted out of forfeited lands in Ireland; but this was always a source rather of expense than of profit, until, in 1601, he sold it to the Earl of Cork. He was Seneschal of the Duchies of Cornwall and Exeter, and held the wardenship of the Stannaries; and in 1586, as well as formerly in 1584, we find that he possessed a seat in Parliament. In 1587 the formidable preparation of the Spanish Armada withdrew the mind of Raleigh, as of all Englishmen, from objects of minor importance, to the defence of their country. He was a member of the council of war directed to prepare a general scheme of defence, and held the office of Lieutenant-General of Cornwall, in addition to the charge of the Isle of Portland; but as on this occasion he possessed no naval command, he was not actively engaged in the destruction of that mighty armament. In 1589 he served as a volunteer in the expedition of Norris and Drake to Portugal. Nor were his labours unrewarded even in that unfortunate enterprise; for he captured several prizes, and received the present of a gold chain from the queen, in testimony of her approbation of his conduct.

Soon after these events, Raleigh retired to his Irish property, being driven from court, according to some authorities, by the enmity of the Earl of Essex, then a young man just rising into favour. He there renewed

a former intimacy with the poet Spenser, who, like himself, had been rewarded with a grant of land out of forfeited estates, and then resided at Kilcolman Castle. Spenser has celebrated the return of his friend in the beautiful pastoral "Colin Clout's come home again ;" and in that, and various passages of his works, he has made honourable mention of the highly poetic spirit which enabled the "Shepherd of the Ocean," as he is there denominated, to appreciate the merit of the "Fairy Queen," and led him to promote the publication of it by every means in his power. The loss of Raleigh's court favour, if such there was, could not have been of long duration on this occasion. But he incurred more serious displeasure in consequence of a private marriage contracted with Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of the queen's maids of honour, a lady of beauty and accomplishments, who proved her worth and fidelity in the long train of misfortunes which beset the latter years of Raleigh's life. In consequence of this intrigue, he was committed to the Tower. One or two amusing anecdotes are related of the devices which he employed to obtain forgiveness, by working on that vanity which was the queen's chief foible. He succeeded in appeasing his indignant mistress so far as to procure his release ; and about the same time, in 1594, she granted to him the valuable manor of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire : but though she requited his services, she still forbade his appearance at court, where he now held the office of captain of the yeomen of the guard. Raleigh was peculiarly fitted to adorn a court by his imposing person, the graceful magnificence of his taste and habits, the elegance of his manners, and the interest of his conversation. These accomplishments were sure passports to the favour of Elizabeth ; and he improved to the utmost the constant opportunities of intercourse with her which his post afforded, insomuch that, except the Earls of Leicester and Essex, no one ever seems to have stood higher in her graces. But Elizabeth's jealousy on the subject of her favourites' marriages is well known, and

her anger was lasting, in proportion to the value which she set on the incense of Raleigh's flattery. He retired, on his disgrace, to his new estate, in the improvement and embellishment of which he felt great interest. But though deeply alive to the beauties of nature, he had been too long trained to a life of ambition and adventure to rest contented in the tranquil routine of a country life ; and during this period of seclusion, he again turned his thoughts to his favourite subject of American adventure, and laid the scheme of his first expedition to Guiana, in search of the celebrated El Dorado, the fabled seat of inexhaustible wealth. Having fitted out, with the assistance of other private persons, a considerable fleet, Raleigh sailed from Plymouth, February 6, 1595. He left his ships in the mouth of the river Orinoco, and sailed four hundred miles into the interior in boats. It is to be recorded to his honour that he treated the Indians with great kindness ; which, contrasted with the savage conduct of the Spaniards, raised so friendly a feeling towards him, that for years his return was eagerly expected, and at length was hailed with delight. The hardships of the undertaking, and the natural advantages of the country which he explored, are eloquently described in his own account of the "Discovery of Guiana." But the setting in of the rainy season rendered it necessary to return, without having reached the promised land of wealth ; and Raleigh reaped no other fruit of his adventure than a certain quantity of geographical knowledge, and a full conviction of the importance of colonising and taking possession of the newly-discovered region. This continued through life to be his favourite scheme ; but neither Elizabeth nor her successor could be induced to view it in the same favourable light.

On reaching England, he found the queen still unappeased, nor was he suffered to appear at court, and he complains in pathetic terms of the cold return with which his perils and losses were requited. But

he was invested with a high command in the expedition of 1596, by which the Spanish fleet was destroyed in the harbour of Cadiz; and to his judgment and temper in overruling the faulty schemes proposed by others the success of that enterprise was chiefly due. Indeed his services were perhaps too important, and too justly appreciated by the public, for his own interests; for the great and general praise bestowed on him on this occasion tended to confirm a jealousy of long standing on the part of the commander-in-chief, the Earl of Essex; and it was probably owing to that favourite's influence that Raleigh was still forbidden the queen's presence. Essex, and the secretary of state, Sir Robert Cecil, regarded each other with mutual distrust and dislike. Cecil and Raleigh were connected by ties of common interest, and, as the latter supposed, of friendship. Still Raleigh found the interest of the minister too weak to serve his purpose, while the interest of the favourite was employed against him; and, as the only method of effecting his own restoration to the queen's favour, he undertook to work a reconciliation between these two powerful rivals. In this he was successful, to the great admiration of all; and the fruit of his policy we see in his readmission to the execution of his official duties at court, June 1, 1597. In the following August he was appointed Rear-Admiral in the expedition called the Island Voyage, of which Essex held the chief command. The slight successes which were obtained were again due to the military talents of Raleigh; the main objects of the voyage were lost through the earl's inexperience.

From this time to the death of the queen Raleigh enjoyed an uninterrupted course of favour. The ancient enmity between Essex and himself was indeed renewed, and that with increased rancour; but the indiscretions of the favourite had greatly weakened his influence. Raleigh and Cecil spared no pains to undermine him, and were, in fact, the chief workers of his ruin. This is perhaps the most unamiable

passage in Raleigh's life; and the only excuse to be pleaded for him is, the determined enmity of that unfortunate nobleman. This fault, however, brought a slow but severe punishment with it; for the death of Essex dissolved the tie which held together Cecil and himself. Neither could be content to act second to the other; and Raleigh's high reputation and versatile as well as profound abilities, might well alarm the secretary for his own supremacy. The latter took the surest way of establishing his power prospectively. Elizabeth was now old; Cecil took no steps to diminish the high esteem in which she held Sir Walter Raleigh, but he secretly laboured to prejudice her successor against him, and in this he succeeded. Very soon after the accession of James I., Raleigh's post of captain of the guard was taken from him; and his patent of wines was revoked, though not without a nominal compensation being made. To complete his ruin, it was contrived to involve him in a charge of treason. Most writers have concurred in speaking of this passage of history as inexplicable; it is the opinion of the last historian of Raleigh, Mr. Tytler, that he has found sufficient evidence for regarding the whole plot as a device of Cecil's, and he has supported this opinion by cogent arguments. Lord Cobham, a violent and ambitious but weak man, had engaged in private dealings with the Spanish ambassador, which brought him under the suspicion of the Government. By a device of Cecil's, he was induced, in a fit of anger, and in the belief that Raleigh had given information against him, to accuse Sir Walter himself of being privy to a conspiracy against the Government. This charge Cobham retracted, confirmed, and retracted again, behaving in so equivocal a manner, that no reliance whatever can be placed on any of his assertions. But as the king was afraid of Raleigh as much as the secretary hated him, this vague charge, unsupported by other evidence, was made, sufficient to commit him to the Tower; and, after being plied with private examin-

ations, in which nothing criminal could be elicited, he was brought to trial November 17, 1603. It is reported to have been said by one of the judges who presided over it, on his deathbed, that "the justice of England had never been so degraded and injured as by the condemnation of Sir Walter Raleigh." The behaviour of the victim himself was the object of universal admiration, for the tempered mixture of patience and noble spirit with which he bore the oppressive measure dealt to him. He had before been unpopular; but it was recorded by an eye-witness that "he behaved himself so worthily, so wisely, and so temperately, that in half a day the mind of all the company was changed from the extremest hate to the extremest pity."

The sentence of death thus unfairly and disgracefully obtained was not immediately carried into execution. James was not satisfied with the evidence adduced on the trial; and believing at the same time that Raleigh had been plotting against him, he set his royal wit to dive into the mystery. Of the singular scene which our British Solomon devised it is not necessary to speak, since Raleigh was not an actor in it. But as no more evidence could be obtained against him even by the king's sagacity, he was reprieved, and remanded to the Tower, where the next twelve years of his life were spent in confinement. Fortunately, he had never ceased to cultivate literature with a zeal not often found in the soldier and politician, and he now beguiled the tedium of his lot by an entire devotion to those studies which before had only served to diversify his more active and engrossing pursuits. Of his poetical talents we have already made short mention: to the end of life he continued the practice of pouring out his mind in verse, and there are several well-known and beautiful pieces expressive of his feelings in prison, and in the anticipation of immediate death, especially "The Lie," and the beautiful little poem called "The Pilgrimage." He also possessed a strong turn for mathematics, and studied them with much success in the

society and under the guidance of his friend Thomas Hariot, one of the most accomplished mathematicians of the age. Chemistry was another favourite pursuit, in which, according to the standard of his contemporaries, he made great progress. But the most important occupation of his imprisonment was the composition of his "History of the World." Notwithstanding the quaintness of the style and the discursive manner in which the subject is treated, it is impossible to read this volume without admiring the wonderful extent of the author's reading, not only in history, but in philosophy, theology, and even the ponderous and untempting stores of Rabbinical learning. Many of the chapters relate to subjects which few persons would expect to find in a history of the world; yet these will often be found among the most interesting and characteristic portions of the book; and its deep learning is relieved and set off by passages of genuine eloquence, which display to the best advantage the author's rich imagination and grasp of mind. The work extends from the Creation to the end of the second Macedonian war. Raleigh meant to bring it down to modern times; but the untimely death of Henry, Prince of Wales, for whose use it was composed, deprived him of the spirit to proceed with so laborious an undertaking. Raleigh enjoyed the confidence of that generous youth in a remarkable degree, and maintained a close correspondence with him on civil, military, and naval subjects. Several discourses on these topics, addressed to the prince, will be found in the editions of Raleigh's works. Henry repaid these services with sincere friendship and admiration; and we may presume that his adviser looked forward to that friendship, not only for a cessation of misfortune, but for a more brilliant period of favour and power than he had yet enjoyed. Fortunately, however, this calamity was preceded by the death of his arch-enemy, Cecil; and through the mediation of the Duke of Buckingham, employed in consideration of £1,500 paid to his uncles, Sir William,

Sir John, and Sir Edward Villiers, Raleigh was released from the Tower, in March, 1615; and obtained permission to follow up his long-cherished scheme of establishing a colony in Guiana and working a gold-mine, of which he had ascertained the existence and situation.

The terms on which this licence was granted are remarkable. He was not pardoned, but merely let loose on the engagement of his friends, the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke, that he should return to England. Neither did James contribute to the expense of the undertaking, though it was stipulated that he was to receive a fifth part of the bullion imported. The necessary funds were provided out of the wreck of Raleigh's fortune (his estate of Sherborne had been forfeited), and by those private adventurers who were willing to risk something in reliance on his experience and judgment. A fleet of fourteen sail was thus provided, and Raleigh, by letters under the privy seal, was appointed commander-in-chief and governor of the intended colony. He relied, it is said, on the full powers granted him by this commission as necessarily including a remission of all past offences, and therefore neglected to sue out a formal pardon, which at this period probably would hardly have been denied him.

The results of this disastrous voyage must be shortly given. Raleigh sailed March 28, 1617, and reached the coast of Guiana in November following. Being himself disabled by sickness from proceeding farther, he despatched a party to the mine under the command of Captain Keymis, an officer who had served in the former voyage to Guiana. But during the interval which had elapsed since Raleigh's first discovery of that country, the Spaniards had extended their settlements into it, and in particular had built a town called Santa Thome, in the immediate neighbourhood of the mine in question. James, with his usual duplicity, while he authorized the expedition, revealed every particular connected with it to the Spanish

ambassador. The English therefore were expected in the Orinoco, and preparation had been made for repelling them by force. Keymis and his men were unexpectedly attacked by the garrison of Santa Thome, and a sharp contest ensued, in which the English gained the advantage, and burnt the town. In this action Raleigh's eldest son was killed. The Spaniards still occupied the passes to the mine, and after an unsuccessful attempt to dislodge them, Keymis abandoned the enterprise, and returned to the ships. Raleigh's correspondence expresses in affecting terms his grief and indignation at this double misfortune: the loss of a brave and promising son, and the destruction of the hopes which he had founded on this long-cherished adventure. On his return to England, he found himself marked out for a victim to appease the resentment of the Spanish court, to which he had long been an object of fear and hatred. He quietly surrendered himself to Sir Lewis Stewkeley, who was sent to Plymouth to arrest him, and commenced the journey to London under his charge. But his mind fluctuated between the desire to confront his enemies, and a sense of the hopelessness of obtaining justice; and he was at last entrapped by the artifices of the emissaries of Government who surrounded him into an attempt to escape, in which he was arrested and committed to close custody in the Tower. Here his conversation and correspondence were narrowly watched, in the hopes that a treasonable understanding with the French Government, from which he had received the offer of an asylum in France, might be established against him. His conduct abroad had already been closely scrutinised, in the hope of finding some act of piracy, or unauthorized aggression against Spain, for which he might be brought to trial. Both these hopes failing, and his death, in compliment to Spain, being resolved on, it was determined to carry into effect the sentence passed fifteen years before, from which he had never been legally released; and a warrant was accordingly

issued to the judges, requiring them to order execution.

The case was a novel one, and threw that learned body into some perplexity. They determined, however, that after so long an interval execution could not be granted without allowing the prisoner the opportunity of pleading against it; and Raleigh was therefore brought to the bar of the Court of King's Bench, October 28, 1618. The record of his conviction having been read, he was asked whether he could urge anything why the sentence should not be carried into effect. He insisted on the nature of his late commission, and on that plea being overruled, submitted with his usual calmness and dignity. The execution, with indecent haste, was ordered to take place on the following morning. In this last stage of life, his greatness of mind shone with even more than its usual lustre. Calm, and fearless without bravado, his behaviour and speech expressed the piety and resignation of a Christian, with the habitual coolness of one who has braved death too often to shrink at its approach. The accounts of his deportment on the scaffold effectually refute the charges of irreligion and atheism which some writers have brought against him, unless we make up our minds to believe him an accomplished hypocrite. He spoke at considerable length, and his dying words have been faithfully reported. They contain a denial of all the serious offences laid to his charge, and express his forgiveness of those even who had betrayed him under the mask of friendship.

After delivering this address, and spending some time in prayer, he laid his head on the block, and breathing a short private prayer, gave the signal to the executioner. Not being immediately obeyed, he partially raised his head, and said, "What dost thou fear? Strike, man!" and underwent the fatal blow without shrinking or alteration of position. He died in his sixty-sixth year.

Raleigh sat in several Parliaments, and took an active part in the business of the House. His speeches, preserved in the Journals, are said by Mr. Tytler to be remarkable for an originality and freedom of thought far in advance of the time. His expression was varied and animated, and his powers of conversation remarkable. His person was dignified and handsome, and he excelled in bodily accomplishments and martial exercises. He was very fond of paintings, and of music; and in literature as in art, he possessed a cultivated and correct taste. He was one of those rare men who seem qualified to excel in all pursuits alike; and his talents were set off by an extraordinary laboriousness and capacity of application. As a navigator, soldier, statesman, and historian, his name is intimately and honourably linked with one of the most brilliant periods of British history.

A list of Raleigh's numerous works is given in the "Biographia Britannica." They will be found collected in eight volumes, in the Oxford edition of 1829. Several of his MSS. are preserved in the British Museum.





ADOLPHE THIERS. THE STATESMAN.

ADOLPHE THIERS was born, if we may believe the statements often made while he was alive to contradict them, the son of either a small locksmith or a poor dock labourer at Marseilles. Be this, however, true or false, it is certain that his parents were descended from a stock belonging to the plebeian part of the community, the village *bourgeoisie*. Marseilles was the place of his birth; and its date was the 16th of April, 1797. He was baptized by the names of Louis Adolphe. His education he owed to a "bourse," or exhibition, which took him

when young to the Lycée of his native city. This help he gained, it is said, through the influence of his mother, who was a member of the well-known family of Chénier. He was brought up in the Protestant faith, to which it is said his parents before him belonged; but little respecting the early struggles of his life has transpired, except that on leaving his Lycée, at eighteen years of age, he studied law, with more or less success, at Aix, and two years later passed as an *avocat*.

M. Thiers now engaged in the contests of political controversy, and became a member of the circle which assembled in the well-known political *salons* of the banker

Laffitte. Such was his position when, in 1829, the Bourbon dynasty, in its last phase, under Charles X., with Polignac as his Minister, blundered into their fatal conflict with the defenders of "the Charter." M. Thiers did his part, along with other men of still greater standing than himself, to carry on that contest against the Royal prerogative which brought about the "Revolution of July." But he endeavoured at that time to dissuade the people from actual insurrection, thinking that, whatever course was abstractedly true and right, they had not then the strength to insure success. The people, however, showed that they knew better than M. Thiers, their own "strength"; they raised the standard of the tricolour and flew to the barricades, and found their cause crowned with success. It should be mentioned here that on the day of the promulgation of the famous "Ordinances" (July 26th) it was M. Thiers who was commissioned by the Liberal Deputies and journalists of Paris to draw up a formal protest against them. It was he, too, who, on the abdication of Charles, proposed the nomination of Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, to fill the vacant throne. It was he, too, who went to Neuilly along with the painter, Ary Scheffer, the personal friend of the Duchess of Orleans, to convey the offer of the Crown to her husband, who happened at the moment to be away from home.

At first, however, under the new *régime*, being returned as Deputy for Aix, he showed no ambition for any high office, but contented himself with the very subordinate post of Assistant-Secretary of State for the Finance Département, the head of which was his friend Laffitte the wealthy banker, the Baring, Rothschild, or Overstone of Paris at that date. He soon acquired a high degree of Parliamentary influence and importance, being acknowledged on all sides to be one of the ablest debaters in the Legislative Assembly. "Gifted by nature with a small figure and a weak voice," wrote one who knew him at this time, "M. Thiers's power is not that

of a physical, but of an intellectual presence. With a mind wonderfully swift, sharp, clear, and acute within a certain range of thought, adroit in logical discussion, in rhetorical insinuation, in the statement of a case for effect, he pays attention to every subject of political or administrative interest as it arises in France, and makes the most of it, turning it always to account in some way or other." This was especially true of his career for the first ten years of Louis Philippe's reign, when his amazing activity was shown in the long list of political measures with which he was concerned, either as deviser, promoter, or opponent, whether in or out of office, proving himself the most versatile of the statesmen of his time.

In October, 1832, he succeeded M. Casimir-Périer as Minister of the Interior, in which capacity it fell to his lot to arrest the Duchesse de Berri in La Vendée; but he exchanged that post within a few months for the Ministry of Commerce and of Public Works. In consequence, however, of the growing activity of the Ultra-Revolutionary party, M. Thiers soon returned to the Ministry of the Interior, and had the satisfaction of putting down an insurrection at Lyons and another in Paris without any great effusion of blood. He held this position—his unpopularity with the pronounced Republicans being augmented by the zeal with which he enforced the "Laws of September" against the Press, which were enacted after the dastardly attempt of Fieschi and his "infernal machine" against the life of the Citizen King—until the commencement of 1836, when he gained the summit of his ambition, being appointed to the Presidency of the Council, together with the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. But Louis Philippe chose not only to "reign," but to "govern" as well; and, as M. Thiers could not persuade the King to second his own ambitious schemes of intervention in Spain, he resigned.

Retiring into private life, he devoted himself to the labour of collecting materials

for his intended "History of the Consulate and the Empire," which he looked forward to as the *magnum opus* of his life. Thenceforth peace between France and Europe was tolerably safe under Louis Philippe, although the scheme of fortifying Paris, which M. Thiers had announced as necessary, could not well be abandoned, and, in fact, was fully developed in 1841 by a Committee which was presided over by M. Thiers, though out of office. From this date down to the year 1848 M. Thiers continued to act as leader of the "Centre Left Opposition" in the Chamber, advocating a "Liberal domestic policy," together with a restless interference and defiance of England and Austria in foreign affairs.

The Revolution of February found him dressed in the uniform of a National Guard—in spite of his diminutive stature—and carrying a musket in the streets of Paris. He was invited, along with M. Odillon-Barrot, to make an effort "to save the Monarchy," but the invitation came too late for him to respond to its call. At that crisis his chief efforts in the cause of order, in antagonism to the Communists and Socialists, were the publication of his treatise, "*Du Droit de Propriété*," and in the following year of another of a kindred nature, entitled "*Du Communisme*." Elected to the Assembly for the Department of the Lower Seine in the June following the Revolution, he attached himself to the Moderate party, and opposed the Socialist principles of the day with all his eloquence. It is worthy of note that, in spite of having up to that time opposed Prince Louis Napoleon's pretensions to the Presidency of the Republic, he now gave his vote in his favour. But this he probably did because, though never a Republican at heart, he accepted the Republic and desired to give it a Conservative turn and tendency. With the same strong Conservative feeling working within him, he supported the French intervention at Rome, and, though not a Catholic, he upheld against all Radicals, Republicans, and other enemies the temporal power of the

Pope as a matter of policy necessary in order to insure the peace of Europe. In 1850, with the aid of the Conservative majority, he helped to carry the restriction of universal suffrage, in order to prevent, if possible, the re-election of the Prince-President. At this time Louis Napoleon had become obnoxious to that party, who suspected him of a secret design to seize upon absolute power; while he, on the other hand, suspected them of an intention to restore the Orleans Monarchy, if they could see a chance of doing so. Such being the case, M. Thiers, in spite of his vote the year before, had become by the force of circumstances one of the Prince's chief antagonists; and, consequently, when the *Coup d'Etat* of December, 1851, was struck, M. Thiers was one of those leading statesmen whose arrest was ordered and carried into effect. He was seized and forcibly taken out of his bed at an early hour of the morning, and, by the Prince's order, confined for some days in the prison of Mazas. He was, however, soon released, sent off to Strasburgh by railway under guard, and set free on the other side of the Rhine.

Thiers now sought a refuge and a home at Frankfort, where he wisely made the most of his time by paying visits, for the purposes of his History, to the chief battle-fields of the Empire. In August, 1852, however, he availed himself of Louis Napoleon's permission to return to Paris; but it was not until after the appearance of the Imperial decree of November 24th, 1860, that he was able, with any appearance of self-respect, to resume his place in the arena of politics. He denounced the financial extravagance of the Imperial Government, and censured its wars in Italy and Mexico as political blunders, and also its abstinence from hostility towards Prussia in 1866, and incessantly protested against ignoring the movements made by the Italians and the Germans towards the completion of their national unity respectively. It cannot, therefore, be denied that M. Thiers was as much responsible as any of

his countrymen for evoking the feelings of irritation which gave rise to the war against Prussia in 1870; and though he disapproved its actual declaration, it was not that he censured the war *per se*, but only because he thought the opportunity ill-chosen, since France was not adequately prepared.

When the Empire fell at Sedan, and the German Generals pushed on to invest Paris, M. Thiers came again to the front, and was returned to the Assembly which professed to represent France, for a time at least, by more than twenty different departments, the aggregate number of votes recorded in his favour being upwards of a million. He now became, almost without seeking it, the foremost man in France. He was one of the few distinguished persons who had never held office under the late Emperor, and, such being the case, the nation saw at least one reason for accepting him as the *Deus ex machinâ* who should solve their difficulties and rid them of the invader. Were not the forts round Paris M. Thiers's work forty years ago? And would he not be the saviour of the nation now? And during the war, when in his seventy-fifth year, did not the brave and courageous old man make the tour of all Europe in the winter, visiting London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Florence, in the hope—vain and idle as it proved—of persuading the neutral Courts to intervene with Germany on behalf of his fallen and defeated countrymen? Did he not, with the same object in view, hold parley with Count Bismarck in the Prussian camp before Paris? Thus the virtual dictatorship of France passed into his hands. He was declared President of the existing Executive Government, having the responsibility of selecting the members of his Administration.

He soon found, however, that it was not only the Germans with whom, as President of the Republic of France, he had to contend. Establishing his head-quarters at Versailles immediately after the evacuation of that fair city by the Prussian forces, he

prepared to set to work without delay at the task of "reorganizing" France, her army, and her institutions, when he suddenly found himself confronted by the Communists, who had seized upon Paris as soon as the backs of the Prussians were turned. Aided by Marshal MacMahon, but only after a delay which enabled the Commune to burn down half the public buildings of Paris, and to murder her Archbishop and a number of helpless and unoffending priests and nuns, he was able to retake Paris, and in the end to restore order, though not until his own hotel in the Place de St. Georges had been razed to the ground. In spite, however, of all this discouragement, the brave old man never lost heart, and though, as soon as "order" and the forms of judicial trial could be observed, the Communists were brought to justice, we never heard it said that M. Thiers insisted on bringing any special vengeance down upon the heads of the ringleaders in that special act of *trahison*.

In spite, it may be added, of a civil outbreak worse than foreign war; in spite of streets which had been made to run red with blood, M. Thiers contrived, as President of the Republic, to pay when due the first instalment of twenty millions which, on behalf of and in the name of the French people, he had agreed to pay towards the war indemnity demanded by the German conquerors. Occasionally during those two years rumours were spread to the effect that old age, or illness, or dissatisfaction with his colleagues, was about to tempt him to resign; but he adhered with a steady and persistent vigour, like a far younger man, to the rôle which he had undertaken to play. After his final retirement from the Presidency, the voice of M. Thiers was not often heard in public; but though he spent his leisure in the pursuit of those literary studies to which he had been devoted as a young man and in middle life, he was not the less regarded as the chief and centre of French Constitutionalism.

CAPTAIN EADS AND THE MISSISSIPPI
JETTIES.

In 1859, a committee from the New Orleans Chamber of Commerce visited the mouth of the Mississippi at its largest outlet—South-west Pass, to see what detention vessels were subjected to in passing in and out. They found the bar blocked with a vessel, while fifty-five other vessels were waiting to come in and go out. The total amount of freight on board the outgoing vessels was 7,367,339 pounds. Some of these vessels had been there for weeks, waiting for a chance to go to sea. So common were these detentions that the usual expression of pilots and tow-boat men was not that a vessel "went to sea" on such a day, but that "she was put on the bar," with the understanding, of course, that she was to be pulled at by tow-boats for days and perhaps weeks.

The river at the head of the passes finds its way to the Gulf of Mexico through three different channels. The South-west Pass, the broadest and deepest of them all, trends to the right, and Pass à l'Outre, the next in size, to the east; while lying between these two and more nearly in the direct course of the river is the South Pass. The river just before its subdivision is one mile and three-quarters wide, forty feet deep, and carries every minute, when at flood, 72,000,000 cubic feet of water to the gulf, or enough to fill Broadway, New York, sixty feet deep from the Battery to Madison Square. Every cubic foot of this vast volume of water contains nearly two cubic inches of sand and mud. Enough earth matter, it is estimated, is annually thrown in the gulf to build a prism one mile square and 268 feet thick. The comparative volumes of water flowing through the three passes are approximately as follows: South-west Pass

carries fifty per cent. of the whole river, Pass à l'Outre forty per cent., and South Pass ten per cent. At the mouth of each pass is a bar over which there is more or less depth of water. At South-west Pass the depth of water on the bar is about thirteen feet, at Pass à l'Outre it is ten feet, at South Pass, before the construction of the jetties, it was eight feet. The crests of these bars are not immediately at the end of the land, but from two and a half to five miles out in the gulf. Through the whole length of the passes there is a deep channel (uniform for each pass) about 1200 or 1500 feet wide in the two large passes, and 600 feet wide in the South Pass, and the depths are about fifty feet in the large passes and thirty-five feet in the South Pass.

The banks, although composed of the deposits of the pass itself,—sand and clay,—are sufficiently tenacious to confine the water, and thus give it the requisite scouring power to excavate and maintain a deep channel, but as soon as this confined volume reaches the land's end of the passes, it spreads out instantly to the right and left, and, losing a portion of its velocity by this diffusion, is no longer able to carry all its sediment, but drops it upon the submerged banks.

The central thread of the current, however, maintains its velocity for some distance into the gulf, but, gradually losing it, scatters its load of sand and clay over a wide plateau. New floods coming down bring more sediment, which is deposited further out than that of the preceding flood, and thus the bars for all time are advancing with more or less rapidity into the gulf. At the South Pass, this advance was at the rate of about 100 feet per annum; at the South-west Pass over 300 feet per annum.

Within the conditions of the difficulty of navigation at the mouth of the Mississippi has been found the clue to its solution ; for just as fast as the pass builds the bar out into the gulf, just so fast it excavates a channel behind it. So that at the South Pass, for instance, while one hundred feet was each year added to its bar,—located two and one-quarter miles from land's end,—it at the same time added one hundred feet to its banks, and thus confined the water sufficiently to deepen the new channel during the year to the same depth found elsewhere in the pass. Captain Eads, catching this suggestion from nature, reasoned that if he could extend the banks of the pass, not gradually at the rate of 100 feet per annum, as nature was doing, but immediately two and a quarter miles out over this bar into the deep water of the gulf, he would produce sufficient power to excavate not only the 100 linear feet per annum, which nature was doing, but the whole length of the bar from thirty feet depth at the land's end to thirty feet in the Gulf of Mexico.

Although the bar extended out from the end of the land two and a quarter miles, yet the depths of water found at different points varied greatly. At half a mile from the land's end, it was about twenty feet ; at one mile distance, it was fifteen feet ; at one and three-quarter miles, it was ten feet ; and from this point to nearly the outer edge of the bar, it varied from eight to ten feet, with a somewhat slighter depth at the crest of the bar. From this point there was a comparatively rapid descent into the deep water of the gulf.

The Mississippi River may be justly considered as the trade outlet of a vast empire. The tributary region, having an area of one and a quarter millions of square miles, is more than equal to the whole extent of Europe, leaving out Russia, Norway, and Sweden. This area has a population of at least twenty millions, and produces yearly about one billion bushels of cereals, two million bales of cotton, and two hundred thousand hogsheads of sugar. A large part

of this agricultural district is so far distant from the markets of the eastern sea-board, that its products do not prove profitable if transported by rail.

The development of the valley resulted from time to time in the improvement of the river and its tributaries. Since 1839, efforts have been made to deepen the channel at the bars of South-west Pass and Pass à l'Outre. At one time provisional jetties were attempted, but the project was abandoned for want of means. Expensive dredge-boats were constructed by the Government to work on the bar, at an annual cost of about 250,000 dollars, and according to the report of a board of United States engineers, there was in 1872 and 1873 a depth of from thirteen to twenty feet on the South-west Pass bar, but the hope was not encouraged that a channel could be maintained of more than eighteen feet depth.

Meanwhile, the tonnage of vessels importing and exporting between the eastern sea-board of this country and foreign ports, had largely increased, so that a ship of from 1,200 to 1,800 tons burden was the ordinary size ; yet the average size of vessels entering the port of New Orleans, prior to the opening of the mouth of the river by jetties, was not over 700 tons. During all the previous years, both before and after the attempts to open it by dredging and other means, it was the exception rather than the rule, for a loaded vessel to pass over the bar without detention.

This was the condition of the bar, and such were the obstructions to commerce, when, in the winter of 1874, Captain James B. Eads appeared before Congress and offered to open the mouth of the river by jetties, stipulating that he should take no remuneration for his work until a channel from the deep water of the pass to the deep water of the gulf had been secured. The maximum depth to be obtained was thirty feet ; and neither that nor the intermediate depths was to be paid for until the work was complete. Although offering to do this work at his own risk and expenses, he met with a most determined opposition, both

from Government engineers and from the very section of the country which would be most largely benefited by a deep channel to the gulf. The people seemed to have become indoctrinated with the belief that an expensive canal, and not an open river mouth was the best solution of the problem.

Captain Eads and his opponents before Congress held views diametrically opposed to each other. General Humphreys, the chief of engineers, in published pamphlets, and, moreover, in statements before the Congressional committees, contended that it would not only be impossible to build jetties and maintain them, for various reasons, on account of the unstable nature of the foundation on which they would rest, the undermining action of the river currents and the violence of the storm waves; but that, even if these were constructed and maintained, the bar would advance so much more rapidly than before, that the jetties would need to be extended 600 feet every year to keep pace with this accelerated advance. Captain Eads contended that the river is a transporter of solid matter to the sea; that the amount transported depends upon its velocity modified by the depth of the water; that this principle determines the channel and the bars; that, if the banks of the pass were extended in parallel lines as they are by nature, the result would be an increased velocity, and this increased velocity would enable the river to pick up the particles of which the bar is composed, and carry them far out to sea, where under the influence of the gulf currents they would be swept away; that as the crest of the bar was two and a quarter miles from the land's end, the crest of the new bar when formed could not possibly be nearer than two and a quarter miles from the end of the jetties, and that probably under the new conditions the formation of another bar would not take place for a century or two.

These views were so clearly and forcibly explained to members of Congress, that, in March, 1875, a bill was passed by which Captain Eads and his associates were

authorized to construct and maintain jetties and auxiliary works for deepening the bar at the mouth of South Pass between the pass and the Gulf of Mexico. It was the earnest wish of Captain Eads,—a wish which he urged in vain to the last hour of the session of Congress,—to improve the bar at the mouth of South-west Pass, because the greater depth and width of that pass afforded an unobstructed outlet for the commerce of the valley, and one able to meet its increasing necessities. The width of the channel here through the jetties would have been 1,500 feet, while that of the South Pass is but 700 feet.

Immediately after the passage of the act, preparations were made for beginning the works. A contract was entered into with Colonel James Andrews, of Alleghany, Pa., the successful builder of the foundations of the St. Louis bridge. He arrived at the mouth of South Pass about the middle of June, 1875, bringing with him the necessary plant and force, and began work in earnest. By his indomitable will and untiring energy Colonel Andrews has proved himself equal to the task of carrying through to complete success this great and difficult undertaking.

Let me describe the surroundings here, as they appeared at the time of our arrival. Climb with me seventy-five feet to the top of the light-house: there is no other elevation or building within ten miles; you cast your eye over not exactly a landscape or a waterscape but an amphibio-scape of water, mud, reeds, and alligators,—not an elevation as far as the eye or glass can reach that one could not easily leap over, except a solitary mud-lump lying off to the westward; an unbroken horizon of sky and water on every side. Fourteen and a half miles to the east lies the low green bank of Pass à l'Outre; as many miles to the west is the dim horizon line of the South-west Pass. A light-house stands at the mouth of each of these passes, and ten miles away to the north-west is barely distinguishable another, which marks the head of the passes. Half-way up the South Pass we see Bayou Grande diverging and flowing to the west-

ward, carrying off about twenty-seven per cent. of its waters ; while everywhere from the north-east to the south-west the rolling waters of the Gulf of Mexico stretch to the horizon. This beautiful ship canal, South Pass, though small when compared with the other outlets, is large enough to meet any present or future need.

The jetties, let it be understood, are intended simply as a nucleus around and upon which Nature can build her banks, and so, some of the work, since it was to be solidified by the processes of nature, has been of a comparatively imperfect character. Several objects were sought in their location :

1st. To lay them out in such a direction that they should be both parallel with the river currents, and, where they project into the gulf, at right angles to the currents that sweep along the shore.

2nd. To place them as far apart as was possible consistently with the necessary concentration of the volume of water, and at the same time to remove the jetties themselves from the undermining action of the river currents.

The jetty lines were marked out first on paper, and then at times with considerable difficulty on the bar. It will be seen that there were no landmarks near the line of the jetties from which measurements could be taken to locate the guide-piling. Here and there, perhaps a mile or more apart, were temporary stations or tripods marking triangulated points, which had been established during the preceding winter by the United States Coast Survey. From these, by careful calculations and instrumental work, the jetty lines were laid out in an easy curve, extending from land's end on the east to a point two and a quarter miles out in the gulf.

The piling which marked the jetty lines was driven in various depths of water from four to thirty feet, and the foundation, which it had been prophesied would prove so unstable, was found to be so solid that a hammer weighing 3000 pounds and falling nineteen feet could not with eighty blows

force the pile more than seventeen feet into the bottom.

The jetties are constructed principally of willows. These trees grow in great abundance about twenty-five miles up the river, and vary in size from one to two and a half inches at the butt, and from fifteen to thirty feet in length. They are, however, not as pliable and easily twisted and tied as the osier willow, used on similar works in Europe. A peculiar construction was adopted by which these willows could be used most economically and at the same time suit the existing conditions, expecting that, in whatever manner they might be put into the water, they would soon fill with sediment. It was not necessary to make as firm and compact a construction as would have been required if the whole jetty had been thrown out on some stormy coast into the clear salt water of the ocean. The construction most closely resembling that employed here was that used at the mouth of the Maas in Holland. There they constructed *sink-stukken*, or mattresses of willow fascines, or bundles of willows compactly tied together. These fascines were laid close together and then others placed over them at right angles and all intermediate spaces filled with willows packed in closely. The several courses of fascines were then tied together tightly with cords or ropes, and the raft thus built was floated out to its place and sunk with gravel and stone.

The plan adopted by Captain Eads is much more simple in construction and is more economical. As this is the most important part of the construction of the jetties we will describe it in detail.

Along the bank of the pass near the land's end were built inclined ways at right angles to the shore line and extending back from the river bank about fifty feet. On these ways the mattresses were to be made. The inclines are so constructed that while the ends of the timbers are under water at the river they are about six feet above the level of the water at the other, or shore, end. These timbers are spaced about six feet apart, and are parallel with each other ; a

ribbon is spiked lengthwise on top of each one, the upper edge of which is rounded off; underneath the timbers are nailed inch boards, so that the men in working on the ways will not fall through. The ways are now ready for the mattress, which is built in the following manner :

The strips for the frames of the mattresses are piled up just above the ends of the ways. These strips are two and a half by six inches and from twenty-five to forty-five feet long; the mattresses being usually one hundred feet long, the strips are cut to make that length when joined. They are placed on trucks and wheeled to that part of the ways where the mattress is to be built. After being lifted upon the ways the joints are fastened by a lap of the same material about six feet long, which is spiked to the strips. If the mattress is to be forty feet wide, nine strips are prepared. Holes are now bored through these strips one and one-eighth inches in diameter and spaced five feet apart. Hickory pins, whose ends have been turned to fit the holes tightly, are driven into them and oak wedges driven into the lower ends of the pins, with twenty-penny nails to keep the pins steady. The strips, with the pins standing upright, are moved down the ways and spaced four feet and six inches apart. If the mattress is to be two feet thick,—the usual size,—the pins are cut thirty inches long, except the outer row on either side which is thirty-two inches. A part of the mattress-gang now climb upon the willow-barge and pass the willows down to other workmen standing on the frame, who place them carefully side by side on the strips across the frame. After a course about six inches thick is placed, another is laid lengthwise with the frame, then another at right angles to the last, and so on till the willows stand above the tops of the pins. In placing the willows the brushy tops are laid so as to project three or four feet outside the frame. The men then bore holes in other strips about forty feet long, place them across the mattress and insert the pins into the holes—pressing down the cross strips with

levers. Wedges and nails are driven into the ends of the pins and the mattress is ready for launching. The mattress is easily pulled off the ways by a steam tug which tows it to its place along the jetty piling. A barge loaded with rock is then placed alongside the floating mattress and the stone distributed evenly over it until it sinks to the bottom. The foundation mattress is usually from forty to fifty feet wide, according to the depth of the water. The courses placed above it become narrower and narrower until they reach the surface of the water, where the average width is twenty-five feet. The last mattress is either built in place on the jetty at low tide, or built on the ways and pulled into place at high tide by a steam pile-driver, or built on tilting ways which rest on a barge from which the mattress is launched upon the jetty. When the mattresses are sunk at flood river, all the interstices fill very quickly with sediment which serves not only to hold it more securely in place but makes it much more impervious to water.

• As the permanency of the jetties and other works is a matter of great importance, a description of the natural and artificial means for securing this end may be of interest. At the head of the passes, some of the works, though of a provisional and temporary character, have been rendered thoroughly permanent by the extensive deposits of sediment that have formed around them and in some cases entirely covered them. The first mile of both jetties has been rendered permanent by the same means, and all that will be required above the new shore line, previously spoken of, will be the incorporation of gravel into the top mattresses to prevent leakage through them at high tide. Beyond this shore line, a most substantial and permanent work has been applied. This consists of massive blocks of concrete composed of sand, gravel, broken stone, and Portland cement. These ingredients are mixed together thoroughly by a cubical concrete steam mixer, about six feet square, constructed on an improved plan after a design

by Captain Eads. Each block is formed in a mould *in situ*. The charge of concrete, about two cubic yards, on being discharged from the mixer into an iron dumping car, drawn by a small locomotive, is taken on a railroad track, which is laid upon a trestle about eight feet above the jetty, to a point immediately over the mould and dumped into it. Seventy-five cubic yards have been laid in one day at a point 1000 feet from the mixer. The foundation is prepared by incorporating gravel and broken stone into the mattresses. The blocks are protected from undermining by abundant slopes of riprap. These concrete blocks increase in size as they approach the end of the jetties. There they weigh about sixty-five tons each. The substantial character of the foundation on which they rest may be understood from the fact that although they have been in place four months, they have not settled more than two inches. Where these blocks are constructed, the water was fifteen feet deep before the jetties were commenced. There are at least eight courses of mattresses under them. These mattresses, although built with a vertical wall against the prevailing winds, have stood intact against the tremendous wave force that has been brought to bear upon them. They are built in a locality where, if anywhere, the foundation on which they rest would be unstable.

At distances of every fifty feet near the outer end of the work are built spur cribs about twenty feet square filled with rock on which a concrete block is built connected with the main blocks of the jetty. Flanking the work at the extreme sea end are massive cribs of palmetto logs filled with riprap and surmounted with larger rock.

We may confidently expect from the experience that the jetties have passed through during their unprotected state while under construction, that with the substantial protection recently applied to them they will stand undisturbed against the most severe storms of the gulf.

The materials used in all works or on

hand at Port Eads are in round numbers as follows: Willows, 592,000 cubic yards; stone, 100,000 cubic yards; gravel, 10,000 cubic yards; concrete in place, 4,300 cubic yards or 9,000 tons; piling and lumber, 12,000,000 feet, board measure.

The difficulty and expense incurred in procuring these materials will be appreciated by giving the places from which they were obtained and their distances from Port Eads. The willows were brought from an extensive swamp or miniature delta called the Jump, about twenty-five miles above the jetties, and from the banks of the river as far up as the mouth of Red River, a distance of 315 miles. The greater portion of the stone came from Rose Clare, Indiana, on the Ohio River, 1,320 miles distant; much of the remainder from Vicksburg, Mississippi, and some from all parts of the world, brought here as ballast in vessels, and discharged either at Port Eads or New Orleans. The gravel came from an island in the Mississippi River, 260 miles above; the sand for the concrete, from the shores of the Mississippi Sound, 110 miles away; Saylor's Portland cement, from Pennsylvania, *via* New York, by steamers and sailing vessels; the lumber, from Pearl River, Mississippi, 130 miles; the palmetto logs for the crib work, from Appalachicola, Florida, 300 miles to the eastward; and finally, 11,000 cubic yards of dirt ballast was received in vessels from foreign ports, and placed on the banks at Port Eads for raising them above the highest tides.

It is not too broad an assertion to make that every theory advanced by Captain Eads, every statement made by him in reference to the channel which he should secure, and in reference to the advance of the bar in front of his works, has been fully verified by actual results. These results are all that the most sanguine anticipated, but the objects for which the jetties were built are of far greater importance, for they affect the welfare of millions and are destined finally to exert an influence on the whole country.



DR. SCHLIEMANN'S DISCOVERIES.

THE names of Dr. Henry Schliemann and his accomplished wife, Madame Schliemann, will ever remain famous for their discoveries in the fields of classic story. The scene of the Trojan War, situated between the Hellespont and the Ægean Sea, has been known from a very early age by the name of the Troad. It was here that Dr. Schlie-

mann commenced his explorations, which he effected by excavating the summit of a low hill, called, in the Turkish language, Hissarlik, or the Fortress. In the course of his persevering research he brought to light the ruins of walls and buildings, and innumerable objects of various character and material—weapons, utensils, and ornaments—which satisfied him, and, eventually, most of the antiquaries of our time, that he had found the veritable site of the

city of Troy, the exact locality of which, and indeed its very existence, have been for a long period subjects of dispute among historians and geographers. Circumstances having rendered impracticable the continuance of his investigations, he turned his attention to another region famous in classical antiquity, and having a very close historical connection with Troy. This is a district in the Morea, or Southern Greece, the ancient Peloponnesus, now part of the modern kingdom of Greece, containing the ruins of the cities of Argos, Tiryns, and Mycenæ. Argos was the most ancient, but Tiryns was believed to have been built as a fortress by Prætus, and afterwards Mycenæ by Perseus, several generations before the time of Agamemnon. The extensive ruins of these cities are remarkable for the specimens they afford of the rude and massive style of architecture, called Cyclopean, examples of which are also found in other parts of Greece, and in Italy and Asia Minor. In his record of his visit to Greece, Dr. Wordsworth thus writes of the ancient city of Tiryns :—
 “Exhibiting as it does the most ancient remains of the military architecture of Greece, and exciting the wonder of the beholder by the hugeness of the rude blocks with which its walls and galleries are constructed, and which called forth an epithet expressive of admiration even from the mouth of Homer himself, it survives as a striking monument of the power of men concerning whom all written history is silent. It arose and flourished in times antecedent to history, and seems to exist to make mythology credible. We are acquainted with Tiryns only as built by the Cyclopes, and as the early residence of Hercules.”

In 1874 Dr. Schliemann, accompanied by his energetic wife, a true “help meet for him,” commenced his work in the Acropolis of Mycenæ by sinking thirty-four shafts in different places, to probe the ground, and sound the spots which it would be most desirable to excavate. In six of these, and especially in two about

100 yards from the Lion's Gate, he found encouraging results, and began extensive diggings. The extent of these operations may be judged of from the fact that he employed upon them an average of one hundred and twenty-five labourers for four months. His exertions were crowned with remarkable success. He thus describes his discoveries :—“I first excavated the site of the three tombstones with the bas-reliefs representing the warriors, and found there a 21½ feet long and 10½ feet broad quadrangular tomb cut out in the slope of the rock. In digging farther down I found from time to time a small quantity of black ashes, and in it, very frequently, some curious objects, either a bone button covered with a beautifully-engraved golden blade, or an imitation of a gazelle horn of bone, with one flat side, showing two holes, by which the object must have been attached to something else, or other ornaments of bone or small gold leaf. I collected in this way, besides many other curious objects, twelve buttons covered with gold blades, one of them as large as a five-franc piece; the ornaments are either spiral lines, or that curious cross with the marks of four nails which so frequently occurs on the whorls in Ilium, and which I believe to be the symbol of the holy fire. All the buttons are in the form of our shirt buttons, but of large size.

Having dug down to a depth of 10½ feet, I was stopped by heavy rain, which turned the soft earth in the tomb to mud, and I therefore took out the unsculptured tombs of the second line, of which the one is 5 feet, the other 5½ feet long. In excavating around them I found another 11 feet broad and 21 feet long tomb, cut into the rock. It was entirely filled with unmixed natural earth, which had been brought there from another place. In a depth of 15 feet below the level of the rock, or of 25 feet below the former surface of the ground, I reached a layer of small stones, below which I found, at a distance of 3 feet from each other, the calcined remains of three bodies, which were only separated from the

ground by another layer of small stones, and had evidently been burned simultaneously in the very same place where they lay; the masses of ashes of the clothes which had covered them, and of the wood which had consumed them, and further, the colour of the stones themselves can leave no doubt in this respect. With every one of the three bodies I found five diadems of gold, each $19\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, and in the midst 4 inches broad, but terminating at both extremities in a point.

I further found with two of the bodies ten (five with each) golden crosses in the form of laurel leaves; with the third body were only four of them; each of the crosses is $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches long; the breadth of the leaves is $1\frac{3}{8}$ inch. As well the diadems as the leaves of the crosses show a splendid ornamentation of impressed circles or spiral lines. I also found there many curious objects of a glazy unknown composition. Their form is difficult to describe; all are perforated, and have evidently served as ornaments of the dead. I further found there a number of small knives of obsidian, many fragments of a gilded silver vase, of which only the upper part was well preserved; a rustic bronze knife, a silver cup with one handle, four perforated pieces of necklace (two of stone and two of a composition), two horned Juno idols, and finally many fragments of beautiful hand-made pottery, among which was part of a vase with two tubular holes on either side for suspension with a string. There are also fragments of terra-cotta tripods, which are of rare occurrence here, nearly all the vases having a flat bottom. At the bottom of the sepulchre all the four walls were lined by a 5 feet high and 1 foot 8 inches thick wall of stones, which showed unmistakable marks of the three funeral piles. Evidently the pyres had not been large, and had been merely intended to consume the flesh of the bodies, because the bones, and even the skulls, had been preserved; but the latter had suffered so much from the moisture that none of them could be taken out entire."

A little to the south of this excavation he found, at the depth of $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet, a sepulchre 16 feet 8 inches long and 10 feet broad; and at about 9 feet above this tomb, and close to it, on the slope of the rock, a number of skeletons of men, which had evidently not been burnt, and with them knives of obsidian, and five hand-made vases, two of a plain light-yellow, the three others of light-green colour, with rude black ornaments.

"I found in this mausoleum the mortal remains of three ladies, which, like the former tomb, were covered with a layer of pebble stones and reposed on another layer of similar stones, on which the funeral piles had been dressed; this lay on the bottom of the tomb, which was 30 feet below the surface of the mount. Precisely as in the former tomb, all the three bodies had been burnt simultaneously but separately, and at equal distances from each other. This was proved as well by the evident marks of the fire on the pebble stones below and around every one of the bodies, as by the marks of the fire and smoke on the walls to the right and left, and by the masses of wood ashes which lay on and around the corpses. The bodies were literally overwhelmed with jewels, all of which bore evident signs of the fire and smoke to which they had been exposed on the funeral piles.

As the different jewels were distributed nearly in equal proportions among the three ladies, I think it superfluous to state here the objects found with each of them, and will give only a register of what I collected on the three bodies conjointly: 12 golden crowns; 10 golden diadems, in two of which is still preserved part of the skull; one gigantic golden crown, 2 feet 1 inch long and 11 inches broad, with 30 large leaves,—this crown gives us, perhaps, a specimen of an Homeric *στέμμα*; 250 round gold leaves; two large golden vases; one large golden goblet; three small golden vessels; two large golden breast-ornaments, in form of wreaths or garlands, all splendidly ornamented; two flat pieces

of gold, representing houses with towers, on each of which a pigeon is sitting; six golden butterflies, for suspension; seven flat pieces of gold, representing two lions standing on their hind legs opposite each other; eleven flat pieces of gold, representing two stags standing on their hind legs opposite each other; two flat pieces of gold, representing two swans standing opposite each other; one woman of gold, holding three pigeons; one woman of gold, holding one pigeon; two women of gold, with long gowns; four lions of gold; one cross of gold; ten golden earrings with pendants; six golden earrings without pendants; one ear-pendant of a precious red stone, on which are incised two warriors fighting together; twelve plain ear-pendants; three perforated quadrangular pieces of gold, which evidently belonged to a necklace,—the one shows Hercules killing the Nemean lion, the second represents merely a lion, and the third shows two warriors fighting together with lances (though in a very archaic style, all these engravings are of masterly execution); one perforated precious red stone, with an incision representing a stag turning his head; one long necklace of amber; ten flat pieces of gold, representing scarabees, which are, however, altogether different from those of ancient Egypt.

It would be altogether a vain attempt on my part to convey to the reader only a faint idea of the splendid ornamentation of all the above jewels of gold. Nowhere can I discover a space as large as a quarter of an inch which is not ornamented. There are a thousand different sorts of spiral or circular ornamentation."

He now resolved to extend the area of his explorations.

"At a depth of 20 feet below the former surface of the mount" I struck an almost circular Cyclopean masonry, with a large round opening in form of a well; it was 4 feet high, and measured 7 feet from north to south, and $5\frac{1}{4}$ feet from east to west. I at once recognised in this curious monument a primitive altar for funeral

rites. At last, in a depth of $26\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and at a distance of only 4 feet 7 inches from the last described tomb, I found a 24 feet long, $18\frac{1}{2}$ feet broad sepulchre, which had been cut on its west side 6 feet, on the north side 10 feet, on the south side 8 feet, on the east side $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep into the rock, and its bottom is 53 feet below the former surface of the mount. It deserves particular notice that the above funeral altar marked precisely the centre of this tomb, and thus there can be no doubt that it had been erected in honour of those whose mortal remains reposed in it.

As in the two other tombs, the bottom was covered with a layer of pebble stones, on which, in about equal distances from each other, lay the bodies of five men; three of them were lying with the head to the east and the feet to the west; the two others were lying with the head to the north and the feet to the south. The bodies had evidently been burnt on the very spot on which each rested; this was shown as well by the masses of the ashes on and around each corpse as by the marks of the fire on the pebble stones and on the wall of schist. The five bodies were literally overloaded with jewels, all of which—as in the other tombs—show unequivocal marks of the funeral piles. Unfortunately, the skulls of the five bodies were in such a state of decomposition that none of them could be saved; three of them—the two which were turned to the north and one of those turned to the east—had the head covered with large massive golden masks; in one of these has remained a large part of the skull it covered. All the three masks are made with marvellous art, and one fancies one can see there all the hairs of the eyebrows and whiskers. Each mask shows so widely different a physiognomy from the others, and so altogether different from the ideal types of the statues of gods and heroes, that there can be no doubt that every one of them faithfully represents the likeness of the deceased hero whose face it covered. Were it not so, all the masks would show the very same ideal



• YOUNG WOMAN OF MYCENÆ

type. One of the masks shows a small mouth, a long nose, large eyes, and a large head; another a very large mouth, nose, and head; the third a small head, mouth, and nose. In the former the greater part of the skull of the deceased is preserved."

Resuming his excavations in the tombs first discovered, he found in one of them three bodies, "which lay at a distance of 3 feet from each other. These also had evidently been burnt in the place where they were found. The three bodies of this tomb lay with their heads to the east and their feet to the west; all three were of gigantic proportions, and appeared to have been squeezed with force into the small space of only 6 feet, which was left for them between the aforesaid walls; the bones of the legs, which are nearly uninjured, are really of enormous size. Although the head of the first man was covered with a massive golden mask, his skull crumbled away on being exposed to the air, and but a few bones could be saved besides those of the legs. The same was the case with the second body, which had been plundered in antiquity. But of the third body, which lay at the north end of the tomb, the round face with all its flesh had been wonderfully preserved under its ponderous golden mask; there was no vestige of hair, but both eyes were perfectly visible, also the mouth, which, by the enormous weight that had been pressing upon it, was wide open, and showed thirty-two beautiful teeth. By these all the physicians who came to see the body were led to believe that the man must have died at the early age of thirty-five. The nose had entirely gone. The body having been too long for the space between the two inner walls of the tomb, the head had been pressed in such a way on the breast that the upper part of the shoulders was nearly in a horizontal line with the vertex of the head. In spite of the large golden breast-plate, so little had been preserved of the breast that the inner side of the spine was visible in many places. In its squeezed and mutilated state, the body measured

only 2 feet $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the top of the head to the beginning of the loins; the breadth of the shoulders did not exceed 1 foot $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch, and the breadth of the stomach 1 foot 3 inches; but the gigantic thigh-bones could leave no doubt regarding the real proportions of the body. Such had been the pressure of the rubbish and stones, that the body had been reduced to a thickness of 1 inch to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch. The colour of the corpse resembled very much that of an Egyptian mummy. The front of the man was ornamented with a plain round leaf of gold, and a still larger one was lying on the right eye; I further observed a large and a small gold leaf on the breast below the large golden breast-cover. It shows a round face, with large eyes and a large mouth, much resembling the features of the body when first uncovered, and I feel now more convinced than ever that all the golden masks faithfully represent the features which they cover. In fact, a single glance on these splendidly-made masks must convince every one that they are real portraits, and not ideal types.

There was further found to the right of the body a very large golden drinking-cup, with one handle. It is no less than 6 inches in diameter and 5 feet in height; it has two parallel horizontal rows of ornamentation, of which the lower one represents fish-spines, the upper one something resembling windows. There was also found a very large one-handled golden goblet, being $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, decorated with two parallel horizontal rows of beautiful spiral lines, in which occur a large number of that curious cross which is so frequently met with in the ruins of Troy, and which is thought to be the symbol of the holy fire, the Arani of the Brahmans. There was found a third golden goblet, ornamented with three lions, which are represented as running with great velocity. There were also found three silver drinking-cups, and fragments of several silver vases, some of which show spiral ornaments; finally, a large drinking-

cup of alabaster, measuring $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches in height and $4\frac{5}{8}$ inches in diameter.

With the body which lay in the middle of the tomb were found some round golden leaves with impressed ornaments and the remnants of a wooden comb. The head of the body at the south end of the tomb was likewise covered with a thick golden mask, and its breast with a massive golden cover. I found, besides, with the body at the south end, fifteen two-edged bronze swords, ten of which lay at his feet; also the upper part of a bronze sword, with a handle ornamented with golden nails, and twenty-seven richly-ornamented large round golden buttons, one of which measured $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches, the others $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches to 2 inches in diameter; also sixty-eight round golden buttons of a smaller size. Further, seven large sword-handle buttons of alabaster, and one of wood, all ornamented with golden nails; thirty-seven round gold leaves of various size, with impressed ornaments; twenty-one fragments of gold leaves, a splendid golden ornament of the *knemides* (greaves), in shape resembling a bracelet; five golden plates, representing in bas-relief two eagles; a golden plate without ornament; a richly-ornamented smaller one, on which seem to be represented two tresses of hair; a golden ornament for suspension on the neck, much resembling our present military decoration. I further found there a bronze battle-axe, perfectly resembling the Trojan battle-axe, but more elegant. Perhaps still more important and interesting than all the jewels found in this tomb was a small quadrangular

wooden box (*νάρθηξ*) of which I picked up two sides, on each of which are carved in high relief a dog and a lion. Small as these sculptures are, they are nevertheless of capital interest to science, because they prove to us that the art of sculpturing on wood flourished in the mythic heroic age."

Overjoyed at the successful result of his explorations, in Nov., 1876, Dr. Schliemann sent a telegram to the King of Greece, of which the following is a translation:—

"It is with extreme delight that I announce to your majesty that I have discovered the tombs which the tradition echoed by Pausanias designated as the sepulchres of Agamemnon, Cassandra, Eurymedon, and their comrades, who were all slain during the banquet by Clytemnestra and her paramour Ægisthus. They were surrounded by a double parallel circle of slabs, which could only have been constructed in honour of the said high personages. I have found in the sepulchres immense treasures, in the form of antique objects in pure gold. These treasures are sufficient of themselves to fill a great museum, which will be the most wonderful in the world, and which for ages to come will attract to Greece thousands of visitors from all countries. As I labour for the pure love of science, I have, of course, no claim to these treasures, which, with a lively enthusiasm, I present intact to Greece. May it please God that these treasures may become the corner-stone of an immense national possession."



COLONEL COLT AND HIS INVENTIONS.



HISTORY has failed to record the name of the original inventor of fire-arms! yet the evidence appears conclusive that the idea was first conceived from the accidental experiment of the monk Schwartz. The earliest fire-arms were probably of about the same description as, although much more primitive in construction than, the present cannon, and some of them appear to have been used by Edward III. of England, in his first campaign against the Scots, in 1327. At the battle of Cressy, in France, in 1346, when Edward contended against the French, the fire-arms employed occasioned much terror and surprise to the enemy. Other accounts state that the French used cannon in 1338, and gunpowder at the siege of Algiers in 1342. In 1378 the English are said to have used four hundred cannon at the siege of St. Malo; but these might have been hand-cannons or *culverins*, which were undoubtedly the first form of hand-guns. It was certainly a most inefficient and unserviceable contrivance; yet it was a commencement, and in its day was, no doubt, deemed of great advantage to the possessor.

Again it is said that hand-guns, or small arms, were introduced into England in 1471, when Edward IV., landing at Ravenspur, in Yorkshire, brought with him, among other forces, three hundred Flemings, armed with hand-guns. After this they became common. From the application of fire by the hand-match, the next step was the introduction of a cock to hold the match and a trigger to work it, both of which were suggested by the cross-bow. In practice, these gave more precision, and the hand was not exposed. The improved gun was designated a *match-lock*, or *arque-*

bus, and held its sway for many years. The next advance (about 1517) was in screwing a *fire-stone* inside the cock, when a furrowed steel wheel was fastened to the barrel; this wheel was wound up with a key. In firing, the cock was thrown against it, and, by the rotations of the wheel against a steel, sparks were emitted into the priming and the gun discharged. At first the fire-stone used was not of a siliceous nature, like that employed at a later date, but a compact *pyrites* or *marcasite*; hence the name by which the arm was distinguished. The apparatus, however, often missed fire, and until the invention of the flint-lock the soldier was nearly always provided with a lighted match when on the battle-field. From the pyrites, or wheel-lock, the next advance was the *flint-lock*, which continued from the time of Elizabeth until about the close of the first quarter of the present century, when the introduction of the *percussion-lock* rapidly superseded all others.

The musquet, or musket, is a Spanish invention, and was first used by the tyrannical Duke of Alva, in the year 1567, when he exercised his cruelty in the Netherlands, in order to overawe and keep in subjection the people of that country. In the time of Elizabeth, and long after, the English musqueteer was very different from one of the present day. In addition to the musquet itself, he carried a flask of coarse powder for loading, a touch-box of fine powder for priming, a large leather bag of bullets (the string of which had to be drawn to get at them), besides an iron rest and a lighted match. The arm was so large and clumsy that it was impossible to take aim without the rest. The appellation was derived from the French *mouchet*, or the Latin *muschetus*, which signifies a male sparrowhawk. The term *rifle* is probably from the operation itself. It is asserted that fire-

arms with rifle-barrels were used at a public shooting-match in Leipsic, as early as 1498.

Pistols were first used by the Germans. Bellay mentions them in the year 1544; in the time of Francis I. and under Henry II. the German horsemen were called pistoelers. The derivation of this term is uncertain—Frisch conjectures that it may have arisen from *pistillo* or *stiopo*, because pistols used to have large knobs on the handles. Daniel, and others, think that the name comes from *Pistoia*, in Tuscany, where they were first manufactured. He says he saw an old pistol that, with the exception of the ram-rod, was all iron.

During the latter part of the last century many ingenious persons directed their attention to the improvement of fire-arms, with a view to simplify their construction, to render them more effective, and to combine safety with celerity in firing. One of the most marked advancements was effected by Mr. Henry Nock, and patented by him in England in 1787. Previous to this the breeching or plug of a gun was a solid lump of iron, screwed into one end of the barrel, the touch-hole being drilled through the side of the barrel above it. Long before the introduction of percussion caps, it was a matter of complaint that these guns were very slow, hung fire, and that a considerable portion of the powder was blown out un-ignited. By Nock's method the breech was chambered, and so arranged as to cause the charge to ignite in the centre. This plan was found to be safer; it did not cause the gun to leak by long continued use, besides greatly improving the strength and regularity of the shooting, and, in a measure, preventing the gun from becoming foul.

Another most marked improvement was the introduction and adaptation of fulminating powder, for igniting the charge in the chamber of the breech; and for which the Rev. Mr. Forsyth obtained a patent, in Great Britain, in 1807. The perfection of a proper fulminating powder was long a matter of great difficulty. Fulminating

mercury was found to be uncertain in its action on account of the extreme rapidity of its combustion, passing through and scattering the gunpowder without igniting it; finally, by mixing the mercury with a more slowly burning substance, the desired result was obtained. Since the introduction of fulminating powder, various individuals, in different countries, have exercised much skill and ingenuity in adapting it to fire-arms and simplifying the mechanical arrangements for firing by percussion; and its use at last became general.

As in most branches of useful and domestic economy, but more particularly in our own country, the aid of machinery has been introduced most extensively in the manufacture of fire-arms. The value of this movement is scarcely less appreciable in the immense saving of labour than in the great accuracy and uniformity of the various products.

We next meet with repeating fire-arms—or those with magazines or chambers for several continuous discharges without re-loading.

Colonel Samuel Colt was born at Hartford, Connecticut, on the 19th day of July 1814. His father, a man of high intelligence, energy, and industry, was bred a merchant; but, soon abandoning this occupation, engaged largely in the fabrication of wool and cotton, and finally of silk, of which last article he established the first manufactory in New England. His mother, a lady of superior ability, was the daughter of Major John Caldwell, of Hartford—a man of great sagacity and perseverance, and who, for a long period, was extensively engaged in commerce and navigation, and was distinguished as one of the leading merchants of the State.

The parental traits, especially those of activity and energy, were eagerly developed in Samuel, the son. At school he acquired the rudiments of a good English education, but preferring active life to sedentary occupation over the hornbooks, he was transferred at ten years of age to the factory of his father, where, with occasional inter-

vals spent again at school, and at times upon a farm, he continued until he was finally sent to Amherst, Massachusetts, for the more thorough improvement of his education. During this period he increased his knowledge of the world, more, it would seem, by observation than through books, and developed great alertness of mind, sagacity and thoughtfulness.

At Amherst his curiosity was deeply aroused to see distant lands; and upon his own sheer impulse, therefore, without the knowledge of his parents or friends, he ran away to Boston, embarked on board the ship *Corlo*, Captain Spalding, as a boy before the mast, and set sail for Calcutta. Despite of all the hardships of the voyage, and rough treatment from a captain whom, in after years, he remembered only to overpower with kindness, and repay with the profitable command of a vessel, the youthful exile returned buoyant and determined in spirits as ever—wayward somewhat, but not vicious in his habits—and as much disposed as ever again to see the world, and to make his own way in it.

A short apprenticeship again in the manufactory of his father—in the department, particularly, of dyeing and bleaching—made him familiarly acquainted with the leading principles of chemistry, for which he manifested great fondness, and indoctrinated him into many of its most useful, entertaining, and brilliant experiments.

His knowledge, and brief experience in this direction, he turned to instant account; and, as a public lecturer on chemistry, he travelled the United States and Her Majesty's dominions in Canada—from Maine to Louisiana, and from the St. Lawrence to the Mexican Gulf—for about two years. He went into every State, and into every town almost of two thousand inhabitants in the country, outside of Connecticut; and, figuring under the assumed name of Dr. Coult, burned more oxygen, and administered more laughing gas to more men, women, and children, than any other lecturer, we dare affirm, since chemistry was first known as a science. Without preten-

sions, of course, at this period of his life—then a youth of but seventeen or eighteen years of age—to anything like profoundness of scientific knowledge, he yet managed, by a ready use of such experiments as were dazzling and amusing, and by his dexterity as a manipulator, to win a favourable public opinion, and to secure, what was then of especial value to himself, a profit from his entertainments varying from five to fifty dollars a night, and occasionally reaching several hundreds of dollars in amount.

All these profits—beyond those required for the supply of his daily wants—were sedulously devoted by the youthful adventurer to the prosecution of that great invention which has since extended his renown throughout the civilized world. For, most remarkable, indeed, it was upon that voyage to which we have already alluded—which he made as a runaway sailor-boy to Calcutta—and while firing for amusement at porpoises and whales, off the Cape of Good Hope and in the Indian Seas, that he first conceived and wrought out with a chisel on a spun-yarn, with a common jack-knife and a little iron rod, the rude model, in a piece of white pine, of that fire-arm which now, from the shores of the Pacific to the Japan seas—over the whole extent of the civilized world—itsself *reports* the triumph of his skill and *blazes* his fame.

Living in a country of most extensive frontier, inhabited by hordes of aborigines, and knowing the insulated position of the enterprising pioneer and his dependance, sometimes alone, on his personal ability to protect himself and family, Colt had often meditated upon the inefficiency of the ordinary double-barrelled gun and pistol, both involving a loss of time in reloading, which was too frequently fatal in the peculiar character of Indian border warfare. By the United States Government, also, it was considered an object of great importance to obtain an effective repeating arm, as the peculiar characteristic of the mode of attack by the mounted Indians was to overwhelm small bodies of American soldiers by rushing

down on them in greatly superior numbers, after having drawn their fire, and then to dispatch them, while in a comparatively defenceless state, from the necessity of re-loading their arms. After much reflection and repeated trials, he effected an arrangement in the construction of revolving fire-arms, without having seen, or being aware at that period (1829) of any arm more effective than a double-barrelled gun having ever been constructed, and it was only during a visit to Europe, in the year 1835, that he discovered that he was not the first person who had conceived the idea of repeating fire-arms with a rotating chambered breech.

With unwearied assiduity, and a confidence in an ultimately prosperous result which never wavered—though against the vaticinations and dissuasion of numerous relations and friends—he toiled and improved upon his pet model, until at last he engendered confidence enough in the bosoms of a few capitalists to procure the establishment at Paterson, New Jersey, of a company, with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars, for the manufacture of his favourite arm.

After having secured, in addition to a patent at home, patents also for his invention in England and in France—countries which he personally visited for the purpose—he returned to America to urge upon his own Government the adoption of his arm. But here at first he met with no success. The supreme authorities at Washington, and officers in the public service, both naval and military, frowned upon his invention. He used the percussion cap—a bad substitute, it was thought, for the old flint-lock. His arms were more likely to get out of order than those of the old-fashioned construction, and when broken could not so easily be repaired as common arms. These were the main objections. But Colonel Colt, nothing daunted—for discouragement is no element in his composition—met the objectors by careful explanations, by numerous experiments, and, what is more, by making constant improvements

upon his invention. There was no suggestion, of practical value, from boards of officers convened to examine and report upon his arm, or from other quarters, to which he did not give heed—no thought of his own in this connection which he did not test by experiment—the company of which he was the soul, consuming for this purpose not less than three hundred thousand dollars, and the result was soon manifested in an arm so perfect in its construction as to rouse commendation wherever seen. Leading institutes and societies, within whose proper purview the arm came, and the journals of the country, to a great extent, vied with each other in its praise. The first premium of the American Institute, New York, and of the Mechanics' Institute in the same city, was, at several fairs, bestowed upon its inventor. Both Colt's pistols and Colt's rifles were eulogized generally as splendid specimens of ingenuity and skill—as surpassing in beauty and correctness of workmanship the best arms of European manufacture—as handled with the greatest facility and ease—as firing with astonishing precision—and as sending forth their successive messengers of death with marvellous celerity, force and effect. These justly merited commendations—and, what is of weightier importance still in this connection, the practical experience of military men, to a large extent, of the value of these arms—upon the battle-fields of Texas, in the evergreen glades of Florida, and amid the fastnesses and over the plains of Mexico—finally commended their adoption by the Government of the United States.

From the period of this adoption of his arm, the prosperity of Colonel Colt—as was his just meed after years of toil, of trial, of disappointment, but never of failure of hope or abatement of industry—has run on in one limpid, sparkling, and unbroken stream. By contract demands for his arms from Texas—which he fulfilled, with straitened means, at Whitneyville, Connecticut—by contract demands also from the United States—he was enabled to transfer his enterprise to Hartford, his own native

town, upon the banks of the Connecticut, where he has at last succeeded in founding an armoury, the most magnificent of its kind, it may be safely alleged, in the known world—an establishment, built in the first place by damming out—in a project deemed by many, in its inception, almost superhuman—the waters of the mighty Connecticut in their maddened freshet time—which incorporates, in building and machinery, a full million of dollars—which gives employment to from six to eight hundred men inside the main building, and to numerous hands outside—which dispenses daily, in wages alone, from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars, and manufactures, year by year, from seventy-five to one hundred thousand arms.

The result is the fruit of a market for arms, not confined to the United States, but extending over both the Americas—more or less to the Indies, East and West—to Egypt—even to distant Australia—to remote Asiatic tribes assembled at the great fairs of Novgorod, and over Europe generally, but especially to England. Here the arms of Colonel Colt, first introduced in splendid style through the World's Fair, were warmly welcomed, and led to the speedy establishment in London of an extensive armoury for their manufacture, and to their rapid adoption into the British army and naval service.

"In whatever aspect the different observers viewed the American repeaters," says an account of the impression they made at the Crystal Palace, "all agreed that perfection had been reached in the art of destruction. None were more astonished than the English, to find themselves so far surpassed in an art which they had studied and practised for centuries, by a nation whose existence was within the memory of man, and whose greatest triumphs had been in the paths of peaceful industry. Lord Wellington was found often in the American department, pointing out the great advantage of these repeaters to other officers, and his friends, and the different scientific as well as popular journals of the country

united in one common tribute of praise to the ingenuity and genius of Colonel Colt. The Institute of Civil Engineers, one of the most highly scientific and practical boards of its kind in the world, invited Colonel Colt to read a paper before its members upon the subject of these arms, and two of its meetings were occupied in hearing him, and in discussing the merits of his invention." He was the first American inventor who was ever thus complimented by this celebrated Institute, and he received at its hands, for his highly able and interesting paper, the award of a gold medal and a life membership.

In addition to his presence before the Institute, Colonel Colt—in high compliment to his experience and skill, appeared also, by special invitation, before a Select Committee on Small Arms of the British Parliament—and there gave testimony which was gladly received, and deemed of superior practical value. His own statements were amply corroborated at the time, before the same committee, by British officers and others, who had visited his armoury in America, and especially by J. Nasmyth, the inventor of the celebrated steam hammer, who, in reply to the inquiry what effect his visit to Colt's manufactory had upon his mind, answered: "It produced a very impressive effect, and such I shall never forget. The first impression was to humble me very considerably. What struck me at Colonel Colt's was, that the acquaintance with correct principles had been carried out in a fearless and masterly manner, and they had been pushed to their full extent; and the result was the attainment of perfection and economy such as I had never met with before."

But it is not only in the department of arms that Colonel Colt's mechanical genius has displayed itself. He also invented an apparatus for blowing up vessels, and for coast and harbour defence, which, in his own hands signally successful, and for a time experimented upon under the patronage and at the expense of the American Government, will, to a great extent, take

the place of forts and bastions for maritime defence. Attracted by Fulton's plan for an organized system of torpedo attack against the Boulogne and Brest flotillas, his ever-ready ingenuity was applied to the construction of a submarine battery, which was to be exploded by the operator while sitting securely at any distance from the object to be demolished, and was to be of force enough to blow even the largest man-of-war, with all her crew and armament, "sky high."

His first experiment in this connection was made upon a craft called the *Boxer*, in New York harbour, in the presence of many thousands of spectators. It was completely successful. Colonel Colt, from on board the United States ship *North Carolina*, applied his power, and quicker than thought the doomed hulk, with a tremendous explosion, was thrown into the air and shattered into fragments.

His second experiment was made in the channel of the Potomac, opposite the Arsenal at Washington, in the presence of the President of the United States, and an immense and brilliant concourse of spectators gathered from every quarter. Colonel Colt was at this time at Alexandria, five miles distant from the point which was to be the scene of destruction; and at the appointed signal the doomed *Volta*, a schooner of about sixty tons, was seen flying—in "millions of atoms"—into the air; not in fragments, but in *atoms*," says an eye-witness; "the particles returned to the bosom of the waters; no two pieces of board remained together; it was not annihilation, but *atomization*."

His third experiment was again upon the Potomac, and in the presence of a similar crowd of spectators. The fated vessel in this case was a bark of 500 tons burden, full rigged, her sails partially set, with a blood-red flag from her mainmast, and the United States flag floating from her stern. At an appointed moment the United States flag was lowered, the cable slipped, and the vessel slowly and gracefully moved up the channel toward the Navy Yard, when, at a signal gun, she was instantly torn in pieces, and all that remained of her was a huge, ill-shapen wreck, that soon settled down to the bottom of the yawning water.

These experiments, and some others on a minor scale, made in the waters of New York and elsewhere, created a general opinion that this new invention of Colonel Colt's, if it could only be always applied with certainty, such as he had himself manifested in its application, would be a wonderful improvement in the art of war.

It was while engaged upon this his submarine battery, and as auxiliary to it, that Colonel Colt—to his great additional fame as a man of rare inventive genius—constructed the first submarine telegraphic insulated wire which was ever put under water, and which he operated with perfect success, first at New York—from the city to Coney Island, and to Fire Island—from the Merchants' Exchange Reading Room, crossing several streams of water, down to the mouth of the harbour—and afterward in the offing at Boston.

Such is a bird's-eye view of some of the biographical and inventive features in the life and times of Colonel Colt. • •



LORD NELSON.

THE HERO OF TRAFALGAR.



HORATIO NELSON, perhaps the greatest sea-captain ever known, was born in 1758, at the parsonage house of Burnham-Thorpe, in Norfolk, of which parish his father was rector. He went to sea at the age of twelve as a midshipman. In 1777 he was made a lieutenant, and in 1779 a post-captain. He now went out to the West Indies in command of the *Hinchin-broke*, and distinguished himself by several gallant exploits on that station. While here he married Mrs. Nesbit, the widow of a physician, by whom, however, he had no family. But the most splendid part of Nelson's career commenced with the war of 1793. It would be altogether impossible for us here to present even the most rapid recital of the numerous actions in which he bore a part from this date until his death. Among many bright names which illuminate

the naval history of England, his shines the brightest of all. Wherever the cannon thundered on the deep, it might be said there was Nelson. When early in 1798 he presented his claim for a pension, in consequence of the loss of his right arm in an attack on Teneriffe, he stated in his memorial that he had been present in more than a hundred engagements. On occasion of his receiving that wound, which nearly proved fatal, he came home for a short time to England; and Mr. Southey, by whom the story of the hero's life has been told with singular fascination, relates the following anecdote in illustration of the popular feeling with which he was regarded:—

“His sufferings from the lost limb were long and painful. A nerve had been taken up in one of the ligatures at the time of the operation; and the ligature, according to the practice of the French surgeons, being of silk instead of waxed thread, produced a constant irritation and discharge; and the ends of the ligature being pulled every day, in

hopes of bringing it away, occasioned fresh agony. He had scarcely any intermission of pain day or night for three months after his return to England. Lady Nelson at his earnest request attended the dressing his arm till she acquired sufficient resolution and skill to dress it herself. One night during this state of suffering, after a day of constant pain, Nelson retired early to bed in hope of enjoying some respite by means of laudanum. He was at that time lodging in Bond Street, and the family was soon disturbed by a mob knocking loudly and violently at the door. The news of Duncan's victory had been made public, and the house was not illuminated. But when the mob were told that Admiral Nelson lay there badly wounded, the foremost of them made answer, 'You shall hear no more from us to-night;' and in fact the feeling of respect and sympathy was communicated with such effect that, under the confusion of such a night, the house was not molested again."

Nelson's two greatest victories, as all our readers know, were those of the Nile and of Trafalgar. The first was gained on the 1st of August, 1798, and effected the complete destruction of the enemy's force; all their ships except two being either captured or sunk. For this brilliant achievement he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile.

The battle of Trafalgar was fought on the 21st of October, 1805, and there this renowned captain fell, amid the blaze of the most splendid triumph ever gained upon the seas.

Before the battle Nelson retired to his cabin and wrote the following prayer: "May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually I commit my life to Him that made me; and may His blessing alight on my endeavours to serve my country faithfully! To Him I

resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen."

Certain of a triumphant issue to the day he asked Captain Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen ships were captured. Nelson replied, "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language of England shall endure: "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed, and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the Great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock coat, bearing on the left breast four stars, of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. But he resisted all entreaties to change his dress. "In honour I gained them," he said, "and in honour I will die with them."

And die he did. It had been part of his prayer that his seamen might be distinguished for humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she

struck, because her great guns were silent ; for as she carried no flag, there were no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizenmast-top, which, in the then situation of the *Victory*, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder. He fell on his face, on the spot which was covered with his secretary's blood. Captain Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my backbone is shot through." Yet even then, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, had not been replaced, and he ordered that new ones should be rove immediately. Then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Three hours and three quarters after he had received his wound he died, his last words being, "Thank God, I have done my duty!"

In reference to Nelson's character as an officer, Mr. Southey says: "Never was any commander more beloved. He governed men by their reason and their affections; they knew that he was incapable of caprice or tyranny, and they obeyed him with alacrity and joy because he possessed their confidence as well as their love. 'Our Nel,' they used to say, 'is as brave as a lion and as gentle as a lamb.' Severe discipline he detested, though he had been bred in a severe school. He never inflicted corporal punishment if it were possible to avoid it; and when compelled to enforce it, he who was familiar with wounds and death suffered like a woman. In his whole life Nelson was never known to act unkindly towards an officer. If he was asked to prosecute one for ill-behaviour, he used to answer, 'That there was no occasion for him to ruin a poor devil who was suffi-

ciently his own enemy to ruin himself.' To his midshipmen he ever showed the most winning kindness, encouraging the diffident, tempering the hasty, counselling and be-friending both."

It was the wish of the sovereign, George III., that all ranks of the people, from the peer to the lowest of the populace, might have an opportunity of witnessing the respect paid to the remains of the hero, who all his life had scourged, and in dying had annihilated, the fleets of France and Spain, and who had established the independence of his country by proving her to be invincible on the ocean. It was for this reason that the ceremony of his funeral was made to extend over two days, the 8th and 9th of January, 1806. Nelson had fallen on the 21st of October, in the previous year: his body had been brought to Greenwich Hospital, where it had lain in state during the preparations for its interment in St. Paul's Cathedral.

At about eight o'clock on the morning of the 8th, the heralds and naval officers, who had shortly before assembled at the Admiralty, arrived at Greenwich Hospital, where they were met by the lord mayor, aldermen, and corporation committee appointed to conduct the aquatic procession. A little after ten o'clock the body of the deceased hero was borne from the saloon and out at the eastern portal, and placed on board the state barge. During its slow and solemn transit to the water's edge, the mournful music of the "Dead March" in "Saul," the booming of minute guns at regular intervals, and the tolling of bells, announced that the funeral pageant had commenced. It was noon ere the whole procession, arranged in order, sailed slowly from Greenwich. The third barge, covered with black velvet, bore the body of the hero, under a large sheet and a pall of velvet ornamented with six escutcheons—the heraldic king of arms standing at the head, and bearing a viscount's coronet upon a black velvet cushion. The union flag waved at the prow. On board the fourth barge, Peter Parker, as chief



MONUMENT TO LORD NELSON, AT THE MINAI STRAITS
Executed by Lord Clarence Paget.

mourner, was surrounded by admirals whose names stood highest in the service, and heroes who had fought in the same cause for which Nelson died. On the deck, holding the banner of emblems in his hand, stood Capt. Hardy of the *Victory*, who had kissed poor Nelson as he lay writhing in the death struggle, and had received his last commands. The fifth barge was that of his majesty, George III., and this was followed by twelve others bearing the commissioners of the Admiralty, the lord mayor and corporation, and the members of the several civic companies, each in their own vessels. The barges were all covered with black cloth. The funeral barge which carried the body was rowed by seamen belonging to Nelson's own crew, and the others by men selected from the Greenwich pensioners. The flags of each were hoisted half-mast high, and minute guns were fired as they tracked their sluggish way. The barges were flanked with twenty-six row-boats belonging to the river fencibles and the harbour marines.

The procession arrived at Whitehall-stairs in two lines, through which the barge bearing the body of Nelson advanced. The trumpets blew a wailing dirge, and the gun-boats answered with booming peals as the disembarkation went on, and the procession moved onwards towards the Admiralty, where the body lay in state, the Rev. Mr. Scott, Nelson's chaplain, sitting up with it all night.

On the morning of Thursday the 9th, while it wanted yet an hour of daylight, the half-stifled roll of muffled drums was heard in every district of the city, calling the different volunteer corps to arms. The procession, headed by the Duke of York, and bands of seamen and marines from the *Victory*, slowly made its way from the Admiralty to St. Paul's Cathedral. Just as the body was being lowered to its last resting-place, the twelve seamen from the *Victory*, who bore the corpse of the gallant commander, were also about to lower his flag into the tomb, but suddenly with one accord they rent it in pieces, in order that

each might preserve a fragment as long as he lived. The trophies of the deceased, with the standards and banners, having been deposited on a table near the grave, the procession, arranged by the officers of arms, slowly departed from the cathedral in the same order in which they had entered in the morning. Thus terminated the funeral obsequies of the greatest naval commander the world ever saw.

A short time ago a statue of Lord Nelson, executed by Lord Clarence Page, K.C.B., was set up in a prominent position on the beautiful shores of the Menai Straits. Besides the artistic merits of the work, which are considerable, and which reflect the highest credit on the amateur sculptor, this statue is remarkable for its size, and still more for the materials in which it is executed, a species of concrete formed from limestone and Portland cement. This material is as durable as, and infinitely cheaper than, stone, and by adopting it our public places might be decorated with copies of works of ancient art, with statues, vases, etc., at a very moderate cost.

Moreover, while the work was in progress, an officer who was making a survey of the Menai Straits for the Admiralty, suggested that by removing the intended site of the statue only a few feet, it would form a good leading landmark for mariners. Lord Clarence gladly complied with the suggestion, and, to quote a passage from his inaugural address, "the immortal hero serves, as he did in life, to point out to the thousands of sailors who pass through the Straits the unerring path of duty, from which it is dangerous to diverge."

The height of the statue, including its plinth, is 19 feet, the pedestal is 9 feet, and the basement 13 feet, the total height of the structure being 41 feet from the summit of the rock. Internally the statue is supported by an iron core passing through the body and limbs, great strength being required on account of the exposed position and the violent winds which blow through the Straits.

MY ESCAPE FROM THE DACOITS.



THIRTY years ago, in 1845, things were not so settled in the Deccan as they are now. There was no idea of insurrection on a large scale, but we were going through one of those outbreaks of Dacoits which have several times proved so troublesome. Bands of marauders kept the country

In confusion, pouring down on a village, now carrying off three or four of the Bombay money-lenders, who were then, as now, the curse of the country; sometimes making an onslaught upon a body of traders, and occasionally venturing to attack small detachments of troops or isolated parties of police. They were not very formidable, but they were very troublesome, and most difficult to catch, for the peasantry regarded them as patriots, and aided and shielded them in every way. The head-quarters of these gangs of Dacoits were the Ghauts. In the thick bush and deep valleys and gorges here they could always take refuge, while sometimes the more daring chiefs converted these detached peaks and masses of rock, numbers of which you can see as you come up the Ghaut by railway, into almost impregnable fortresses. Many of these masses of rock rise as sheer up from the hillside as walls of masonry, and look at a short distance like ruined castles. Some are absolutely inaccessible; others can only be scaled by experienced climbers; and although possible for the natives with their bare feet, were impracticable to European troops. Many of these rock-fortresses were at various times the head-quarters of famous Dacoit leaders, and unless the summits happened to be commanded from some higher ground within gunshot range, they were all but impregnable except by starvation. When driven to bay these fellows would fight well.

Well, about the time I joined, the Dacoits were unusually troublesome; the police had a hard time of it, and almost lived in the saddle, and the cavalry were constantly called up to help them, while detachments of infantry from the station were under canvas at several places along the top of the Ghauts to cut the bands off from their strongholds, and to aid, if necessary, in turning them out of their rock-fortresses. The natives in the valleys at the foot of the Ghauts, who have always been a semi-independent race, ready to rob whenever they saw a chance, were great friends with the Dacoits, and supplied them with provisions whenever the hunt on the Deccan was too hot for them to make raids in that direction.

This is a long introduction, you will say, and does not seem to have much to do with bears; but it is really necessary, as you will see. I had joined about six months when three companies of the regiment were ordered to relieve a wing of the 15th, who had been under canvas at a village some four miles to the north of the point where the line crosses the top of the Ghauts. There were three white officers, and little enough to do, except when a party was sent off to assist the police. We had one or two brushes with the Dacoits, but I was not out on either occasion. However, there was plenty of shooting and a good many pigs about, so we had very good fun. Of course, as a raw hand, I was very hot for it, and as the others had both passed the enthusiastic term, except for pig-sticking and big game, I could always get away. I was supposed not to go far from camp, because, in the first place, I might be wanted; and, in the second, because of the Dacoits; and Norworthy, who was in command, used to impress upon me that I ought not to go beyond the sound of a bugle. Of course we both knew that if I intended to get any sport I must go further afoot than this; but I merely used to say,

'All right, I will keep an ear to the camp,' and he on his part never considered it necessary to ask where the game which appeared on the table came from. But in point of fact I never went very far, and my servant always had instructions which way to send for me if I was wanted, while as to the Dacoits I did not believe in their having the impudence to come in broad daylight within a mile or two of our camp. I did not often go down the face of the Ghauts. The shooting was good, and there was plenty of bears in those days, but it needed a long day for such an expedition, and in view of the Dacoits who might be scattered about, was not a sort of thing to be undertaken except with a strong party. Norworthy had not given any precise orders about it, but I must admit that he said one day :—

'Of course you won't be fool enough to think of going down the Ghauts, Hastings?' But I did not look at that as equivalent to a direct order, whatever I should do now.

However, I never meant to go down, though I used to stand on the edge and look longingly down into the bush and fancy I saw bears moving about in scores. But I don't think that I should have gone into their country if they had not come into mine. One day the fellow who always carried my spare gun or flask, and who was a sort of shekarry in a small way, told me that he had heard that a farmer whose house stood near the edge of the Ghauts, some two miles away, had been seriously annoyed by his fruit and corn being stolen by bears.

'I'll go and have a look at the place to-morrow,' I said, 'there is no parade, and I can start early; you may as well tell the mess cook to put you up a basket with some tiffin and a bottle of claret, and get a boy to carry it over.'

'The bears not come in day,' Rahman said.

'Of course not,' I replied, 'still I may like to find out which way they come. Just do as you are told.'

The next morning, at seven o'clock, I was at the farmer's spoken of, and there

was no mistake as to the bears. A patch of Indian corn had been ruined by them and two dogs had been killed. The native was in a terrible state of rage and alarm; he said that on moonlight nights he had seen eight of them, and they came and sniffed around the door of the cottage.

'Why don't you fire through the window at them?' I said scornfully, for I had seen a score of tame bears in captivity, and like you, Mary, was inclined to despise them, though there was far less excuse for me, for I had heard stories which should have convinced me that, small as he is, the Indian bear is not a beast to be attacked with impunity. Upon walking to the edge of the Ghauts there was no difficulty in discovering the route by which the bears came up to the farm. For a mile to the right and left the ground fell away as if cut with a knife, leaving a precipice of over a hundred feet sheer down; but close by where I was standing was the head of a water-course, which in time had gradually worn a sort of cleft in the wall up or down which it was not difficult to make one's way. Further down this little gorge widened out and became a deep ravine, and further still a wide valley where it opened upon the flats far below us. About half a mile down where the ravine was deepest and darkest was a thick clump of trees and jungle.

'That's where the bears are?' I asked Rahman. He nodded. It seemed no distance. I could get down and back in time for tiffin, and perhaps bag a couple of bears. For a young sportsman the temptation was great. 'How long would it take us to go down and have a shot or two at them?'

'No good go down. Master come here at night. shoot bears when they come up.'

I had thought of that; but, in the first place, it did not seem much of sport to shoot the beasts from cover when they were quietly eating, and, in the next place, I knew that Norworthy could not, even if he were willing, give me leave to go out of camp at night. I waited hesitating for a few minutes, and then I said to myself, it is

of no use waiting, I could go down and get a bear and be back again while I am thinking of it; then to Rahman, 'No, come along, we will have a look through that wood anyhow.' Rahman evidently did not like it.

'Not easy find bear, Sahib. He very cunning.'

'Well, very likely we shan't find them,' I said, 'but we can try anyhow. Bring that bottle with you, the tiffin basket can wait here till we come back.' In another five minutes I had began to climb down the water-course—the shekarry following me. I took the double-barrelled rifle and handed him the shot gun, having just dropped a bullet down each barrel over the charge. The ravine was steep, but there were bushes to hold on by, and, although it was hot work and took a good deal longer than I expected, we at last got down to the place which I had fixed upon as likely to be the bears' home. 'Sahib, climb up top,' Rahman said, 'come down through wood; no good fire at bear when he above.' I had heard that before; but I was hot, the sun was pouring down, there was not a breath of wind, and it looked a long way up to the top of the wood. 'Give me the claret. It would take too long to search the wood regularly; we will sit down here for a bit, and if we can see anything moving up in the wood, well and good; if not, we will come back again another day with some beaters and dogs.'

So saying, I sat down with my back against a rock, at a spot where I could look up among the trees for a long way through a natural vista. I had a drink of claret, and then I sat and watched till gradually I dropped off to sleep. I don't know how long I slept, but it was some time, and I woke up with a sudden start. Rahman, who had, I fancy, been asleep too, also started up. The noise which had aroused us was made by a rolling stone striking a rock behind; and, looking up, I saw some fifty yards up, not in the wood, but on the rocky hillside, on our side of the ravine, a bear standing, as though unconscious of

our presence, snuffing the air. As was natural, I seized my rifle, cocked it, and took aim, heeding not a cry of 'No, no, Sahib,' from Rahman. However, I was not going to miss such a chance as this, and I let fly. The beast had been standing sideways to me, and as I saw him falling I felt sure that I had hit him in the heart. I gave a shout of triumph, and was about to climb up, when, from behind the rock on which the bear had stood, appeared another growling fiercely, who, on seeing me, at once prepared to come down. Stupidly, being taken by surprise, and being new at it, I fired at once at its head. The bear gave a spring, and then—it seemed instantaneous—down it came at me. Whether it rolled down, or slipped down, or ran down, I don't know, but it came almost as if it had jumped straight down.

'My gun, Rahman,' I shouted, holding out my hand. There was no answer. I glanced round and found that the scoundrel had bolted. I had time, and only just time, to take a step backwards, and to club my rifle, when the brute was upon me. I got one fair blow at the side of its head, a blow that would have smashed the skull of any civilized beast into pieces, and which did fortunately break the brute's jaw; then in an instant he was upon me, and I was fighting for life. My hunting-knife was out, and with my left hand I had the beast by the throat, while with my right I tried to drive my knife into his ribs. My bullet had gone through his chest. The impetus of his charge had knocked me over, and we rolled on the ground, he tearing with his claws at my shoulder and arm, I stabbing and struggling, my great effort being to keep my legs up so as to protect my body with them from his hind claws. After the first blow with his paw, which laid my shoulder open, I do not think I felt any special pain whatever. There was a strange faint sensation, and my whole energy seemed centred in the two ideas—to strike and to keep my knees up. I knew that I was getting faint, but I was dimly conscious that his efforts, too, were relaxing. His

weight on me seemed to increase enormously, and the last idea that flashed across me was that it was a drawn fight.

The next idea of which I was conscious was that I was being carried. I seemed to be swinging about, and I thought I was at sea. Then there was a little jolt and a sense of pain. 'A collision,' I muttered, and opened my eyes. Beyond the fact that I seemed in a yellow world—a bright orange yellow—my eyes did not help me, and I lay vaguely wondering about it all, till the rocking ceased; there was another bump, and then the yellow world seemed to come to an end, and as the day seemed again to stream in upon me I fainted again. This time when I awoke to consciousness things were clearer. I was stretched by a little stream. A native woman was sprinkling my face and washing the blood from my wounds; while another, who had with my own knife cut off my coat and shirt, was tearing the latter into strips to bandage my wounds. The yellow world was explained. I was lying on the yellow robe of one of the women. They had tied the ends together, placed a long stick through them, and carried me as in a bag-like hammock. They nodded to me when they saw I was conscious, and brought water in a large leaf and poured it into my mouth. Then one went away for some time, and came back with some leaves and bark. These they chewed, put on my wounds, bound them up with strips of my shirt, and then again knotted the ends of the cloth, and lifting me up, went on as before.

I was sure that we were much lower down the Ghapt than we had been when I was watching for the bears, and we were now going still down. However, I knew very little Hindustani, nothing of the language the women spoke. I was too weak to stand, too weak even to think much; and I dozed and woke, and dozed again, until, after it seemed to me many hours of travel, we stopped again, this time before a tent. Two or three old women and four or five men came out, and there was great talking between them and the young women

—for they were young—who had carried me down. Some of the party appeared angry; but at last things quieted down, and I was carried into the tent. I had fever, and was, I suppose, delirious for days. I afterwards found that for fully a fortnight I had lost all consciousness; but a good constitution and the nursing of the women pulled me round. When once the fever had gone, I began to mend rapidly. I tried to explain to the women that if they would go up to the camp and tell them where I was they would be well rewarded; but although I was sure they understood, they shook their heads, and by the fact that as I became stronger two or three armed men always hung about the tent, I came to the conclusion that I was a sort of prisoner. This was annoying, but did not seem serious. If these people were Dacoits, or, as was more likely, allies of the Dacoits, I could be kept only for ransom or exchange. Moreover, I felt sure of my ability to escape when I got strong, especially as I believed that in the young women who had saved my life, both in bringing me down and by their careful nursing, I should find friends.

Except for the soft, dark eyes common to the race, and the good temper and light-heartedness also so general among Hindoo girls; and the tenderness which women feel towards a creature whose life they have saved, whether it is a wounded bird or a drowning puppy, they were nothing remarkable in the way of beauty, but at the time I know that I thought them charming.

Just as I was getting strong enough to walk, and was beginning to think of getting away, a band of five or six fellows, armed to the teeth, came in and made signs that I was to go with them. It was evidently an arranged thing; the girls only were surprised, but they were at once turned out, and as we started I could see two crouching figures in the shade, with their clothes over their heads. I had a native garment thrown over my shoulders, and in five minutes after the arrival of the fellows found myself on my way. It took us some six hours before we

reached our destination, which was one of those natural rock-citadels. Had I been in my usual health, I could have done the distance in an hour and a half, but I had to rest constantly, and was finally carried rather than helped up. I had gone not unwillingly, for the men were clearly, by their dress, Dacoits of the Deccan, and I had no doubt that it was intended either to ransom or exchange me.

At the foot of this natural castle were some twenty or thirty more robbers, and I was led to a rough sort of arbour in which was lying, on a pile of maize straw, a man who was evidently their chief. He rose and we exchanged salaams.

'What is your name, Sahib?' he asked in Mahratta.

'Hastings—Lieutenant Hastings,' I said. 'And yours?'

'Sivajee Punt!' he said.

This was bad. I had fallen into the hands of the most troublesome, most ruthless, and most famous of the Dacoit leaders. Over and over again he had been hotly chased, but had always managed to get away; and when I last heard of anything, four or five troops of native police were scouring the country after him. He gave an order which I did not understand, and a wretched Bombay writer, I suppose a clerk of some money lender, was dragged forward. Sivajee Punt spoke to him for some time, and the fellow then told me in English that I was to write at once to the officer commanding the troops, that I was in his hands, and that I should be put to death directly he was attacked.

'Ask him if he will take any sum of money to let me go?'

Sivajee shook his head very decidedly.

A piece of paper was put before me, and a pen and ink, and I wrote as I had been ordered, adding, however, in French, that I had brought myself into my present position by my own folly, and that I would take my chance, for I well knew the importance which Government attached to Sivajee's capture. I read out loud all that I had written in English, and the interpreter trans-

lated it. Then the paper was folded up and I addressed it, 'The Officer Commanding,' and I was given some chupattis and a drink of water, and allowed to sleep. The Dacoits had apparently no fear of any immediate attack. It was still dark, although morning was just breaking, when I was awakened, and was got up to the citadel. I was hoisted rather than climbed, two men standing above with a rope tied round my body, so that I was half hauled, half pushed up the difficult places, which would have taxed all my climbing powers had I been in health. The height of this mass of rock was about 100 feet; the top was fairly flat, with some depressions and risings, and about eighty feet long by fifty wide. It had evidently been used as a fortress in ages past. Along the side facing the hill were the remains of a rough wall. In the centre of a depression was a cistern, some four feet square, lined with stone work, and in the side of another depression a gallery had been cut, leading to a subterranean store room or chamber.

This natural fortress rose from the face of the hill, at a distance of a thousand yards or so from the edge of the plateau, which was fully two hundred feet higher than the top of the rock. In the old days it would be impregnable, and even at that time it was an awkward place to take, for the troops were armed only with Brown Bess, and rifled cannon were not thought of. Looking round, I could see that I was some four miles from the point where I had descended. The camp was gone, but running my eye along the edge of the plateau, I could see the tops of tents a mile to my right, and again, two miles to the left; turning round, and looking down into the wide valley, I saw a regimental camp. It was evident that a vigorous effort was being made to surround and capture the Dacoits, since troops had been brought up from Bombay. In addition to the troops above and below, there would probably be a strong police force acting on the flanks of the hill. I did not see all these at the time, for I was, as soon as I got to the top, ordered to sit

down behind the rock-parapet, a fellow armed to the teeth squatting down by me, and signifying that if I showed my head above the stones he would cut my throat without hesitation. There were, however, sufficient gaps between the stones to allow me to have a view of the upper line, while below my view extended down to the hills behind Bombay.

It was evident to me now why the Dacoits did not climb up into the fortress. There were dozens of similar crags on the face of the Ghauts, and the troops did not as yet know their whereabouts. It was a sort of blockade of the whole face of the hills which was being kept up, and there were, probably enough, several other bands of Dacoits lurking in the jungle. There were only two guards and myself on the rock-plateau. I discussed with myself the chances of my overpowering them, and holding the top of the rock till help came, but I was greatly weakened, and was not a match for a boy, much less for the two stalwart Mahrattas, besides, I was by no means sure that the way I had been brought up was the only possible path to the top.

The day passed off quietly. The heat on the bare rock was frightful, but one of the men, seeing how weak and ill I really was, fetched a thick rug from the storehouse, and with the aid of a stick made a sort of lean-to against the wall, in which I lay sheltered from the sun. Once or twice during the day I heard a few distant musket shots, and once a sharp heavy outburst of firing. It must have been three or four miles away, but it was on the side of the Ghauts, and showed that the troops or police were at work. My guards looked anxiously in that direction, and uttered sundry curses. When it was dusk, Sivajee and eight of the Dacoits came up. From what they said, I gathered that the rest of the band had dispersed, trusting either to get through the line of their pursuers, or, if caught, to escape with slight punishment, the men who remained being too deeply concerned in murderous outrages to hope for mercy. Sivajee himself handed me a

letter, which the man who had taken my note had brought back in reply. Major Knapp, the writer, who was the second in command, said that he could not engage the Government, but that if Lieut. Hastings was given up, the act would certainly dispose the Government to take the most merciful view possible, but that, if, on the contrary, any harm was suffered by Lieut. Hastings, every man taken would be at once hung.

Sivajee did not appear put out about it. I do not think that he expected any other answer, and that his real object in writing was simply to let them know that I was a prisoner, and so enable him the better to paralyse the attack upon a position which he no doubt considered all but impregnable. I was given food, and was then allowed to walk as I chose upon the little plateau, two of the Dacoits taking post as sentries at the steepest part of the path, and the rest gathered chatting and smoking in the depression in front of the stone house. It was still light enough for me to see for some distance down the face of the rock, and I strained my eyes to see if I could discern any other spot at which an ascent or descent was possible. The prospect was not encouraging. At some places the face fell sheer away from the edge, and so evident was the impracticability of escape that the only place which I glanced twice at was the western side, that is the one away from the hill. Here it sloped gradually for a few feet. I took off my shoes and went down to the edge. Below, some ten feet, was a ledge, to which with care I could get down, but below that a sheer fall of some fifty feet. As a means of escape it was hopeless, but it struck me that if an attack was made I might slip away and get on to the ledge. Then I could not be seen except by any one standing as I was on the edge of the slope, to which it was very unlikely that any one would come. The thought gave me a shadow of hope, and, returning to the upper end of the platform, I lay down, and in spite of the hardness of the rock, was soon asleep. The pain of my

aching bones woke me up several times, and once, just as the first tinge of dawn was coming, I thought I could hear movements in the jungle. I raised myself somewhat, and I saw that the sounds had been heard by the Dacoits, for they were standing listening, and some of them were bringing spare firearms from the storehouse, in evident preparation for attack.

As I afterwards learned, the police had caught one of the Dacoits trying to effect his escape, and by means of a little of the ingenious tortures which the Indian police then frequently, now sometimes, resort to when their white officers are absent, they obtained from him the exact position of Sivajee's band, and the side from which the ascent must be made. That the Dacoit and his band were still upon the slopes of the Ghauts they knew, and were gradually narrowing their circle, but there were so many rocks and hiding-places that the process of search was a slow one, and the intelligence was so important that the news was, off at once to the colonel, who gave orders for the police to surround the rock at daylight and to storm it if possible. The garrison was so small that the police were alone ample for the work, supposing that the natural difficulties were not altogether insuperable. Just at daybreak there was a distant noise of men moving in the jungle, and the Dacoit halfway down the path fired his gun. He was answered by a shout and a volley. The Dacoits on guard appeared on the plateau, and they all lay down on the edge where, sheltered by a parapet, they commanded the path. They paid no attention to me, and I kept as far away as possible. The fire began—a quiet, steady fire, a shot at a time, and in strong contrast to the rattle kept up in the direction of the surrounding jungle; but every shot must have told, as man after man strove to climb that steep path. It lasted only ten minutes, and then all was quiet again. The attack had failed, as I knew that it must do, for two men could have held the place against an army; a quarter of an hour later a gun from the crest above

spoke out, and a round shot whistled above our heads. Beyond annoyance, an artillery fire could do no harm, for the party could be absolutely safe in the stone caves. The instant the shot flew overhead, however, Sivajee Punt beckoned to me, and motioned me to take my seat on the wall facing the guns. Hesitation was useless, and I took my seat with my back to the Dacoits, and my face to the guns. One of the Dacoits, as I did so, pulled off the native cloth which covered my shoulders, in order clearly that I might be seen. Just as I took my place another round shot hummed by, but then there was a long interval of silence. With a field-glass every feature must have been distinguishable to the gunners, and they were waiting for orders. I glanced round and saw that with the exception of one fellow squatted behind the parapet some half-dozen yards away, clearly as a sentry to keep me in place, all the others had disappeared. Some, no doubt, were on sentry down the path, the others were in the store beneath me. After half an hour's silence the guns spoke out again. Evidently the gunners were told to be as careful as they could, for some of the shots went wide on the left, others on the right. A few struck the rock below me.

The situation was not pleasant, but I thought that at a thousand yards they ought not to hit me, and I tried to distract my attention by thinking out what I should do under every possible contingency. Presently I felt a crash and a shock, and fell backwards to the ground. I was not hurt, and in picking myself up saw that the ball had struck the parapet to the left, just where my guard was sitting, and he lay covered with fragments. His turban lay some yards behind him. Whether he was dead or not I neither knew nor cared. I pushed down some of the parapet where I had been sitting, dropped my cap on the edge outside, so as to make it appear that I had fallen over, and then, picking up the turban, ran to the other end of the platform and scrambled down to the ledge. Then I began to wave my arms about—I had

nothing on above the waist—and in a moment I saw a face with a uniform cap peer out through the jungle, and a hand was waved. I made signs to him to make his way to the foot of the perpendicular wall of rock beneath me. I then unwound the turban, whose length was, I knew, amply sufficient to reach to the bottom, and then looked round for something to write on. I had my pencil still in my trousers' pocket, but not a scrap of paper. I picked up a flattish piece of rock and wrote on it, 'Get a rope-ladder quickly, I can haul it up. Ten men in garrison. They are all under cover. Keep up firing to distract attention.'

I tied the stone to the end of the turban and looked over. A non-commissioned officer of the police was already standing below. I lowered the stone; he took it, waved his hand to me, and was gone. An hour passed; it seemed an age. The round shots still rang overhead, and the fire was now much more heavy and sustained than before. Presently I again saw a movement in the jungle, and Norworthy's face appeared, and he waved his arm in greeting. Five minutes more and a party were gathered at the foot of the rock, and a strong rope was tied to the cloth. I pulled it up, and then waited. A rope-ladder now followed, and the top rung was in a minute or two in my hands. To it was tied a piece of paper, with the words, 'Can you fasten the ladder?' I wrote on the paper, 'No; but I can hold it for a light weight.'

I put the paper with a stone in the end of the sash, and lowered it again. Then I sat down, tied the rope round my waist, got my feet against two projections, and waited. There was a jerk, and then I felt some one was coming up the rope-ladder. The strain was far less than I expected, but the native policeman who came up first did not weigh half so much as an average Englishman. There were now two of us to hold. The officer in command of the police came up next, then Norworthy, then

a dozen more police. I explained the situation, and we mounted to the upper level. Not a soul was to be seen. Quickly we advanced and took up a position to command the door of the cave; while one of the police waved a white cloth from his bayonet as a signal to the gunners to cease firing. Then the police officer hailed the party within the cave. 'Sivajee Punt! you may as well come out and give yourself up. We are in possession, and resistance is useless.' A yell of rage and surprise was heard, and the Dacoits, all desperate men, came bounding out, firing as they did so. Half of this number were shot down at once, and the rest, after a short, sharp struggle, were bound hand and foot.

That is pretty well all of the story, I think. Sivajee Punt was one of the killed. The prisoners were all either hung or imprisoned for life. I escaped my blowing-up for having gone down the Ghauts after the bear, because, after all, Sivajee Punt might have defied their force for months had I not done so. It seems that that scoundrel Rahman took back word that I was killed. Norworthy sent down a strong party, who found the two dead bears, and who, having searched everywhere without finding any signs of my body, came to the conclusion that I had been found and carried away, especially as they ascertained that natives used that path. They had offered rewards, but nothing was heard of me till my note saying I was in Sivajee's hands arrived.

I never saw the women again. I did, however, after immense trouble succeed in finding out where it was that I had been taken to. I went down once with a couple of other men, but found it deserted. I sent messages to the women to come up to the camp, but they never came; and I was reduced at last to sending them down two sets of silver bracelets, and necklace, and bangles, which must have rendered them the envy of all the women on the Ghauts. They sent back a message of grateful thanks, and I never heard of them after."



THE SENTINEL ROCK, DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN COOK.

CAPTAIN COOK.

No name stands higher in the roll of those who have made themselves famous by maritime discovery than that of Captain James Cook; and though modern voyagers have enlarged his discoveries, he must always have the credit which attaches to the pioneer in any worthy cause. He was a bright example of what may be done by energy of character to obviate the disadvantages of a lowly origin; while his tragical death has invested his memory with a never-ending interest.

Captain Cook was born in 1728, at Marton, in Yorkshire. His father was an agricultural labourer. The youth was at first apprenticed to a haberdasher, but preferred a sea life, and entered the coasting trade, on board a barque called the *Freelove*, engaged in the coal trade. In this vessel he made a voyage or two as an apprentice, then as foremast man, and ultimately as

mate. By a fortunate conjunction of circumstances he was enabled to enter the Royal Navy, in which he soon rose to the rank of master. As marine-surveyor he drew up some charts and observations of the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, and these coming under the notice of the Royal Society, they offered him the command of an expedition to the Pacific Ocean, to make an observation of the transit of Venus over the face of the sun. Tahiti was fixed upon as the place where the observations were to be made, and for this island, then almost unknown to Europeans, Cook sailed from Plymouth on the 26th August, 1768, in command of the *Endeavour*, a barque of 370 tons.

On the 13th of April, 1769—so slow were then maritime voyages—Cook arrived at Tahiti, and accomplished his mission. The *Endeavour* then visited the islands of Huaheine, Raiatea, Otaha, and Bolabola, and ultimately reached New Zealand, which had not been touched at by Europeans for more than a century, and then, sailing

westward, reached Australia, at what is now called New South Wales. This land he took possession of in the name of King George III., and steered for New Guinea, passing between that country and Australia, and thus proving that it was an island. He afterwards visited Java, Batavia, and the Cape of Good Hope, and returned from his first Pacific voyage in 1771. Honours awaited the successful explorer. He was promoted to the rank of commander, introduced to the king, and treated with especial consideration by such men as Dr. Johnson and the members of the Royal Society.

This voyage had its fruit in a second expedition for the discovery of what was then called *Terra Australis Incognita*, which was believed to be situated in higher latitudes than turned out to be the case, and over the reputed site of which Cook had sailed in the *Endeavour*. The ships composing this expedition were the *Resolution* and the *Adventure*, the former of 462 tons, and the latter of 336. Cook himself took the command of the *Resolution*, and the *Adventure* was put under Commander Furneaux, a like-minded man. The combined crews consisted of 193 men. The instructions given to Cook were: "To circumnavigate the whole globe in high southern latitudes, making traverses from time to time into every part of the Pacific Ocean that had not undergone previous investigation, and to use his best endeavours to resolve the much-agitated question of the existence of a southern continent." The ships sailed in 1772. It is not necessary to detail the course of this voyage; suffice it to say that it completely exploded the idea of *Terra Australis Incognita*, as no land was found between the 50th and 70th parallels. He arrived in England in 1775, after a three years' voyage in the Pacific and Southern Ocean, in which he had sailed about 20,000 leagues. So admirable, says a biographer, were his arrangements for the health of his crew, that during the whole voyage he lost only one man by sickness; and so skilful his seamanship, that not a

spar of any consequence was lost. In this voyage he narrowly escaped with his life, being attacked by a man with a club at the landing-place at Owharre—a sad forecast of his ultimate fate.

Cook's third and last voyage was undertaken in quest of a supposed North-west Passage from the North Pacific to the North Atlantic Oceans—an idea which had held possession of men's minds for centuries, and a problem which it has been reserved for our own times, under the leadership of McClintock, to solve. His offer to the Admiralty to make another attempt was accepted, and in his old ship the *Resolution*, accompanied by Captain Clarke in the *Discovery*, he sailed from Plymouth in 1776. He determined to reverse the ordinary route followed for this purpose, and to make the passage by way of Behring's Straits, instead of Baffin's Bay and Davis' Strait, and to revisit the islands in the Southern Ocean on his way.

The first discovery was two large islands, which were named Prince Edward's Islands, and on Christmas Day, 1776, they anchored at Kerguelen's Land, where a bottle was found, containing a piece of parchment stating that a French vessel had landed there three or four years previously. A month afterwards Van Diemen's Land, now called Tasmania, was sighted; and on February 12th, Cook anchored for a third time off New Zealand. Here great caution had to be exercised, as the natives were very warlike, and had on a former occasion killed ten of the crew of the *Adventure*. At the Friendly Isles, Cook, as usual, met with a friendly reception. At Tongataboo he resided in the king's house for three months; and stocked the island with domestic animals. They at length reached Tahiti, and Cook was equally kind to the king, Otoo, to whom he gave the remainder of the animals on board. They had here a very startling reminder that they were among a savage race, for they were the involuntary witnesses in a human sacrifice, the victims being killed by a blow from a club. At Huaheine he experienced much

trouble from thieves, and from desertions, and attempts were made to kill both him and Captain Clarke, which fortunately failed. Christmas, 1778, was spent with great jollity at a small island, to which he gave the name of Christmas, and a few days afterwards he pursued his voyage northwards to Behring's Straits. At Nootka Sound he found the natives to be cannibals, and most unscrupulous and successful thieves as well. They still kept to the northward, and in a few weeks were stopped by ice, in latitude $70^{\circ} 44'$ north. Behring's Straits were thoroughly explored, and then Captain Cook returned to the Sandwich Islands to refit.

The end of his adventurous career was now approaching. In November, Cook arrived at Hawaii, a large island. The inhabitants appeared frank and cordial in their behaviour. More than a thousand canoes surrounded the two ships, laden with hogs and other provisions for sale. At a place called Karakakooa Bay, Cook had an interview with Terreeoboo, king of the island, and exchanged names with that monarch, a high mark of friendship. The friendliness manifested by the chiefs was, however, deceptive, and Cook, knowing this, was anxious not to give them any excuse for outrages. But the natives, by seizing a boat belonging to the *Discovery*, brought on a collision. The captain landed to search for the boat, intending to seize the king, and hold him as a hostage for its restoration. The result was a tragedy, the course of which we trace from the excellent Life of Cook which Mr. Kingston has given to the world.

The king was easily secured; and as the captain held him by the hand, urged him to come to the ship, a vast number of people collected, armed with all sorts of weapons. At this time he might have repulsed the natives, but his humanity would not allow him to attack them. The natives now began to throw stones, and one man threatened the captain with his dagger. In defence he fired twice, and killed a man. By this time the marines began to fire, and

the captain turned round towards the sea, when a man struck him on the back with a club, and he fell on his hands and knees. A chief with a long dagger plunged it into his back, and he fell into the water, and was kept down by the natives. Nothing more was seen of him. The natives pressed on the marines, four of whom were killed before they could reach the boats, and one who could not swim was rescued by Lieutenant Phillips, who, though wounded, leaped overboard and brought him to the boat. Though the boats still kept up their fire, the natives continued plunging their daggers into the body of Cook, so long as they could be discerned.

As soon as the murderers of Cook had retired, Mr. King went on shore to try and negotiate for the body of his commander. A few days afterwards a man came off with some human flesh, saying that the rest had been burned; but that the head, and bones, and hands were in the possession of the king. Retaliation was made, and several of the natives were shot. At last King Terreeoboo sent a chief with presents to sue for peace; and the hands and various parts of the body of Cook were brought on board, wrapped in a quantity of fine cloth, and covered with a cloak of black and white feathers. The feet and other parts were returned the next day, and being placed in a coffin, they were committed to the deep with the usual naval honours. So furious was the rage of the crews of the two ships, that they almost mutinied against their officers, when prevented from going ashore, as they desired, to wreak their vengeance on the natives. Captain Cook was in the fifty-first year of his age when he was thus suddenly cut off.

The news of the death of Captain Cook was received by his countrymen, and it may be said by the world, with the feeling that one of the great men of the age was lost; and both in his own and foreign nations public honours were liberally paid to his memory. In the century which has elapsed since his death, no newer name in the same department has eclipsed the lustre of his

his humanity was as great as his bravery; and of him it has been said that "while numberless have been our naval heroes who have sought and gained reputation at the cannon's mouth, and amidst the din of war,

it has been the lot of Cook to derive celebrity from less imposing but not less important exploits, as they tended to promote the intercourse of distant nations and increase the stock of useful science."

✓ BERNARD PALISSY, THE HUGUENOT POTTER.



N the south-west of France, there is an ancient province, formerly named Perigord, now forming part of the department of the Dordogne. At its southern extremity, and upon a hill, not three-fourths of a mile from its boundary, stands the little town of Biron, in or near which, about the year 1509, Bernard Palissy was born. A mountainous and inland district, without commerce and without manufactures, its inhabitants depended for their subsistence upon the produce of their forests and the fattening of their pigs; truffles and pork being their chief edible luxuries. It produced, as such districts generally do, a race of hardy, free-hearted, liberty-loving men; no better soldiers were furnished to the armies of Francis I.

Like many a great unknown, Palissy is his own family. It is not known that he had a parentage—the only evidence thereof being a not very violent presumption. Lamartine tells us that the young Palissy, when a boy, kneaded marl and burnt bricks, at his father's kiln in the village of Chapelle Biron; but Lamartine is not the best historical authority in the world, and too often sacrifices fact to figure,—particular to point. And as Palissy himself tell us, that when he commenced his experiments in pottery, he "had never seen earth baked," we must conclude, that

however the kiln in Biron came, in after-generations, to be called "Palissy's kiln," it could not have belonged to Palissy's father. "For a long time," he says, "I practised glass painting, until I was assured that I could earn bread by labours in earth." We must imagine the young Palissy, therefore, wandering from village to village in the district of Perigord, or in the neighbouring district of Agenois, curious in the mosaics of old mullioned windows, and studious of chromatic effects, artistically accomplished in the disposition of bits of painted glass—sometimes, "for the love of God," doing the necessary repairs to the window of a church, and sometimes finding a more lucrative job at some old baronial hall. Glass-painting was one of the most honourable of trades, decidedly a member of the aristocracy of the manual arts; and younger sons of noble families, and needy lords with a heraldry longer than their rent-roll, and with more quarterings on their escutcheons than louis in their purses, condescended to live by means of it.

For the sake of fuel and of wood-ashes used in their manufacture, these glass-workers commonly lived on the borders of forests; and in some retreat of this kind Palissy was probably born and brought up. As for education, "I have had no other books," says he, "than heaven and earth, which are open to all." "God," he tells us, "had gifted him with a talent for drawing," and his curious and enterprising mind would soon make him

master of the simple chemistry of his art, and prompt him to speculations and experiments beyond it, unconsciously fitting him for the part that he was afterwards to play; so that the natural forms of his pottery, and the chemistry of his experiments in enamel, may very safely be referred to the Perigord forest and the glass-painting of his boyhood, as also that deep and holy love of nature, which no after-seductions could alienate or corrupt.

Palissy, at about nineteen, felt a yearning for better things than glass-painting, now a declining trade, and determined to see the world. He was well skilled in melting and colouring glass, as also in manufacturing and fixing upon clear glass the pigments, which were an easy substitute for the more recondite art of staining, and also in fitting it, when made, into the mullions of quaint old Gothic windows; and, doubtless, in this early age, when the wonderful invention of printing was little more than half a century old, and therefore a luxury only of the rich, he both learned and taught many a lesson from the quaint old histories and allegories thus pictorially told.

Thus gifted and trained, young Palissy left his forest home, and, turning his face southward to the Pyrenees, he entered Gascony—

“The world before him
Where to choose, and Providence his guide.”

For twelve years he wandered through France.

When Palissy commenced his travels through France in 1528, the German Reformers were in the very height of their great struggle—the religious thought and passion of Europe were stirred to their very depths. There can be no doubt that, during his wanderings, Palissy became acquainted with the doctrines of the Reformation and henceforth the decided and devoted Huguenot that we find him.

Another influence that marked and moulded his life at this period was love. Whether he had carried with him from Perigord

the image of some fair Gascon idol, for the fealty and worship of his wandering heart; whether, through these twelve years of peregrination through France, some lodestar shed its bright beams and sweet influences upon his lonely path, refining his thought, and purifying his heart, and consecrating his life, as only a pure love can; whether, in all his toils and privations he was sustained and stimulated by the—

“Love that sweetens sugarless tea,
And makes contentment and joy agree
With the coarsest, boarding and bedding;”

whether he carefully nurtured all this while the vestal fire of a first passion—the pure and precious inspiration of a youthful love; or whether his love was only first enkindled at the sober age of twenty-nine, when he married, we are not told; but we may easily understand how such a love might be, as it is to thousands, the earthly power that kept him so pure and unsophisticated, so loyal to truth and virtue during these twelve years of perilous travel, so “simple concerning evil, and so wise to that which is good.”

Palissy married, and enshrined his Penates in the pleasant and picturesque old Roman town of Saintes, the capital of the province of Saintonge, on the western coastline of France; and there he subsisted by whatever employment his triple capability as glass-stainer, portrait-painter, and surveyor, could procure for him. Here, after twelve years of weary wandering, he found a home; and here, in deep, tranquil happiness, his first years of married life passed. But his children multiplied rapidly; supplies came in slowly; and the activities and inquisitiveness which the first contentments of love and home had allayed, were excited again by the necessities of his family. Victorine could not help wanting a “grass-green camlet,” and little Paul wanted his calotte; and Palissy awoke again to a conscious capacity and yearning for greater things. “Twenty-five years since,” says he, writing a quarter of a century after, “there was shown to me an earthen cup, turned

and enamelled with so much beauty, that from that time I entered into controversy with my own thoughts, recalling to mind several suggestions that some people had made to me in fun when I was painting portraits. Then, seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass-painting was also little patronized, I began to think that if I could discover how to make enamels, I could make earthen vessels and other things very prettily, because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing; and thereafter, regardless of the fact that I had no knowledge of clays, I began to seek for the enamels as a man gropes in the dark.

Without having heard of what materials the said enamels were composed, I pounded in those days all the substances which I could suppose likely to make anything; and, having pounded and ground them, I bought a quantity of earthen pots, and, after having broken them in pieces, I put some of the materials that I had ground upon them; and, having marked them; I set apart, in writing, what drugs I had put upon each, as a memorandum; then, having made a furnace to my fancy, I set the fragments down to bake, that I might see whether my drugs were able to produce some whitish colour; for I sought only after white enamel, because I had heard it said that white enamel was the basis of all others. Thus, having blundered several times at a great expense, and through much labour, I was every day pounding and grinding new materials and constructing new furnaces, which cost much money, and consumed my wood and my time."

Here, then, was failure the first. Palissy had built his furnace, broken up his pottery, provided his chemicals, exhausted his resources, and failed! No one of his accidental combinations turned out to be the white enamel for which he sought; but he was not the man to give in at a first failure. He pulled down his furnaces, and reconstructed them; he bought new chemicals,

and brake fresh pots, undeterred by an empty purse, an empty cupboard, and a remonstrant wife. And these were the first "provocations of Madame Palissy."

"When," says he, "I had fooled away several years thus imprudently, with sorrows and sighs because I could not at all arrive at my intention, and remembering the money spent, I resolved, in order to avoid such large expenditure, to send the chemicals that I would test to the kiln of some potter; and, having settled this within my mind, I purchased afresh several earthen vessels, and having broken them in pieces, as was my custom, I covered three or four hundred of the fragments with enamel, and sent them to a pottery, distant a league and a half from my dwelling, with a request to the potters that they would please to permit those trials to be baked within some of their vessels. This they did willingly."

And so, with good-natured pity and good-humoured *badinage*, the potters put this strange batch of powders into their furnace; and our poor friend Palissy, with a throbbing heart and careworn countenance, sat down to watch the result. It was his last desperate experiment—at present the extreme limit of enthusiasm, beyond which it would become fanaticism, perhaps sin. And so the potters made merry; and Palissy sickened at heart over these three hundred potsherds. Hour after hour he watched, until the time arrived when they were to be taken from the furnace. And with an incredulous curiosity on the part of the potters, and a deadly intensity of feeling on the part of Palissy, which was neither hope nor despair, but the insupportable feeling which comes of both, the potsherds were drawn forth.

"But, when they had baked their batch, and came to take out my trial pieces, I received nothing but shame and loss, because they turned out good for nothing; for the fire used by the potters was not hot enough, and my trials were not put into the furnace in the required manner, and according to my science." And thus, in addition to his own bitter disappointment,

he became the butt of their rude wit.
 • What, then, will he do next? Try again.

Meanwhile the necessities of his family had become too urgent, and Madame Palissy too clamorous, to be further disregarded, and he gave in for a while. Like all brave men, he knew when he was beaten, and he proclaimed an armistice. The immediate result was, the suspension of curtain-lectures; health and happiness returned; and thus, after three years of fruitless experiment, Palissy became a reasonable husband and father, and betook himself again to glass-painting and surveying.

The French king wanted money for his wars, and the salt-marshes of Saintonge were capable of yielding it; so it was determined to have them surveyed in order to the adjustment of the famous gabelle or salt-tax. And who so fitted for this work as Palissy the surveyor? And singularly enough, the king's commissioner came just at the right time. A few days before, and in the agony of his last desperate experiment, he would not have left his furnace, even for the king himself. But his last experiment had failed; his council with prudence had been held, and his surrender to Madame Palissy duly made. He thankfully, therefore, accepted the appointment "to map the islands and the country surrounding all the salt-marshes in his part of the world;" and thus, for about a year and a half, he plentifully fed his children, and sufficiently clothed his wife, and at the same time diversified his own studies; for, you will remember, that he was a great naturalist, and knew how to find both "tongues in trees" and "sermons in stones."

For a year and a half, then, Palissy was outwardly and conjugally a happy man, regularly employed and regularly paid; but, alas! genius is like conscience—whatever sop you give it, it refuses to be permanently quieted. The fire, during these eighteen months, had been secretly smouldering, and every louis saved had been fuel heaped upon it; and, to

the dismay of Madame Palissy, it broke out afresh, and fiercer than ever. "Then," says Palissy, "when the said commission was ended, and I found myself paid with a little money, I resumed my affection for pursuing in the track of the enamels."

What, if she did remonstrate, or even scold! Could flesh and blood endure to see home stripped desolate again, and children starved? Startling enough was the first symptom of the outbreak. "I broke," says he, "about three dozen earthen pots, all of them new, and having ground a large quantity of different materials, I covered all the bits of the said pots with my chemicals, laid on with a brush." Three or four hundred pieces, with various mixtures of chemicals laid on them, were carried to the glass-house, in the hope that some one might chance to prove the right combination, and that its intenser heat might melt them. "Then," he continues, "since their furnaces are much hotter than those of potters, the next day, when I had drawn them out, I observed that some of my compounds had begun to melt; and, for this cause, I was still more encouraged to search for the white enamel upon which I had spent so much labour."

For two years more, then, Palissy persevered, and Madame Palissy was provoked; for children were multiplying annually, subject only to the sad subtraction of two whom he buried. She lived as women live whose husbands bring home no wages, and who have no faith to follow the footsteps of genius. His whole time was consumed in preparing chemicals, and burning them. His wife thought him heartless; his neighbours thought him mad.

But this last effort must be a great one: there is a fearful destruction amongst the pots—a crucial quest for chemicals, three hundred different combinations of which are prepared, and duly marked and registered.

He adjusts himself for a patient watching. The first hour passes, and the second, and the third, and the fourth, when the furnace is opened that he may look at his

potsherds. One of his chemicals at least has decidedly melted ; but, then, they have melted before, and there is not much in that ; at all events, he will take it out to cool. It gradually hardens ; it grows unusually white. *Eureka!*—he has found it ; it is transparent and beautiful, white and polished ; in a word—white enamel.

But he himself must tell us what he felt and did :—

“For two years I did nothing but go and come between my house and the adjacent glass-houses, aiming to succeed in my intentions. God willed, that, when I had begun to lose my courage, and was gone for the last time to a glass-furnace, having a man with me carrying more than three hundred kinds of trial pieces, there was one among those pieces which was melted within four hours after it had been placed in the furnace, which trial turned out white and polished in a way that caused me such joy as made me think I was become a new creature ; and I thought that, from that time, I had the full perfection of the white enamel ; but I was very far from having what I thought.”

“This trial,” he says, “was a very happy one in one sense, but very unhappy in another ; happy because it gave me entrance upon the ground which I have since gained ; but unhappy because it was not made with substances in the right measure or proportion. I was so great an ass in those days, that directly I had made the said enamel, which was singularly beautiful, I set myself to make vessels of earth, although I had never understood earths ; and having employed the space of seven or eight months in making the said vessels, I began to erect for myself a furnace like that of the glass-workers, which I built with more labour than I can tell ; for it was requisite that I should be the mason to myself, that I should temper my own mortar, that I should draw the water with which it was tempered ; also it was requisite that I should go myself to seek the bricks, and carry them upon my back, because I had no means to pay a single man for aid in

this affair.” At length he succeeds, after eight months of experiment, in making and baking his pottery ; but now it is to be enamelled. “I succeeded with my pots in the first baking ; but when it came to the second baking I endured suffering and labour such as no man would believe. For, instead of reposing after my past toil, I was obliged to work for the space of more than a month night and day to grind the materials of which I had made that beautiful enamel at the glass-furnace ; and when I had ground them, I covered therewith the vessels that I had made ; this done, I put the fire into my furnace, by two mouths, as I had seen done at the glass-houses ; I also put my vessels into the furnace to bake and melt the enamel which I had spread over them. But it was an unhappy thing for me, for, though I spent six days and six nights before the said furnace, feeding it with wood incessantly through its two mouths, it was not possible to make the said enamel melt, and I was like a man in desperation.

Although quite stupefied with labour, I counselled to myself, that in my enamel there might be too little of the substance which should make the others melt ; and seeing this, I began once more to pound and grind the before-named materials, all the time without letting my furnace cool. In this way I had double labour, to pound, grind, and maintain the fire. When I had thus compounded my enamel, I was forced to go again and purchase pots in order to prove the said compound, seeing that I had lost all the vessels which I had made myself.”

Thus he spent three more weeks wrestling with the angel of discovery, who would not yet let the secret go. His faith and patience must be still further tried. He had borrowed money for his last experiment ; he borrows more for this, so determined is he to “force a path to the unknown.” The new vessels are placed in the furnace, which for three weeks he has kept heated. But another and fatal embarrassment now occurs, his fuel fails him,

his furnace fires will go out in the midst of his experiment, and his new baking be spoiled: first, then, he tears up the palings of his garden,—a few perhaps may suffice, the enamel may at any moment melt. There are no more palings to burn, and, like a spirit possessed, his eye glaring, his lips compressed, his countenance haggard, he rushes to the house. A tremendous crash; a table is split up and carried away; then follows a chair, then another, for the furnace consumes them all. At last he tears up the flooring. Madame Palissy is frantic,—at first; then, quelled by the strong and vehement spirit that was working within him, she looks on passively and fearfully while her household furniture is carried away, and her house pulled down;—questioning, perhaps, whether the next log will be one of the children or herself. At length she rushes out of the house, and into the streets of Saintes, proclaiming aloud that her demented husband was burning the house. And what were Palissy's feelings? who shall conceive the terrible agony of his spirit? Palissy was a devout man, and we can imagine his troubled prayer in snatches of pious psalm; but hear his own account of his misery.

"I suffered an anguish that I cannot speak, for I was quite exhausted and dried up by the heat of the furnace—it was more than a month since my shirt had been dry upon me. Further to console me, I was the object of mockery; and even those from whom solace was due, ran crying through the town that I was burning my floors. And in this way my credit was taken from me, and I was regarded as a madman. Others said that I was labouring to make false money, which was a scandal under which I pined away, and slipped with bowed head through the streets, like a man put to shame."

Some of the chemicals melted over his jars and produced a white enamel—but it was only his own conviction of a triumph that was the result; months must elapse before a batch of actual enamelled crockery can produce conviction in others.

At length the furnace was built, the chemicals purchased, and with infinite labour, ground, and put upon the pottery, and the pottery put into the furnace. The neighbours gather round, more earnestly angry, or bitterly sarcastic, or sadly pitiful, than ever. Palissy hopes to draw three or four hundred livres from the produce of the furnace, and the good-hearted inn-keeper, with the rest of the creditors, "wish they may get," rather than hope for, their money; but—

"When I came to draw out my work, having previously removed the fire, my sorrows and distresses were so abundantly augmented that I lost all countenance; for though my enamels were good, and my work was good, two accidents happened to the furnace which had spoilt all. The mortar of which I had built my furnace had been full of flints, which, feeling the vehemence of the fire (at the same time that my enamels had begun to liquefy), burst into several pieces, making a variety of cracks and explosions within the said furnace. Then, because the splinters of these flints struck against my work, the enamel, which was already liquefied into a glutinous matter, retained the said flints, and held them attached on all sides of my vessels and medallions, which except for that had been beautiful."

• Another failure and the labour of months lost: yet many would have bought the produce of the furnace "at a mean price." But because this "would have been a decaying and debasing of his honour," the grand old potter, gaunt, and ragged, and furnace-stained—a very Lear in his distress, rushes wildly upon his spoiled batch, and breaks it all to pieces, strewing the fragments at his feet. His neighbours remonstrate—his wife, more than ever convinced of his madness, pours maledictions upon his head. His poor heart is sore. His faith is tried to the utmost. But the enamel is really discovered; another experiment and a few months may realize all his hopes.

Palissy at length supported his family by

his pottery. A great naturalist, as well as a great artist, he consecrated his art to nature, and made imitations of all things animate and inanimate, whence the peculiar and exquisite productions to which a room in the Louvre is consecrated, known as Palissy's Room. Nature had been his prompter, and nature was his teacher. He proudly designated himself, "Worker in Earth, and Inventor of Rustic Figulines;" and almost every product of his hands, down to the tiniest leaf or fossil, was moulded from nature.

He was forty-eight years of age at the close of his sixteen years' struggle. Thenceforward his fame rapidly spread; his discovery was talked of, and specimens of his art were exhibited at court. Noblemen frequented his cottage; the visionary had proved a seer; his rebellion had been pronounced a glorious revolution. Victorine smiled again; her children were well fed; she purchased a finer "grass-green camlet" than ever she had dared to hope for; she was like Job's wife, when "each man gave him a piece of money." His neighbours became respectful; the Constable Montmorenci had "spoken for him to the king." He placed an enamelled watchdog at his door—funny fellow that he was—which the dogs of the town barked at. He was appointed to decorate the Constable's country-seat; and because no other man could do it, he was saved from being burnt for heresy, for which he had been apprehended—whereat Victorine blessed again the white enamel. Then an edict appointed him inventor of rustic figures to the king. He removed to Paris; Madame Palissy went to court; and for forty-four years he filled the Tuileries with his works, and France with his fame.

Such was Palissy as an artist. As a philosopher he ranks high amongst the sages of France.

In 1546, soon after Palissy's settlement at Saintes, the persecution broke out there, and the first Protestant heretic was burnt for the enlightenment and conversion of his brethren. He was a Huguenot preacher,

who had kept a school at Saintes—of which burning, and of the deep impression which it made upon Palissy, he has given us an account in his "History of the Troubles of Saintonge."

Palissy did not wholly escape; in 1562, soon after he had obtained the patronage of the Marshal Montmorenci, his house was forcibly entered at midnight, his pottery and his workshop destroyed, and he himself hurried away to a dungeon at Bourdeaux. But Palissy was the sole possessor of a great artistic secret—no man but himself could decorate the marshal's house with enamelled pottery. Powerful friends in Saintes exerted themselves. He held a protection from the Duc de Montpensier. The marshal was importunate—the queen-mother obliging, and Palissy obtained his liberty. But for the white enamel, Protestantism would have enrolled another martyr. And lest Popery should repeat the experiment, Palissy was appointed "Inventor of Rustic Figulines to the king and to the constable." He rebuilt his workshop, remained at Saintes for a time; but in 1564 removed to Paris, in the meanwhile writing a book and dedicating it to the marshal, boldly avowing himself a Huguenot; and addressing in it letters to the constable, his son, and the queen-mother, written with all the fearlessness of a martyr and all the simplicity of a child.

At length, in 1572, Charles IX. being king, and Catherine queen-mother, Bernard having located himself and his works on the site of the Tuileries, which in 1564 Catherine began to build, "the devil," according to Catherine's chancellor, "having taken care of the religious contests"—the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew was perpetrated. More fortunate than Jean Goussier—the celebrated sculptor who was struck down on his platform, while working at the caryatides of the Louvre, and died at the foot of the statue that he was chiselling—Palissy escaped; how, we know not, probably in virtue of the white enamel. And thus he lived on, honoured.

by the few, but still known to the multitude as "the poor potter, M. Bernard."

When he was seventy-six years of age, he was still known as an uncompromising Huguenot, although the then Nebuchadnezzar of France had afresh commanded that every one, on pain of death, should worship his gods. Sentence of death was delayed against him only through the intercession of powerful friends, who, in order to save his life, were at length compelled to imprison him in the Bastille. And there, with two fair girls, condemned also for their faith, the brave old potter spent the last four years of his life.

Outside of the prison walls the state of society was such, that the convulsions of the revolution two centuries afterwards were almost anticipated. The Duke of Guise was the king's king, and his triumphant party clamoured for the few unspent drops of the potter's blood. The king, Henry III., visited him in prison: "My good man," said he, "you have been forty-five years in the service of the queen, my mother, or in mine, and we have suffered you to live in your own religion, amidst all the executions and the massacres. Now, however, I am so pressed by the Guise

party, and my people, that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these two poor women and you; they are to be burnt to-morrow, and you also, if you will not be converted."

"Sire," answered the old man, "you have said several times that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you, who have said, 'I am compelled;' that is not speaking like a king. These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, will teach you to talk royally. The Guisarts, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay."

The girls were burnt soon afterwards, whereupon one of the Huguenot leaders exclaimed to their patron, Henry, king of Navarre, "Courage, sire, since even our girls can face death for the gospel." Henry procured the assassination of the Duke of Guise—the Duke's sister had Henry assassinated in turn—and in the same year, the brave old potter, now eighty years of age, calmly fell asleep in his prison—a different death-chamber from that which should have received the last breath of one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the sons of France.

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS IN AFGHANISTAN.



BEFORE the mission of Mountstuart Elphinstone to the Court of Shah Shooja, Englishmen had not only visited Afghanistan, but had travelled through it in its full extent; and after the return of that mission several of our countrymen followed in its footsteps, and brought "by their graphic writings," to use the words of Kaye, "the countries and the peoples of Central

Asia visibly before their home-staying countrymen." These explorations may be said to have culminated in the extended journey of Alexander Burnes, which has been immortalized by his own narrative—a work that is not less remarkable for the light which it sheds on the condition of Central Asia than it is for the brilliance of its language. With the exception of Elphinstone's book, which is valuable as a history and a compilation rather than as a description of travels, little is known of the early English travellers in Afghanistan. Those who wrote an account of their

travels are seldom read nowadays, although there is much to be found in them that has not been superseded by later writers. At the present time, when all authentic information relating to Afghanistan is of interest, it will be opportune to epitomize the record of these earlier explorers.

First in point of time, and also first in the extent of his journey, comes Mr. George Forster, a civilian in the East India Company's service, who, in the years 1783 and, 1784, travelled from Loldong, north of Delhi, through Cashmere to Cabul, and thence, *viâ* Candahar and Herat, to the shores of the Caspian and St. Petersburg. Mr. Forster published his travels in 1798, in two quarto volumes, and, considering the little knowledge that there was at that time of the history and ethnology of these races, his work must be classed high in the list of books relating to Afghanistan. From his pages it can be seen how much in some senses and how little in others the Afghan character has changed since he sojourned in that land ninety-six years ago.

It is necessary to remember that when he visited Cabul, the Durani monarchy still existed in its pristine vigour. From Herat to the Sutlej the Afghan monarch was supreme. Cashmere was a subjected province; Scinde and Beloochistan were vassal States. At the very time selected by Mr. Forster for his journey there was a vague sense of alarm within our territory at rumours of military preparations on the part of the Durani Shah. So great was the *prestige* that still attached to that ruler on account of the achievements of Ahmed, that it was thought only natural that Timour might seek to emulate the deeds of his father. Among other practical results, Mr. Forster's journey exposed this apprehension and proved it to be a fallacy. His observations gave us the true measure of Afghan strength. From the banks of the Ganges Mr. Forster travelled to the lakes of Cashmere, where he came into close contact with the Afghan Governor at one of the crises which marked the relations of Cabul with that dependency.

He reached Peshawur in July, 1783, and, without delay, attached himself to a *kafilah* that was about to proceed through the Khyber to Cabul. The tribes of the pass were paid a sum of money by the Shah for keeping the road open, and were allowed in addition to demand a toll from caravans. But an escort was, as a rule, sent by the Governor of Peshawur to accompany a *kafilah* through the pass. One day's journey took Mr. Forster to Jamrud, and another through the Khyber to Daka.

The journey through was not, however, without its adventures. When they had proceeded a certain distance several of the persons accompanying the *kafilah* made a detour into the mountains. They had not ventured far when they were surrounded by the hillmen, who plundered them, but did not subject them to any worse usage than to administer a few blows to the back of the English traveller. It was, however, a narrow escape, and Mr. Forster inveighs against the weakness of the Shah's Government, little thinking that in two generations after he penned the words his own countrymen would find themselves unable to permanently remedy an evil which he attributed to "the want of military spirit on the part of Timour." Once arrived at Daka the danger from robbers ceased, and the escort returned to Peshawur. So great were the terrors of a journey through the Khyber in the eyes of merchants in those days, that Mr. Forster tells a story of an Armenian who, on arriving at Peshawur and discovering the nature of the obstacle which lay before him, turned back to Mooltan and travelled round by Candahar to Cabul, thus taking nine weeks to perform what should have been done in eleven days. Mr. Forster arrived in safety at Cabul, which had not long been constituted the capital of the State, and it does not appear to have made a favourable impression upon him. He says that it had "a mean appearance," a proof, if we contrast his description with that of Burnes later on, of how opposite the opinions of two men on the subject of an Eastern city

may be. He has little to say either of the Bala-Hissar—or Balan Sir, as he calls it; and, indeed, the Great Bazaar, which originated with Baber, and was finished by Ali Murdan Khan, the magnificent Omrah of the Court of Jehangir, is the only structure which receives any admiration at his hands. He styles Ali Murdan the Lucullus of the Mogul Court.

While at Cabul Mr. Forster lived as a Mahomedan. He assumed the nationality, however, of a Spaniard, as he thought it dangerous to appear as an Englishman, or even as a Frenchman, as the latter had a character for restlessness that he feared might bring him into trouble. In those days at Cabul there was complete toleration for all sects, and as a Christian Mr. Forster was assured that he would receive no hindrance in his movements and no personal inconvenience of any kind. A very considerable Armenian colony was settled there, and much of the business of the town passed through its hands. A circumstance related by Mr. Forster shows that the commerce of the place must have been very restricted. He had a bill drawn on Cabul, which in the course of his travels had become somewhat defaced. On endeavouring to get this changed, he found that no one in Cabul would have anything to do with it when it was discovered that it meant paying money away. At last his Armenian host gave him half its value. A proof of the advance made by Cabul in fifty years may be found in the fact that Burnes could have obtained as much money as he liked. His stay at this city was not without its incidents, which need not here be particularized, and he makes many shrewd observations on the condition of the country. At last the time came for continuing his journey, and, acting on the advice of his host, and judging of the rest of Afghanistan by the moderation shown to them at Cabul, he resolved to travel thenceforward as a Christian. He was very sorry afterwards that he did so, for in the later stages of his journey he was subjected to much hardship in conse-

quence. His first step was to pay for the half-seat—that is, the one side—on a camel's back to Candahar; but under the circumstances this turned out to be most uncomfortable, for his companions on the journey were an old woman with a very querulous child.

His observations on the country continue to show the same careful observation, although he was evidently disposed to take a pessimist view of all he saw. Of the lamentable state of Ghazni he gives a brief account, and the conclusion is forced upon us, if it be not overdrawn, that that town must have made extraordinary progress, despite the civil wars, in the interval between 1783 and 1839. Candahar made the most favourable impression of all the Afghan cities on him; and he tells us what a thriving trade it then had, and of the bustle in its bazaars and the brilliant display in its shops. Its revenue was then estimated at eighteen lacs, and the administration was mild and equitable. At some distance to the west of the present town Mr. Forster saw the ruins of the old town—a spot which is the most eligible for a fortress or cantonment. He then travelled by Girishk, Bakwa, and Giraneh to Herat, which presented “a pleasant view to the traveller whose eye has been wearied with the deserts of Afghanistan.” At that time Herat, though fairly prosperous, was less so than Candahar. He says that “the police was judiciously regulated and justice vigorously administered”—a state of things which will compare favourably with any we have known to have since obtained there. From Herat Mr. Forster travelled through Khorasan to the Caspian, where we may take our leave of him. With a considerable sum of money upon him, concealed in two long purses fastened down his legs, he had travelled through the whole extent of Afghanistan, and he had done so without suffering more inconvenience than he would have met with in any other foreign civilized country at that time. In fact, there are civilized States at the present moment through which it may be doubted

whether it would be equally safe for an Englishman to travel as Afghanistan was in the days of Timour Shah. Mr. Forster may certainly be held to be, not only the first, but also the most successful of the early English travellers in that country.

Little need be said here of the travels of Lieutenant, afterwards Sir Henry, Pottinger and Lieutenant Christie, who were sent in 1809 by Sir John Malcolm to explore Beloochistan and the eastern portion of Persia, as their narratives are still generally known. Suffice it to say that their journey from Khelat to Seistan and Khorasan was through a country much of which has not been explored by an Englishman since their day. They accomplished their task with remarkable success, overcoming hardships, dangers, and fatigues not easily to be imagined by those who only know Eastern travel by hearsay. Some years after the conclusion of his adventurous journey, Christie was killed in a battle between the Persians and the Russians. His travels were incorporated with those of Pottinger, and published by the latter in the year 1816.

About the same time that these travellers were carrying out the Government mission with which they had been entrusted, a solitary Englishman was making his way through the heart of Afghanistan, and living among the people as one of themselves. His name was Durie. He was a native of Bengal, the son of an Englishman by an Indian mother. He had held several minor posts in the medical service, but, seized with an irresistible desire to rove, had thrown up his appointment and crossed the Indus to explore the countries beyond. For some unexplained reason Mr. Durie was most anxious to reach Bagdad, and, in order to accomplish his desire of visiting it overland, he assumed the character of a Mussulman. Crossing the Indus at Attock, he travelled *viâ* Peshawur and the Khyber to Cabul, where he was hospitably entertained "as a traveller." As he had no money, he was oftentimes reduced to great extremities, but assistance, either in town

or on the high road, was never refused him. Travelling in the garb of a mendicant, he was never molested, and his day's meal was always forthcoming. From his narrative it would appear that the best and safest way to travel in Afghanistan is to do so in the character of a beggar. For a considerable part of his journey, from Cabul to Candahar, he was accompanied by a lame *fakier* and two young men who were going to Mecca and Bagdad. It must be admitted that on several occasions he owed his supper to the energy of his lame companion, who at the various villages demanded as a right what Durie was willing to take as a favour. Being footsore, he was compelled to stay some days at Ghazni, where he was well taken care of. On proceeding on his journey he "arrived at a *killar* (village), which was inhabited, and got bread and smoke. Proceeding towards Mookhor, a big, strong young man attacked me with a thick club, and inquired and searched me, not forgetting to see closely my shoes; not finding aught, he, on his knees, begged pardon with folded hands. I muttered a blessing." Such is the sacred character of a beggar in Afghanistan.

Later on he met with a somewhat similar adventure; but the fact of possessing no valuables was a better passport than the safe-conduct of the Durani Shah. At Candahar Mr. Durie met with the same kind treatment that he had at Cabul, and after residing there some time retraced his steps to the latter city. On his way he met with the following adventure, which may be quoted as throwing a side-light on the character of the people:—

"One evening arrived at a *khail*, or camp; observed some praying at a place surrounded with stones (which they in the *khails* hold as a mosque). I went up, and began as they. They took much notice, and when done they laughed, as I performed it incorrectly. I made excuses to the Moollah, who, being good-natured, behaved kind, and asked about medicines. Two or three other times I performed

- Namauz, and the people coming round, laughed. I told them I did well enough, as I could."

Mr. Durie tells us in his narrative that there was much talk among the Afghan Sirdars as to the possibility of an English invasion. They would rather, they said, encounter 60,000 Sikhs and Mahrattas than 4,000 English. Mr. Durie, in summing up his opinion of their character, which may be read at the present day with instruction, says that they are hospitable to strangers; but that it has to be admitted that those strangers must come among them in a guise that will not arouse any of their susceptibilities or suspicions. From Cabul Mr. Durie, after several adventures in the passes, reached India in safety. He placed his information at the service of Mr. Elphinstone, then compiling his great work; but, although invited to accept a small Government post, he resumed his vagabond life, with the design still fixed in his mind of reaching Bagdad. Considering the exact circumstances of his travels, Mr. Durie's narrative appears to be but a meagre and inadequate record of what should have been the most interesting of all English travels in Afghanistan. This was probably to be attributed to his want of proper education; but it is to be regretted that the man who had seen so much should have been able to tell so little.

The next English travellers in Afghanistan were Mr. Moorcroft and his companions, Mr. George Trebeck and Mr. William Guthrie. For many years before he turned his steps to Afghanistan, Mr. Moorcroft had been engaged in exploring Cashmere and Little Thibet in the capacity of a horse-dealer for the Company's stud. In 1824 he arrived at Peshawur with the intention of penetrating to Bokhara for the purpose of purchasing horses. He left Peshawur in the May of that year with an Afghan army under the command of Sultan Mahomed, a brother of Dost Mahomed, and journeyed thence through Jellalabad, of which he gives a miserable account, to Cabul. Crossing the Hajjiak Pass and

visiting Bamian, he came to the territories of that truculent chief Mourad Beg, of Kunduz, who detained him for a long time at his Court, and did not permit him to proceed upon his journey until he had extorted from him a large sum of money. His enforced residence at Kunduz was on one or two occasions not wholly free from danger. The ire or the avarice of the Usbeg ruler was not easily to be appeased. At last he was permitted to continue his journey to Bokhara, where he was more favourably received. In August, 1825, he re-crossed the Oxus, but, refusing to listen to advice, turned aside from his road with the intention of visiting Maimenè, where he hoped to be able to procure Turcoman horses. On his journey thither he either died of fever or was poisoned at Andkhoi. His companions were not much more fortunate. Mr. Guthrie died at Balkh, and Mr. Trebeck at Mazar, the place where Shere Ali died. Of this ill-fated expedition there were no survivors; but twelve years afterwards the narrative of their travels was published by Mr. Wilson.

In 1828 Mr. Edward Stirling, of the Bengal Civil Service, returned from his furlough in England to India through Persia and Afghanistan; but his journey excited no interest. He was put out of employment because he had exceeded his leave by a few weeks. The results of his journey are contained in a tract on the political state of the countries between India and Persia; but, although containing many shrewd observations, which within ten years were carried into practical effect, there is little of general interest in what was intended purely as a political treatise. Mr. Stirling's journey was in a short time extinguished by that of Lieutenant Arthur Conolly, the last of the English travellers who preceded Burnes. Arriving in Persia in the year 1830, he accompanied in the September of that year a Perso-Afghan army under Kamran from Meshed to Herat. His narrative of an overland journey to the north of India cannot fail to be read with interest and

pleasure, and his description of Herat, where he resided for some time, is of especial value at the present moment. After waiting some weeks in the hope of being able to accompany Kamran on an expedition which he was said to be meditating against Candahar, Conolly left Herat in company with a merchant from Peshin. Crossing the Helmand at Girishk, and avoiding Candahar, the English officer reached Peshin, where he resided for some time in the house of the same merchant, who was one of the most noted *seyyids* in the valley. Conolly saw Afghan life there under its most pleasing aspect, and his description of his friend's *khail* and his domestic concerns, his wives and his *alika malika*, or children, makes up one of the most charming passages in the whole of the English travels in Afghanistan. From Peshin he travelled to Quetta, "a town of some importance," and thence through the Bolan to India. Conolly was the last of the early English travellers before Burnes, whose book popularized the subject more than any other, and in whose tracks many other officers followed. There were also in those days several French officers, notably Massey, Ventura, and Avitabile, who travelled to the Punjab through Persia and Afghanistan. Other Afghan

travellers were a German soldier of fortune who entered the service of Timour, several Levantine Greeks, and numerous Armenians. At a later period, too, an American—the well-known General Harlan, of the Sikhs—lived at the court of Dost Mahomed. But with all of these we have little or no concern. In fact, some of them, whose narratives would not have been the least entertaining, wrote nothing; and, indeed, Ferrier gathered up the threads of what the French travellers saw and of which they had left no record, and preserved them for us in the two valuable works which he has written upon Afghanistan. None of the early English travellers met with any obstruction in their movements. They travelled far and wide throughout the land. They mixed with Durani, Ghilzai, and with the untamed tribesmen of the hills. They lived at the court both of Sudosye and of Barakzai. They came in a variety of guises, one of them as a beggar; and they were invariably treated with courtesy and moderation. On their part the situation demanded tact, nerve, and an allowance for the prejudices of a people filled with a martial pride and, with the dormant fanaticism of those who were the most orthodox of Mussulmans.

HUSS AND THE BOHEMIAN REFORMATION.



WYCLIFFE and the University of Oxford in England, and John Huss and the University of Prague in Bohemia, were the forerunners in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries of the Great Reformation in the sixteenth century. The influence of the former of these two men upon the latter was so

great, that good authorities have considered the Bohemian Reformation as little more than a stage of the movement begun by Wycliffe. But from the earliest introduction of Christianity into Bohemia, a certain evangelical and liberal tone had prevailed among its followers. They early demanded and received from the Pope the right to use the Bohemian instead of the Latin tongue in public worship; and they had a Bohemian Bible before the appearance of Huss.

When Anne of Bohemia became the wife of Richard II. of England, she carried with her to that far-off country some of the same enlightened spirit, and Wycliffe found in the English queen a powerful and sympathising friend. When he gave to the English people his translation of the New Testament, none welcomed it more heartily nor read it more devoutly than the "good queen Anne."

Huss himself was a thorough Bohemian, and shared in all the natural impulses and tendencies of the race. He came, a poor boy and a charity student, from a little village in the south of Bohemia, to the great University of Prague, when that institution was in the very height of its prosperity—when as many as twenty thousand students, from all parts of Europe, are said to have been in attendance. The stimulus of contact with such a great body of seekers of wisdom wrought upon his susceptible nature and developed and trained him for his great work. In those days there was much travelling by the students from one University to another. Thus the opinions and books of Wycliffe were made known to the Bohemians by visitors from Oxford to Prague, and on the other hand Bohemian students visiting Oxford partook of the general admiration for the English Reformer, and brought home with them to Prague a zeal and enthusiasm for his opinions.

The foreign students at the University of Prague, however, were for the most part bigoted adherents of the Papacy. In the management of the University each of the foreign nations, Saxons, Poles, and Bavarians, had a vote. The Bohemian students had also but a single vote. Hence, when the question arose what should be the attitude of the University towards the new doctrines, the enlightened Bohemians were constantly outvoted by their conservative associates.

While this struggle was going on in the University, Huss had taken his degrees, and had rapidly risen from the position of charity student to that of confessor to the

queen. "Still more important was his position, soon after obtained, of preacher in the Bethlehem chapel. This was a building erected solely for the purpose of preaching the gospel, and to answer the demands of the Bohemian people for something more than masses and Popish mumery in the name of religion. For more than twelve years Huss occupied this pulpit. Here, to eager multitudes, who constantly crowded the place, he expounded the gospel with unwonted power. Here he thundered forth his denunciations of the extravagances and vices of every class. Here he recommended the books of Wycliffe to his hearers and unsparingly rebuked the anti-Christian policy and acts of the Pope himself.

Meanwhile, the contest between the different parties in the University came to a crisis. The right of casting separate votes was withdrawn from the three nations, and they were required to vote as one. Rather than submit to this deprivation they left the University in a body, having first burned down one of the buildings in their wrath. Huss was then made rector of the institution. This was in 1409, sixty years after its foundation.

As with Luther, so the troubles of Huss began with opposition to the sale of indulgences. At this time there were two rival popes, each claiming the chair of St. Peter, Gregory XII. and John XXIII. Gregory XII., the one acknowledged in Bohemia, sent agents through that country, offering these scandalous favours to all who would aid in the war which he was undertaking to put down his enemy the King of Naples.

Huss boldly denounced both the war and the indulgences, both in the University and from his pulpit in Bethlehem chapel. From this time many of his friends forsook him. He was soon afterwards excommunicated; the city of Prague was laid under an interdict, and the books of Wycliffe, to the number of two hundred, including many costly manuscripts, were burned before the Bishop's palace. This was on the 16th of

July, 1410. For two years Huss maintained himself in the face of Papal opposition, but in 1412 he withdrew from the city of Prague into the rural districts. Here, like Luther, he found refuge in the castles of the nobility, who were, for the most part, his warm friends. This period of exile lasted for two years. Here he wrote his most famous work, the "*De Ecclesia*" (Concerning the Church). He traversed the country preaching to immense gatherings in the open air. He wrote cheering letters to his congregation of Bethlehem chapel.

"Truth," he said, "always conquers, since the more it is obscured the more it shines out, and the more it is beat down the higher it rises."

In October, 1414, Huss obeyed the summons of his ecclesiastical superiors to attend the Council of Constance; a body representing the entire Catholic Church, which assembled to settle the dispute between the rival Popes, and to put down the Wycliffe heresy. The Emperor Sigismund, of Germany, furnished Huss with a safe conduct. This was a document commanding all the officers of the empire to further and help Huss upon his journey to and from Constance in every possible way, and in its plain meaning pledged the word of honour of an emperor that Huss should come and go in entire safety.

But scarcely had Huss arrived and secured lodging in the city, when he was put under arrest, and thrust into a loathsome dungeon, where his health and life were in great peril. Here he remained for more than six months. Without the form of a trial, and without the pretence of a fair hearing, charged with errors which he never held, and accused principally of opposition to a pope whom the Council itself had deposed, he was allowed the alternative simply of recanting or dying. On the 6th of July, 1414—the day on which he was exactly forty-two years old—he was led forth to receive the sentence from the Council. The spot on which he stood—a large stone slab, in the cathedral

church of Constance—is still pointed out. Before the final proceedings, Huss made an appeal to the emperor. "I came freely to this Council," he said, "relying upon the public faith of the emperor, who is here present, assuring me that I should be safe from all violence."

As he said these words, Huss turned and looked the emperor full in the face. Sigismund quailed before his gaze and blushed deeply in the consciousness of his violated faith, but made no serious attempt to repair his wrong. He urged Huss to recant, but when he refused, he coldly left him in the hands of his cruel persecutors. Huss was led to the stake.

Most heroically did he meet his cruel fate. Without a particle of fanaticism, calmly, and even joyfully, he marched to the place of execution. Arriving there, he knelt down, and began reciting the Penitential Psalms, and offering up short and fervent supplication. A pyramidal crown of paper, on which were painted frightful figures of demons, was placed in mockery upon his head. As he lifted his head in prayer the crown fell off, when a soldier rushing forward replaced it, saying, that "he must be burnt with the devils he had served." When bound by the neck by a sooty chain, he said, "I willingly wear these chains for Christ's sake, who wore still more grievous ones." As long as the flames permitted his voice could be heard singing, "Jesus, Son of the Living God, have mercy on me." And after all sounds had ceased, his lips could be seen moving until the breath left his body.

The effect of the betrayal and martyrdom of their favourite leader upon the Bohemians was to arm them, almost as one man, against the authors of his ruin. They utterly refused the decrees of the Council. They spurned the offers of the emperor. They hurled back the crusading armies sent against them by the Pope. Like the armies of the Maccabees, though inferior in numbers to the vast hosts of their enemies, their zeal for freedom and for the truth inspired them with such valour that their onset was

irresistible. Scantly supplied with arms, they devised a new weapon, an iron flail, with which they beat down their enemies like the chaff of the threshing floor. The terror which they inspired was so great, that the armies of the emperor and the Pope sometimes turned, panic-stricken, and fled at the mere rumour of their approach.

Finally, after the sixth army of crusaders had been driven out of Bohemia, sixteen years after the martyrdom of Huss, a new Council was convened at Basle and offered them "peace with honour;" and in 1431 a qualified Protestantism was established in Bohemia as a reward of their prowess, nearly one hundred years before the Lutheran Reformation.

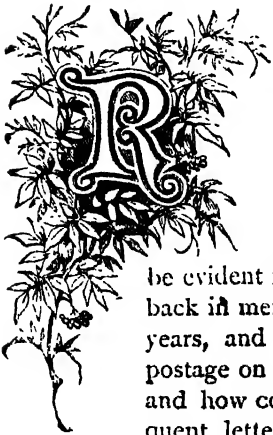
In the lapse of time, and especially as a result of the calamitous 'Thirty Years' War,

which broke out in Bohemia, Protestantism was practically extinguished and Jesuitism took its place. Yet the fierce and warlike Hussites have their worthy successors to this day in the peace-loving, Quaker-like "United Brethren," or "Moravians," as they are called. And no denomination of Christians has quite an equal record for the purity, sincerity, and spirituality of their religion; none has accomplished such feats of devotion or has contributed so large a proportion of its ministry to the work of foreign missions, as these successors of the martyred Huss.

If it were only to found so blameless, pure, and devoted an order of Christian brotherhood, the world must acknowledge that the Hussite movement, with all its struggles, sacrifices, and sorrows, was worth what it cost.

THE

ORIGINATOR OF PENNY POSTAGE.

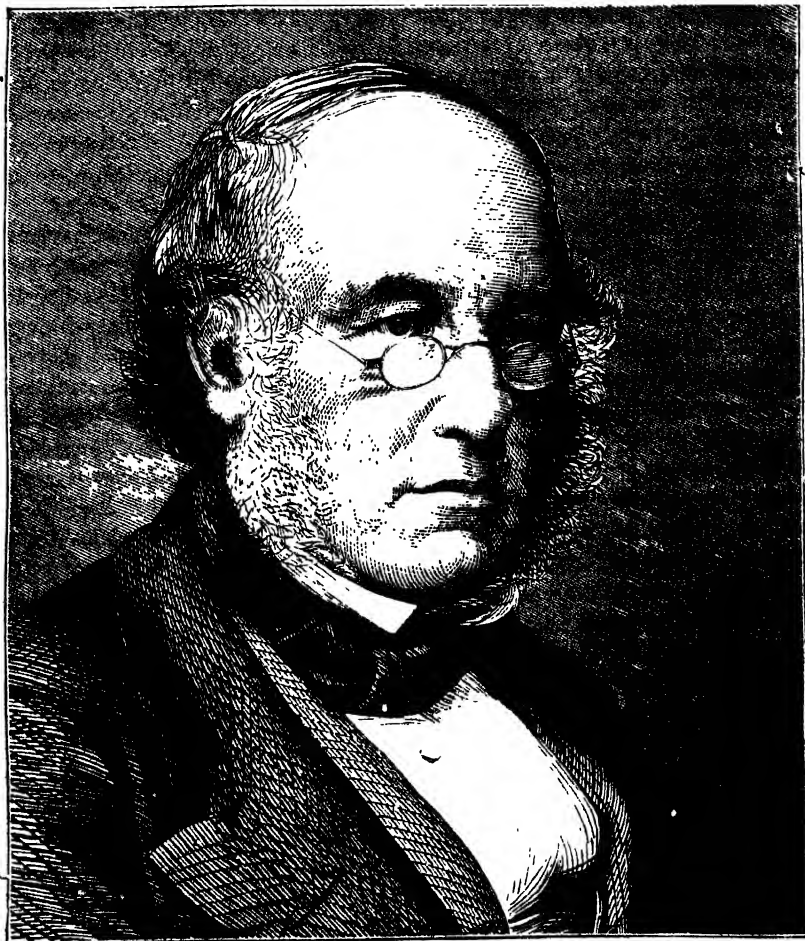


OWLAND HILL has well been called "one of the benefactors of mankind." The justice of this remark will

be evident if we put ourselves back in memory thirty or forty years, and recall what the postage on a letter then cost, and how comparatively infrequent letters were—a luxury, indeed, in which only the rich, or at least well-to-do, might indulge.

Some sort of a postage system appears very early in history. The monarchs of Assyria and Persia had posts to carry their decrees throughout their dominions. Stations were established a day's journey from each other to facilitate the business. The Roman emperors sent couriers on swift horses to carry the imperial edicts. It is

said that Charlemagne established stations for couriers through his kingdom, but after his death they were abandoned. Louis XI. of France, in 1464, revived the system of mounted posts. Long before this, in the thirteenth century, posts had been established in England, but exclusively for the transmission of Government despatches. It was in 1516 that the earliest post for general accommodation was established in Europe; this was between Brussels and Vienna by Franz von Thurn and Taxis. His successors, the Counts of Thurn and Taxis, received repeated confessions from the Emperors of Germany of the right to carry the imperial posts, and extended it over the greater part of Germany and Italy, holding a postal monopoly until the dissolution of the German Empire in 1806. In 1524 the French posts carried letters for the public. A regular system of posts was found in Peru in 1527 by the Spanish invaders.



SIR ROWLAND HILL.

A system of postal communication in England was not fully organized till after the accession of James I. In 1644 Edmund Prideaux was appointed Postmaster-General, as we now would style the office. He established a weekly conveyance of letters into all parts of the kingdom. The postal charges, however, amounted to an almost prohibitory tariff, and yet they were not materially changed for nearly two hundred years. These charges on a single letter ranged from twopence for seven miles or under, to fourteen-pence for more than three hundred miles.

The postage system of the British colonies in America was organized in 1710. After the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, Congress organized the Post Office Department, but the high rates of postage caused much dissatisfaction, and for years letters were carried by express between the principal cities at much less than the Post Office rates. In 1845 the rates were fixed at five cents for each letter of a half-ounce weight for all distances within three hundred miles, ten cents for greater distances, and an additional rate for each half-ounce or fraction thereof. It was not until 1853 that the present system of three cents per half-ounce for all distances came into operation. This was more than a half-score of years after the cheap and simple system introduced by Rowland Hill was adopted in England.

Rowland Hill, the third son of Mr. Thomas Wright Hill, was born in Kidderminster, December 3, 1795. When Rowland was about seven years old his father moved to Birmingham, where he established a school. In this school the lad received his education, and of it he became a teacher at the age of twelve years. Inheriting quick intelligence and originality of mind from his father, Rowland, in connection with his brothers, devised a unique scheme of government for the school, which attracted much attention at the time. The family was a united and happy one, each member devoting himself to the good of all. The mother's practical common-sense and firm-

ness of purpose afforded a good counterpart to the father's somewhat visionary and rash habits. The school, as conducted by the brothers, however complex and unwieldy their system seemed to them in after-years, turned the minds of many thinking men to the subject, and not a little of the improvement in education in England in the last fifty years may be traced to their bold experiment.

Remaining at Birmingham till he was past thirty, he then, with the aid of one of his brothers, established a school in the neighbourhood of London. But his strength had been impaired by the assiduity of his labours—he had worked for weeks at a time from fifteen to seventeen hours a day—and the work of the schoolmaster had become distasteful to him. He therefore gave up his school into the hands of his younger brother.

A long period of rest re-established his health, and he became secretary of an association for the colonization of South Australia. In this office he continued four years, discharging its duties with conspicuous success. During his leisure time he was working at two inventions. One of these was a printing-machine. The machine never came into general use, though it is claimed that some of the most ingenious of its contrivances have been commonly adopted.

Even in his childhood's days he had learned, as he himself has expressed it, the great inconvenience of being poor. So straitened were the circumstances of the family that he had seen his mother dread the visit of the postman through want of money to pay postage.

It is not needful to dwell at any length on the state of the Post Office before Rowland Hill reformed it. Its charges were high and arbitrary, and its services were limited and irregular. There were districts larger than the county of Middlesex in which the postman never set foot. For the 11,000 parishes of England and Wales there were only 3,000 post offices. A single letter from London to Edinburgh was charged 1s. 1½d. If it contained the

smallest enclosure—a receipt, for instance—it was charged the double, 2s. 3d. Weight was not taken into account. Two separate pieces of tissue paper sent in one enclosure would have been charged twice as much as the heaviest letter that was written on a single sheet. The upper classes, through the right of franking which was enjoyed by every member of Parliament, had to a great extent their letters carried free of charge. The traders, by the help of illicit means of conveyance, were often able to evade the heavy tax. The poor man alone was helpless. He could not afford to use the Post Office. He had no other means of sending a letter. So when his son or daughter went forth into the wide world to seek work, the father received no tidings of the child, the child none of the father. Under such a system as this the postal revenue had remained absolutely stationary for twenty years.

While still labouring to improve his press, Rowland Hill began to interest himself in postal matters. He hesitated for awhile between the two, but the postal reform won. After carefully studying the matter, he issued his now famous pamphlet, "Post Office Reform: its Importance and Practicability." Its suggestions were simple and effective. People wondered why nobody had ever thought of them before. The Government authorities ridiculed and obstinately opposed his ideas. But Mr. Hill had caught the ear of the people, and once awakened to the subject they would not be denied.

In May, 1838, a deputation, in which were to be seen 150 members of Parliament, all supporters of Government, waited upon the Premier, Lord Melbourne. Daniel O'Connell said :

"Consider, my lord, that a letter to Ireland and the answer back would cost thousands upon thousands of my poor and affectionate countrymen considerably more than a fifth of their week's wages. They are too poor to find out secondary conveyances, and if you shut the Post Office to them, which you do now, you shut out warm hearts and generous affections from home, kindred, and friends."

The Government yielded, and penny postage was carried. It came into effect on January 10, 1840—a day on which, so long as his health lasted, the great postal reformer loved to gather his friends around him.

The essential improvements introduced by Rowland Hill were, *weight* as a basis of charge, instead of a charge for each separate sheet; *uniform charge* for all distances; and the *affixed stamp* as a means of enforcing prepayment. For two years Mr. Hill worked with indomitable resolution and marked administrative power. Then, through the influence of official obstructions, he was removed from his post, on the poor pretext that his special mission was accomplished. It is to the credit of the British public that they were heartily ashamed of this action of the Government, and promptly raised a testimonial for him amounting to upwards of £13,000.

In 1846, after a few years' service in the management of the Brighton Railway Company, he was appointed Secretary to the Postmaster-General. In 1854 he became Chief Secretary and practical Director of the Post Office. In 1864 he retired on a pension of his full salary and with a Parliamentary grant of £20,000. He received the honour of K.C.B., and the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L. He died August 27, 1879, and on September 4 his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey.

It is not easy to give any clear notion of the results of his great scheme. We can state that about 106 millions of chargeable letters and newspapers were sent through the Post Office in 1839, and that 1,478 millions were sent in 1878. But the mind cannot grasp such numbers as these. Something more is understood when we are told that in 1839 the average number of letters per head was three and that in 1878 it was thirty-two. When we consider how much of social convenience, facility in business, and domestic intercourse and happiness is bound up in cheap and efficient postal service, we shall be quick to hail its originator as one of the benefactors of mankind.



REAR-ADMIRAL SHERARD OSBORN.

GIFTED with the highest professional abilities, pre-eminent for cool self-possession and ready resource in action, daring to the utmost stretch of naval audacity, but as prudent as he was daring, a strict disciplinarian, yet one of the most popular of captains, a very successful administrator, — Rear-Admiral Sherard Osborn had lived long enough to do the State distinguished service, and seemed to be a man to whom in an emergency we should turn for aid of even greater value in the days to come. He was made of too stern materials to be a universal favourite. His opinions were too uncompromising, and his will too determined to be fully appreciated in a time of peace; but during an active and varied career he had won the respect of his profession, and few men had warmer or more devoted friends among those—and they were many—who knew him well, whether civilians, brother officers, or shipmates in the humbler walks of life.

Admiral Osborn entered the navy as first-class volunteer in September, 1837; commanded a gunboat against pirates at the capture of Quedah in 1838; served in the East Indies and China in 1843, in Her Majesty's ships *Hyacinth*, *Volage*, and *Columbine*; entered the *Excellent* in 1843, and passed out in 1844 with a first-class certificate as gunnery officer; was recommended as gunnery mate to Admiral Sir George Seymour, and appointed to the *Collingwood*, Captain Henry Eden, then fitting for the flag in the Pacific; became gunnery lieutenant for two years in the same ship; was appointed in the autumn of 1848 to command the *Dwarf*, and sent to Ireland in consequence of the Irish in-

surrection. In the winter of 1849 he was selected as a volunteer for the Arctic Expedition sent in search of Franklin, under Captain H. T. Austin, C.B., and appointed to command the *Pioneer*. In that expedition, as well as the following one under Captain Sir E. Belcher, he held the command of the *Pioneer* during a protracted service of three winters and five summers in the Arctic seas, and made several long sledge journeys, the last one exceeding a thousand miles on foot.

After a few months' service as commander of the Norfolk District Coast-guard, to re-establish his health, which had been shaken by continuous Arctic service, Commander Osborn was appointed to the *Vesuvius*, in the Black Sea fleet, under Admiral Lyons, K.C.B. He first assisted the late Admiral Boxer in restoring order in Balaklava harbour, and, as a reward for his services there, was sent by Admiral Lyons to succeed Captain Moore as senior officer of the blockading squadron off Kertch and the Straits of Yenikale. He was present at the capture of Kertch, and was then sent into the Sea of Azov as second in seniority to Captain Lyons, commanding the gunboat squadron. Commander Osborn succeeded, on the death of that officer, to the command of the squadron, which averaged from fourteen to eighteen gunboats and despatch vessels. As commander, and subsequently as captain, he co-operated or commanded in the destruction of the Russian squadron at Berdiansk and the military position of Taganrog; the burning of the Russian transport flotilla; the bombardment of Arabat, and the cutting off the supplies of the Russian armies by the capture of the military store depôts at Genichi and Gheisk—services which were acknowledged by the commander-in-chief in a highly flattering memorandum. In the spring of

1856, at the special request of Admiral Sir E. Lyons, Captain Osborn was appointed by the Admiralty to the *Medusa* gun-vessel, and again sent into the Sea of Azov as senior officer commanding that squadron, and remained there until the signature of the treaty of peace, when he returned to England. For his services during the Russian war, Captain Osborn was honoured with the Companionship of the Bath, and made an officer of the Legion of Honour and of the Order of the Medjidié, besides being personally complimented at Windsor by his Sovereign and the Prince Consort.

In the spring of 1857, on the news of a rupture with the Emperor of China, Captain Osborn was appointed to the *Furious*, and instructed to escort a force of fifteen gunboats and despatch vessels to China. Captain Osborn's orders from the Admiralty gave him large discretionary powers as to the route and arrangements, and many essential preparations had to be made at Devonport under his superintendence. Seeing the difficulty other officers had experienced in escorting even two gunboats at a time to China, doubts were entertained of these vessels, some of them of the lightest draught that had ever passed the Cape, effecting the voyage at all during the winter of southern latitudes. At Devonport, Admiral Sir William Parker was so much struck with the arduous nature of the task before Captain Osborn, that in giving him his parting orders he said, "If ever you, sir, deliver all that squadron safe to your admiral in China you deserve to be made a commodore."

By going to Brazil, avoiding the Cape, and carrying the squadron on a great circle to the south, the passage was made without one disaster, and within six months all the vessels were safely at anchor in Hongkong harbour. That squadron of gunboats, it is only fair to say, changed the character of the war in China, and brought our negotiations to a successful issue. Captain Osborn next embarked the British ambassador, and the *Furious* took a prominent share in every subsequent operation, from

the escalade of Canton to the capture of the Taku forts in 1858. The gunboat he embarked in was the first to reach the city of Tien-tsin and the entrance of the Great Canal. The commander-in-chief praised Captain Osborn most highly in his official despatches, but as he was already in possession of every possible honour for past services, no official recognition could then be given him. From China, Captain Osborn carried Lord Elgin to Japan, and on his own responsibility led the escorting squadron beyond the surveyed portion of Yeldo Bay until Her Majesty's ships were anchored in a position within gunshot of the capital. This measure led to a satisfactory treaty between Japan and Great Britain being speedily signed by the emperors, and Lord Elgin then and subsequently acknowledged the service rendered by Captain Osborn.

On the return of the *Furious* to Shanghai in September, 1858, a question arose in framing the supplementary treaty with China how far it was possible to declare the great river Yang-tze navigable to Europeans. Captain Osborn was applied to by Lord Elgin, and, confident from his experience of the volume of the river at Nankin, that it must be navigable for hundreds of miles beyond, he undertook to test the question, and persuaded Captain Barker (of Her Majesty's ship *Retribution*), senior officer at Shanghai, to make the experiment at once. That officer, shattered by a stroke of paralysis, could only accompany the force just above Nankin, the batteries of which were successfully engaged and silenced. Thence, up a falling and intricate river, Captain Osborn had, as senior officer, to conduct his ship, accompanied by the *Cruiser* and two gunboats, to Hankow, 600 miles from the sea; the *Furious* having several times to be cleared to her keel to float her off unknown shoals and reefs. This service enabled the ambassador to insist on the river being opened to foreign commerce. No war ship of the size or the draught of the *Furious* has subsequently been able to

reach Hankow, although at this moment the river is covered with vessels carrying European commerce. Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, on the return of the squadron, issued a general order expressing his satisfaction "at the gallantry, zeal, and perseverance displayed by the captains, officers, and men comprising the expedition."

In the House of Lords, Lord Elgin publicly acknowledged his obligation to Captain Osborn in the most eulogistic terms.

In the meantime such had been the arduous nature of the service rendered in ascending the Yang-tze that Captain Osborn had to give up his ship and return home on half-pay to undergo a long series of surgical operations. By the publication of his naval journals and by other literary labours, Captain Osborn was enabled to subsist until well enough again to seek service, when, in the spring of 1861, he had the honour to be appointed to the command of Her Majesty's ship *Donegal*. For guns. In her he embarked a portion of the British force sent to co-operate in the allied attack on Mexico.

The Emperor of China, in June, 1862, made an offer to Captain Osborn, through his agent, Mr. Lay, of the absolute command of a large squadron of vessels to be equipped by him in England for the suppression of piracy on the coast of China. The command was to have been a very lucrative one. Captain Osborn was formally promised that, in order to guarantee such a force not being used against European powers, or in a way hostile to our naval sense of humanity or justice, he should not be placed under any local authorities, but receive his orders direct from the emperor. With this understanding, Captain Osborn received especial leave for the purpose from the Admiralty, and officers were lent likewise from Her Majesty's navy on the same understanding. A squadron of six vessels was constructed, equipped, and carried by Captain Osborn to the near neighbourhood of Peking in 1863; but on reporting himself at the

capital of China, he found that the emperor repudiated the promises and engagements of his agent, and wished to place a Chinese mandarin as a superior officer even on board his own ship. This, together with the fact that the representatives of the European powers were adverse to the institution of a force on such terms, decided Captain Osborn on withdrawing from a position so likely to prove compromising to his own honour as well as to the British interests in China.

Returning to England, Captain Osborn again placed his services at the disposal of the Admiralty, and was in 1864 appointed to the command of Her Majesty's ship *Royal Sovereign*, a vessel adapted to test the new system of turrets invented by Captain Cowper Coles, R.N. He reported on the perfect success with which twelve-ton guns were for the first time used at sea in Her Majesty's navy, and otherwise showed the excellence of the turret system; but the *Royal Sovereign* was paid off. Captain Osborn was permitted to remain attached to her until the end of 1864, when, having served sufficient time by the regulations then in force to qualify for his flag, he resigned his command.

The short time for which the *Royal Sovereign* was kept in commission entailed heavy pecuniary loss to Captain Osborn, who had fitted her out at a great expense under the impression that he would be considered one of the active fleet for at least three years, and this circumstance, together with additional losses caused by the bankruptcy of a firm of navy agents, obliged Captain Osborn to turn his attention while on half-pay and awaiting promotion to the admirals' list to some employment as a means of subsistence. He first proceeded to Western India and successfully administered as agent between the Great Indian Peninsular Railway Company and the Government a network of railways extending throughout the Bombay Presidency. Finding the climate, however, injuring his health, and being desirous of keeping

himself employed on matters more immediately connected with the profession to which he belonged, Captain Osborn resigned this appointment in 1866, and in 1867 undertook the office of director of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company (which had then just successfully laid the Atlantic submarine telegraph cables), for the purpose of giving his professional knowledge to the work of establishing submarine telegraph communication between Great Britain and her Eastern, and Australian possessions and colonies. In four years this work was completed by a series of submarine cables from Falmouth, the Mediterranean, and Red Sea to India, the Eastern Archipelago, Hongkong, and Australia; and Captain Osborn might well feel that, from a public as well as professional point of view, he had in this great work served the commercial as well as the military interests of his country. In 1871 Captain Osborn was appointed to the command of Her Majesty's ship *Hercules*, the finest of our cruising ironclads, and in 1873 he was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral.

In the whole of these services, whether as midshipman, lieutenant, commander, captain, or man of business, the name of Sherard Osborn was highly distinguished. In the first Chinese war he was thrice mentioned in the despatches of Commodore Sir Thomas Herbert and Admiral Sir William Parker, and was publicly thanked as a midshipman by Commodore R. B. Watson for his services at the capture of Shanghai. In Ireland he earned the warm approval of the local authorities, and was repeatedly thanked by his commander-in-chief. In 1849 his seamanship and gallantry were reported to the Admiralty as "beyond all praise in remaining by his vessel, the *Dwarf*, in a sinking state in tempestuous weather." In the Arctic Seas his energy and joviality, and his readiness to undertake the hardest labour, if any of his men were distressed in sledging expeditions, won him the devoted attachment of his crew. In the

Crimean war he gained the highest renown and the fullest approval of his distinguished admiral, Sir E. Lyons, who not only selected him for presentation to the Queen at Windsor, but strained every nerve, and with success, to secure his re-appointment to the command of the Sea of Azov squadron. To no man more than to Captain Sherard Osborn was the opening of our trade with Japan and China due. We believe that his social qualities and knowledge of men assisted Lord Elgin in his difficult negotiations almost as much as the professional nerve and seamanship which carried the *Furibis* to Yeddo and Hankow. It has been often said that naval officers make the best diplomatists, and probably Sherard Osborn, as admiral on a foreign station, would have been a marked illustration of this rule. Like Lord Dundonald, whom, in many respects, afloat and ashore, he resembled, he carried his fighting temperament into the arena of civil controversy. For ten years he struggled energetically to advance the views of his friend Captain Cowper Coles, and had the satisfaction of eventually witnessing the chief constructor of the navy, whose great qualities he always fully recognised, pronounce in favour of the turret ship for fighting purposes, and the admiral in command of the Channel fleet report that the lamented "*Captain* could destroy all the broadside ships of the squadron in detail."

His untimely death will cast a gloom over the Arctic expedition, which he did so much to promote. He himself attributed to his own Arctic experience and the example of his first Arctic commander, Captain Austin, two naval lessons of first-rate importance: first, the practice of commanding men sympathetically, as human beings and not as machines; and secondly, the habit of prudent daring, which the struggle with an Arctic winter always, he declared, engenders. He often used to say that he could get out of his men the very utmost exertions of which they were capable.

WILLIAM CAXTON.



FOUR hundred and forty years ago, or thereabouts—for exact figures are not attainable—a German, who is now conventionally recognised as John Gutenberg, discovered the art of mechanically reproducing on paper, by the use of movable types, words and pages that had previously been only engraved on blocks of wood, as books are produced in China at this day. Printing was known to the ancients and was practised by them. Paper was common enough a century or two before. For years mankind had been blundering on the verge of the great discovery of typography. Cheap books of different kinds were on sale in every country of Europe, before types were thought of. But this man, by his invention of a simple mould for casting characters, provided the world with facilities for its intellectual advancement, useful for all time, and capable of infinite utilisation.

We need not recount the incidents of the life of the great proto-printer—his troubles at starting, the injustice his impetuosity brought down upon him, his death embittered by neglect, rendered the more satirical by the fact that he was the wearer of a courtier's dress. His art spread like wildfire all over Europe. No modern inventor, even with the facilities of publication which we possess, and which were then wanting, has ever made such initial progress. Steam, railways, gas-lighting, and now the electric light, have passed through a long childhood; printing attained its majority in a day. From France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and even Russia, it spread with a velocity reminding one of the transmission of news in Macaulay's Ode on the Armada.

It took, however, nearly thirty years to

come to England. Printing was invented about 1440; it was introduced here not before 1476 or 1477. In 1450 the whole Bible in the Vulgate Latin was printed; a copy of it (worth about £4,000) may be seen in the British Museum. Yet for so many years did our land, destined to occupy so pre-eminent a place in the intellectual traffic of the world, remain without the "art preservative of arts."

The man who brought us this gift was not a professional printer, not a craftsman. William Caxton—for that is our benefactor's name—never, in fact, became a good printer; early English books are not to be compared for elegance and taste to the contemporary productions of Continental countries. But he enjoyed the grand position of being our *first* printer, and brought over with him to our shores a blessing only comparable to that which was given to us by the first apostle of Christianity.

The mind would like to dwell on the linements of such a man. Unhappily we have no pictorial presentment of his form and features; nor do we know much about his life. He is not mentioned in any public document of his day; his name appears in certain deeds and books of account, but not in connection with the achievement that has immortalised him. All our knowledge of him is obtained from a peculiar gossiping habit he had of interlarding his writings with biographical reminiscences and personal sentiments. A few of these must now be referred to; but we avoid mere historical or statistical details, with a view to appreciate the man's mission rather than investigate his life.

He was born—we do not know when—in the Weald of Kent. Of the locality even we are ignorant. It was then a rude, almost barbarous country. The language was so broad as to be hardly recognisable as English. In fact, a century and a half

after the nativity of our benefactor, a typographical writer described it as "a desert and waste wilderness," "stored and stuffed with herds of deer and droves of hogs only." Caxton's father was probably a landed proprietor; else he could not either have given him such a good education as he undoubtedly possessed, or apprenticed him to a London mercer, which proved the foundation of his fortunes.

After being at school, Caxton was sent to London, and apprenticed to Robert Large, member of the Mercers' Company. The latter was, as documentary evidence proves, a man of great influence and wealth. He was a merchant as well as a mercer; and it is nearly certain that among his merchandise were books. They were, however, rare, and consequently costly; hence the mercer's apprentice was placed in favourable circumstances to cultivate a taste for reading, which otherwise could not have been gratified without an expense obviously beyond his reach. Robert Large was Lord Mayor of London in 1439-40; and in the following year he died, leaving to Caxton twenty marks—a very considerable sum in those days. We now begin to get glimpses of the career of the future printer from stray records, and find that shortly after the decease of his master he went abroad. In 1464 Edward IV. issued a commission to Caxton and another to be his ambassadors and procurators to the Duke of Burgundy, in order to arrange a new treaty of commerce. This was effected: trade with England, which had been suspended for many years, was resumed. Caxton appears to have remained abroad on the scene of his diplomatic success at Bruges. He employed his spare time in literary pursuits, and produced a book, which would not, however, commend itself to the taste of the present day. It is called "The Recuyell of the Histories of Troy," and was begun in 1468. It treated of chivalry, and its contents were a curious agglomeration of romance and fact, philosophy and facetiæ, with a thread of pious aspiration running through the whole. The translation was

handed about in manuscript, and was highly appreciated. We are now again on conjectural ground, and know not certainly how it came to be printed or by whom. Certain it was that the "Histories of Troy" was the first published book in the English language. It is not yet settled from whom Caxton learned the art or where. There are two eminent authorities on the subject—Mr. Blades, of London, and M. Madden, of Versailles. The first believes that he learned it from Colard Mansion at Cologne; the other, from Ulric Zell, of Bruges. A vast amount of controversy has ensued on this particular point. Caxton published several other books abroad, whose titles we need not specify. Suffice it to say, that after remaining out of his native land for about thirty years, he came back to London with a practical knowledge of the art of printing.

In 1477 there was issued a book called "The Dictes and Sayinges of Philosophers"—"Emprynted by one William Caxton, at Westminster." It was the first book printed in England. Caxton's press was set up in the precincts of the sacred building, and there he laboured up to the time of his death. His publications are very numerous, his enterprise was indefatigable, and probably his financial success was not inconsiderable.

We cannot here give a bibliographical list of "Caxtons," those precious volumes now worth sums averaging £400 and £500 each. But we must refer to one indicative in its tone of the prevailing sentiment of its author. It was written, as we know, from the words of an apprentice who survived his master—Wynken de Worde—when the old printer was just on the verge of the grave. The title is "The Art and Craft to know well to Die," and in the commencement are the following words:—

"When it is so, that what man maketh or doeth it is made to come to some end, and if the thing be good and well made it must needs come to good end; then by better and greater reason every man ought to intend in such wise to live in this world in keeping the commandments of God that

he may come to a good end. And then out of this world, full of wretchedness and tribulations, he may go to heaven unto God and His saints, unto joy perdurable." A very little later, in 1492, Caxton had come to his own end.

Such is a very rough outline sketch of the life of one whose earnestness, industry, enthusiasm, and rectitude are not unworthy of imitation in an age like our own, apt to undervalue such virtues. His piety was tinged with mediæval superstition, yet was



THE ALMONRY, WESTMINSTER.
(From an old print.)

unaffected and sincere. He never over-rated his work, although he must have foreseen its tremendous importance and significance. Englishmen may well be proud of such a man; and although we have no

monument of him in brass or stone, his memorial is universal. As was said of the great German proto-printer, his monument is "the frailest but the most enduring—it is THE BOOK."

SIR JOHN BURGOYNE.

JOHN FOX BURGOYNE was the son of the Right Hon. John Burgoyne, whose name was well known to the public nearly a century ago, not only as a public man, a member of Parliament, and a dramatic writer, but also as the "best-abused" man of his day. He commanded the forces in America in 1777, and led an expedition into Canada which was intended as a bold movement against the insurgents; but, in consequence of a misadventure, and from not being supported by General Howe, as intended, was forced to surrender to the Americans. He was also severely assailed by "Junius" as a political adherent of the Duke of Grafton.

Little is known about his early life save and except the fact that he received his second name after the celebrated Charles James Fox, who was his godfather and one of the most intimate personal and political friends of his father. To Eton he was sent at an early age, but all that is known of him at Eton is that he did not care much for Latin verses, his constructive genius taking quite a different turn from his very childhood; and that he was "fag" to the historian Hallam, with whom he kept up an acquaintance which lasted until the death of the latter. Possibly, too, he cared less for his father's dramas than for his military achievements, for before long he was transplanted to the Military Academy at Woolwich, where he went through the usual course of mathematics and fortification. In August, 1798, he was gazetted to a lieutenant's commission in the Royal Engineers.

In April, 1800, Burgoyne sailed in the memorable expedition sent to the Mediterranean under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, to counteract the designs of the great Napoleon. Proceeding to the Mediterranean, he took an active part in the blockade of Malta and

the capture of Valetta, which, after a stubborn resistance on the part of the French, placed the citadel of the Mediterranean in the hands of England. In 1806 we find him actively employed in Sicily; in the same year he embarked as Commanding Engineer with the expedition to Egypt, under Major-General Fraser, and was present at the capture of Alexandria and the siege of Rosetta. His spirited conduct on these occasions attracted the notice of the Commander-in-Chief, and won especial mention in the despatches sent home to the Horse Guards. At the close of the last-mentioned expedition Sir John Moore applied for his services, and he accordingly returned to Sicily in the autumn. We next find him employed for a short time in Sweden, whence he was transferred to Portugal; was present throughout the entire campaign, and finally shared with his lamented chiefs the memorable retreat on Corunna, where he formed one of that melancholy party which laid Sir John Moore in his hastily dug grave.

In the last-named affair Captain Burgoyne, for such was now his rank, was ordered to blow up the bridge at Benevento, so as to stop the advance of the French; but in order to detain them as long as possible and to give more time to the British troops, he was instructed to delay firing the mine until the very last moment. The French advanced parties held the further end of the bridge at the moment when he exploded the charge which completely destroyed the structure. Again, in the retreat before Messina to the lines of Lisbon, he received orders to blow up Fort Conception as soon as the French advanced in force; but in order to check their passage as effectually as possible, he was ordered on no account to allow himself to be deceived by any detachment, but to remain steady until the main body of the

French moved up. This operation, like the one before mentioned, required much coolness and nerve, as well as great professional skill, and it is almost needless to add that it was completely successful.

After a short absence Burgoyne was ordered to join the army under Sir Arthur Wellesley in Spain, where he was actively employed until the close of the war. There was not a siege in which he did not take an active part, and there were few battles where he was not under fire. He took part in the passage of the Douro, the battle of Busaco, the two sieges of Badajoz, the siege and battle of Salamanca, the battle of Vittoria, the siege of San Sebastian, the action of the Bidassoa, the battle of Nivelle, the passage of the Adour, the blockade of Bayonne, etc. It is well known that the sieges in the Peninsula did not offer much opportunity for testing the professional merits of the corps of Engineers, as, on account of the want of Sappers and Miners, and the scarcity of every requisite for such an undertaking, they were forced to convert the sieges into what the French term *attaques brusques*, and our army paid dearly in loss of life for our neglect of the scientific branches of the service. Nevertheless, the British engineers were as abundant in readiness of resource, in zeal and gallantry, as they were deficient in *matériel*; and it was noted as a remarkable fact that, in spite of the total want of everything necessary for regular siege operations, the self-same fortresses in the Peninsula, when attacked by the British and garrisoned by the French, fell in a much shorter time than when attacked by the French and garrisoned by the Spaniards, and that, too, although the French engineers possessed a supply of all or most of those means in which the English were so deficient. Burgoyne, who attained the rank of Colonel during the war, was first or second in command of the Engineers at most of the sieges of the Peninsula. The Duke of Wellington frequently expressed a very high opinion of his military capacity, and more seriously than he just used to say of him in reference to that diffidence and

modesty which always marked the man, and showed rather than hid his merits, "If Burgoyne only knew his own worth as an officer, there would be no one in the army to equal him."

Within a few months of the close of the war in the Peninsula, Colonel Burgoyne, ever active and indefatigable, was again "in harness," being appointed Commanding Engineer of the expedition to New Orleans under General Sir Edward Pakenham. Here he found repeated opportunities of gaining distinction; his spirited conduct at an attack on the enemy's entrenched position, and at the siege of Fort Bowyer, brought his name more prominently forward than ever, and materially advanced his professional prospects. He was highly complimented by the Commander-in-Chief of the expedition, and his services were more than once acknowledged and recommended to the notice of the authorities at home.

It was by an accident, or rather we should say, perhaps, by a freak of fortune that Burgoyne was not present on the field of Waterloo. The gallant Sir Thomas Picton, who had learnt his value in the Peninsula, and who appreciated his merits as highly as his old friend and chief, Sir John Moore, was desirous of securing the services of so able an officer for the army in Flanders, and, it is said, made a formal application to the Government with this view; but for some reason or other the opportunity was lost to Burgoyne of bearing his part in the crowning victory. He could well afford to lose the laurels which he might have gathered there; for, with the single exception of Waterloo, there was not one great or important action in the entire war, from its beginning to its end, in which Burgoyne did not bear a part. Disappointed, however, as he must have been, we find him within one short month after the battle once more serving actively under the orders of his great commander, for he joined the Army of Occupation at Paris, and remained there until the close of the occupation.

To a soldier of less energetic disposition

and less active and indefatigable habits than the late Field-Marshal, it is more than probable that the peace of forty years which followed on the victory of Waterloo would have represented a long period of comparative ease and retirement. But Colonel Burgoyne was far too active and zealous for anything of the kind; he easily and cheerfully adapted his energies to other work, and rendered good service to the country at large in a purely civil capacity. For some years he held the appointment of Chairman of the Board of Public Works in Ireland, and by the engineering operations which he planned and carried out during that critical period, he very considerably benefited Ireland, and especially the Irish poor. In 1845 he was selected by the Government to fill the post of Inspector-General of Fortifications.

It was while he held this post that he addressed to the Duke of Wellington his memorable official letter upon the defenceless state of our national coasts and seaports after that long interval of peace and inactivity. The Iron Duke took the matter up with a zeal and energy proportioned to its intrinsic importance; and large sums of money were voted by Parliament for the purpose of making good the deficiencies and omissions of bygone years.

In the year 1847 "the Famine" broke out in Ireland, with fever and other ills in its train, and Sir John Burgoyne was appointed to conduct and organize the Commission for its relief. Of this Commission he was the life and soul, and none laboured more diligently or perseveringly to ensure its efficiency. It was also well known to his friends that he was constantly employed by the Government in many confidential transactions, the nature of which at the time was never allowed to transpire. In a word, there never was a more useful civil servant of the Crown than Sir John Burgoyne, or one whose wide range of military experience could be more readily made available for the benefit of the public at large.

We now pass to the most important chapter in the career of Sir John Burgoyne

—we mean the part which he played in the Russian war. When in the winter of 1853-54 it became evident that Russia "meant mischief," and was bent upon disturbing the peace of Europe, Sir John Burgoyne was sent to Constantinople to report upon the measures necessary for the defence of the Ottoman Porte. As soon as the gallant General returned to Europe the real state of the case was made known; the Government was not long in making up its mind, and Sir John was appointed Lieutenant-General on the staff of the Army of the East. It would be easy enough to dash off the rest of the Crimean story in a few short words, merely saying that to Sir John Burgoyne was entrusted the management of the landing of the British forces on the shores of the Crimea; that he suggested the flank movement to the southern side of Sebastopol; that from the first he pointed out the Malakoff as the key of the entire position; that he conducted the siege operations before Sebastopol up to the middle or end of March, 1855, when he was recalled to England, leaving Sir Harry Jones to complete the work which he had originated. It may safely be asserted that whatever were the shortcomings of the leaders of the British army itself, the Engineers, under Burgoyne, from the very commencement of the campaign, may claim for themselves the credit of having given what proved to be the right advice at the critical moment with respect to the landing at Eupatoria, and it is well known that their advice was but the echo of that of Sir John Burgoyne. The French officers and a portion of the English, including Sir George Brown, were in favour of attempting a landing at the mouth of the Katcha. Sir John Burgoyne, however, objected to the spot, and at first stood almost alone in his objection; for his keen and experienced eye detected it to be, from its configuration, a hazardous place for disembarking troops, and he suggested instead the spot which was afterwards agreed upon by both armies.

Again, when the landing had been successfully accomplished, and the battle of

the Alma had been won, the next step was to attack Sebastopol. An investment of the place with the forces which the allies had at that time brought into the field was quite out of the question, and the main point for consideration was on which side the attack should be made. Here, again, the eye of our able Engineer officer discerned the true course to be followed. The French were in favour of attacking the city on the side nearest to themselves; but Sir John Burgoyne showed that even if that side, which was the least strongly fortified, were taken, the task of besieging the city would really have to be begun *de novo*, and urged that the true base of operations in the present case was the fleet, as more easily moved than the army, and that the dangers of a flank march such as that which brought us to the plateau above Balaklava were largely outweighed by its advantages. The disadvantage of the north side lay in the fact that the army could not have covered its base of operations, so that communication with the fleet was always liable to be cut off by works thrown up by the enemy. Although the position was only defective at this period, a few weeks later it would have been positively dangerous, for the Russians had developed such an unexpected force at the period of the battle of Inkerman that they could have thrown up entrenchments, and blocked up the allied army on the narrow promontory between the Belbec and Sebastopol, and the safety of the whole force would have been seriously compromised. The army was saved from this danger by the flank march to the south, and it will be remembered that the principal reason given by Sir John for this movement was that the allies could take up a very strong position on the south side of the harbour, which would cover all the bays from which they would derive their supplies. The correctness of this reasoning was shown by the fruitless efforts afterwards made by the enemy to force the positions at Balaklava and at Inkerman.

When the army had advanced thus far, the proper work of the Engineer officers

commenced, for they had to determine which was the most vulnerable portion of the fortress, and against which, therefore, the chief efforts of the allies should be directed. Here, again, the superior genius of British engineering was vindicated by Sir John Burgoyne, for, while our allies desired to attack the town itself, he pointed from the first to the Malakoff as when taken involving the fall of the city. We are all aware that the plan of the French was adopted at first, and we are also well aware with how little success, and how great a loss of lives and of money it cost England.

But at length, though not until the gallant old General had returned home, both the English and the French commanders came round to his view, and, concentrating their whole strength on the Malakoff, took it by assault. With the Malakoff the key of Sebastopol passed into the hands of the allies, and Sebastopol fell, thus justifying Burgoyne's prediction to the very letter, for the fall of that tower rendered the other fortifications untenable. Indeed, from first to last, whatever amount of success attended the expedition to the Crimea would appear to have been due, to say the least, as largely to Sir John Burgoyne as to any other single individual. By the landing at Eupatoria not only was the disembarkation of our troops effected in security, but a lodgment was made in the rear of the enemy. Lord Raglan acknowledged in the noblest manner how much he was indebted to the advice and assistance of Sir John Burgoyne at the battle of the Alma, and it has been stated that he addressed a despatch to the Horse Guards requesting that he might be promoted to the rank of General, and that his promotion should date from the time of the battle itself. At the battle of Inkerman, Burgoyne was again in action, and Lord Raglan in his despatch on that occasion once more acknowledged the great assistance which he received from his experience and counsel.

It was indeed unfortunate for the British army, much more than for the Field-Marshal whose loss we are lamenting, that precisely

at the time when the superiority of his judgment in engineering matters was beginning to be recognised, and his plans had come to be adopted, the authorities at home resolved on his recall, and so one of the most meritorious officers in our army was thrown over as a victim to popular discontent. Accordingly, he returned to England, leaving to others to gather the laurels which he had planted and to some extent reared.

The rest of Sir John Burgoyne's story is soon told. Not long after the fall of Sebastopol he was advanced to the rank of full General, and was created a Baronet of the United Kingdom. At a subsequent date Sir John Burgoyne received from his sovereign the *bâton* of a Field-Marshal, and from the city of London the freedom of the city in a casket of gold.

On the death of Lord Combermere he was appointed to the dignified office of Constable of the Tower of London. He was also selected by Her Majesty for the honour of heading a mission to Paris in charge of the funeral car of the Great Napoleon, which he presented to the Emperor in Her Majesty's name.

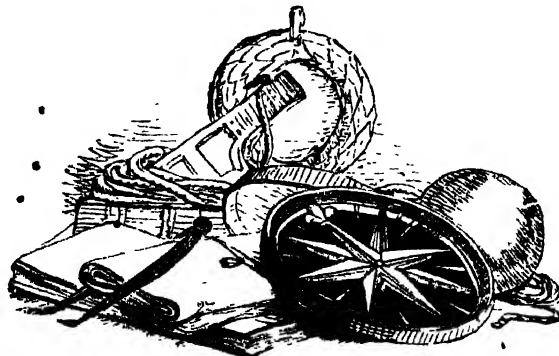
The late Field-Marshal, besides his letter to the Duke of Wellington already mentioned, was the author of a pamphlet of great value on "Army Reform," as also of a treatise on "The Blasting of Rocks," and of several important papers on military affairs in the professional papers of the Royal Engineers. He enjoyed the most

perfect health and strength until he had long passed the age of fourscore years, and when nearer ninety than eighty he liked to put in an appearance among the visitors at the Harrow speeches or the 4th of June at Eton. He married in 1821 Miss Charlotte Rose, the daughter of a Nairnshire gentleman, by whom he had a family of seven daughters and a son.

When he retired from active employment he had already held a commission for just seventy years, and he lived long enough to enjoy for some time the repose which he was so well entitled to claim.

His only son, Captain Hugh T. Burgoyne, was an officer of the Legion of Honour and one of the first recipients of the Victoria Cross in 1857. He commanded the *Wrangler* gunboat at the capture of Kinburn, and was drowned in Her Majesty's ship *Captain* in September, 1870. His death, without issue, caused the title of his gallant father to become extinct.

Sir John, indeed, never recovered the severe shock caused by this terrible loss. He was taken seriously ill with the malady called eczema, but in the beginning of August, 1871, rallied wonderfully, to the surprise of his medical attendants, and was able to leave his room for several days. In October he became worse again at his house in Pembridge Square, and gradually weakened until Saturday morning, the 7th, when he passed away, without a sigh, in perfect peace.



WAR CORRESPONDENTS.



SPECIAL correspondence is really but a thing of yesterday. Middle-aged newspaper readers may well remember the time when as yet no English journal thought it worth while to exert itself energetically in the way of obtaining articles descriptive of important events from the pens of contributors specially engaged for the purpose. There was often, it is true, a spirited competition in the matter of rapid transmission of news. If there was a great political gathering, for example, at Bristol or at Liverpool, it was thought desirable at any expense to transmit the shorthand-writer's report by means of relays of light gigs, provided if possible with faster horses than any rival journal had been able to secure. If we remember rightly, "Our Own Correspondent" first appeared in the shape of "Our Special Commissioner," who, though he was pretty nearly identical in his functions, nevertheless conveyed both to the journalistic and the public mind a somewhat different idea. He was supposed to be a person of calm judgment and special knowledge, who had been retained by the newspaper he represented for the purpose of inquiring in a semi-judicial way into some matter of great public interest concerning which it had been found difficult to arrive at trustworthy conclusions. The causes, the nature, and the actual extent of the famine in Ireland consequent on the failure of the potato crop in 1846-7, the condition of the London poor and their alleged sufferings from the sudden introduction of Free Trade, are among the subjects which in this way were elaborately examined and reported upon on behalf of particular journals. Nowadays, however, "Special Commissioner" is a term

almost unknown. "Our Own Correspondent" has absorbed his duties in much more comprehensive functions. Instead of being a mere casual and accidental person, he is a permanent feature—perhaps the most important of all features—of English journalism. This fact is never more apparent than during the progress of a great war like that which taxed all the energies and resources of the Turkish and Russian Governments.

The War Correspondent naturally dates from the period of the Crimean War, the first great military contest in which England had been engaged since Waterloo. How deep an impression was created by the brilliant descriptive articles of Dr. Russell, whom *The Times* had, with characteristic energy, engaged to accompany the expedition even from our shores, is well known. The Indian Mutiny and the Civil War in America gave a further development to this system, but it was not until the great war between France and Germany that the War Correspondent became the all-important personage which in time of war he is now universally felt to be.

A writer who would draw a portrait of a typical War Correspondent after the manner of La Bruyère or Sir Thomas Overbury would have to attribute to him no inconsiderable number of qualifications. He must, in the first place, be healthy and vigorous, and capable of bearing fatigue and privation to a degree which few persons are equal to; he should be active and self-denying; he should ride well and speak languages; he should be imposing enough in appearance to inspire respect in a cut-throat Bashibazouk or a marauding Cossack. It is needless to say that he should be a person of strong nerves, and not habitually over-anxious for his personal safety. Military knowledge and experience are absolutely essential, and these not

only in regard to details, for he must be capable of readily understanding and appreciating the significance and importance of combined movements and of strategy in general. But all these qualities would, of course, avail nothing if he was wanting in the literary art which enables a writer to effectively portray what he has seen. Lastly, if he represents a journal like *The Graphic*, he must not only have the artist's eye for a picture, but the artistic skill necessary for taking a rapid sketch under conditions not often favourable for the exercise of his powers.

The great fact of war correspondence in these days is the transmission of letters by the electric telegraph. If we remember rightly, it was the *Daily News* that first set the example of transmitting, not a mere brief summary, but an entire article descriptive of some great military event by means of the electric wires. The occasion was the fall of Metz, the story of which, occupying a column and a half, appeared to the surprise of the public on the very morning after the surrender. From that day newspapers, in time of a war which predominates over all other topics of in-



MR. F. VILLIERS,
Artist of "*The Graphic*."

terest, may be said to have lived by "the wires" alone. Long special letters from the seat of war, it is true, do make their appearance daily; but it is the great object of newspaper enterprise to outstrip the lagging post, and, with the first intimation of a good battle, to publish a full description and decisive comment on the result. The credit of the most surprising feat in this way yet accomplished is unquestionably due to Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous correspondent of the *Daily News*, whose brilliant description of the battle before Plevna and the disastrous retreat of the

Russian army, occupying five and a quarter newspaper columns, and comprising 6,200 words, was in most part actually written in the telegraph office while the entire narrative was in the course of transmission.

It must not, however, be supposed that the war correspondent's duties consist only in seeing battles and writing about them. With him the great question is, "Where can I go with a reasonable hope of finding the telegraph officials disengaged, and willing to transmit a message of such an extraordinary kind?"—a question necessarily shifting as the scene of battle changes.

In some instances he may get assistance from couriers; but more often he must ride himself—day and night, if necessary—to some place in neutral territory, where he hopes he will neither be harassed by official scruples about disseminating unpleasant tidings, nor impeded by the hurry and confusion which always prevail in telegraph offices in the vicinity of important military operation. Piteous descriptions were published of the trammels under which our newspaper correspondents with the Turkish armies were compelled to discharge their duties. To the credit of the Russian commanders, it

should be mentioned that they have shown themselves less afraid of disagreeable truths. A striking example of this is the fact that, so far from taking offence at Mr. Forbes' terribly picturesque narrative of their sufferings and humiliations in the disastrous struggles before Plevna, it has been officially intimated by the Russian commander-in-chief that orders were sent from headquarters to all the official newspapers in Russia that, pending the issue of the formal Government report, a full translation of Mr. Forbes' telegram was to be accepted by them, and represented as substantially



MELTON PRIOR,
Artist of "The Illustrated News."

accurate both as regards the details and the result of the conflict. Mr. Forbes has borne full testimony to the privation and the dangers encountered by Mr. Villiers, who was present with him at all these great battles.

On the whole, it would seem that the business of supplying the public with early and authentic descriptions and pictures from the seat of war, could hardly by possibility be carried to any higher point of development. That these improvements in the details of journalism are terribly costly may easily be inferred. The consumption of valuable horses alone is often no incon-

siderable item in a war correspondent's expenses; but perhaps the chief torment of a responsible manager of a daily journal in war time is the certainty that no precautions, consistent with that bold expenditure which is the condition of ultimate success, will protect him from a considerable proportion of what may be called abortive enterprises. Postal and telegraphic disorganization, or impediments placed in the way by military or official authorities, count for much; but to these causes must be added the uncertainty which always prevails as to the exact points of future operations.



A WAREHOUSE OF WONDERS.

THE Stevens family of Hoboken, United States, has shown extraordinary mechanical ability and inventive genius in two generations. Of Col. John Stevens it has been said that, without having made any superlatively great improvement in the steam-engine, and without being the first to propose navigation by steam, he showed a better knowledge of engineering than any man of his time. He was born in 1749, and in 1804 he constructed a propeller with such success that he was encouraged to build the *Phoenix*, a steam-boat almost contemporaneous with Fulton's *Clermont*. In 1812, when there was not a locomotive in the world, he described a plan for applying steam to locomotion on land. Not only its feasibility, but the precise mode of its application, its cost, and its almost illimitable advantages, were clearly and definitely stated; but the projector was scorned as a visionary, as Stephenson was scorned at a later period.

In the same year he designed an ironclad vessel with a saucer-shaped hull, carrying a heavy battery, and plated sufficiently to resist the most formidable ordnance then known, which has since been reproduced by the celebrated Elder of Glasgow; and to him the world is indebted for the sectional steam-boiler, the revolving turret for warships, and the high-pressure form of steam-engine.

His sons inherited his ability. Robert L. Stevens became known as a most successful steamboat builder, and designed the famous battery which, as an instrument of war, has never been surpassed. He also invented the elongated shell for projection from ordinary cannon, and the hollow or concave water or wave lines in the bows of vessels. "As was his father, he was assisted

by his brothers, and when he died his work on the floating battery was continued by Edwin A. Stevens until death removed him also. When Edwin A. Stevens died he provided for the foundation of the Stevens Institute of Technology, at Hoboken, New Jersey, bequeathing nearly a million of dollars for the purpose, and that excellent educational establishment, which has one of the completest collections of apparatus in the world, commemorates the genius of the family more effectively than the most pretentious mausoleum.

The building is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Hudson; it is three storeys high, and the principal material is granite. The aggregate floor space is more than an acre, inclusive of the wings attached to the main building, under which is a basement with steam-boilers for heating the building and supplying the machinery, metallurgical furnaces, a foundry, several galvanic batteries, a machine-shop, and reservoirs for hydrogen and oxygen. The scholars of the institute are not limited to text-books; the design is to make efficient mechanical engineers of them, and when the class exercises are over they are to be found in the basement, dressed in overalls, with hammer, anvil, lathe, and dynamometers, applying in actual experience, under practical mechanics, all they have learned in the class-rooms.

At one side of the main entrance on the first floor is the private office of the president, in which science has been made a convenient handmaiden through the telephone and telegraph, which place the president in immediate communication with all parts of the building. The tables and the mantel-piece are overweighted with instruments, models, books, and relics of the Transit of Venus observations, in which the president assisted; and at the desk in the middle of the floor is the president himself, a youthful

looking gentleman, whose yellowish hair is touched with white, and whose face is only now beginning to show the last-wrought lines of excessive study.

In the west wing is the chemical laboratory, with water, gas, sand-baths, drying-closets, and filter pumps; and on the same floor is a balance-room, a store-room, a physical laboratory, of which we shall see more by-and-by, a reception-room, and a gymnasium, which is easily converted into a lecture-room, the stage being portable and swung up against the wall when not in use.

The second floor contains the chemical lecture-room, a mathematical department, a department of mechanical engineering, the studies of the professors, a museum of optical instruments, the theatre of the department of physics, and various classrooms.

The third floor contains a private laboratory for the professor of chemistry, a museum of mineralogy, a department of electric measurement, a photographic-room, a department of languages, a department of drawing, the lecture-room of the department of belles-lettres, and the workshop of a firm which receives students for practical instruction in the manufacture of philosophical instruments.

We have not enumerated all the details, fearing that we might weary the unscientific reader to whom we address ourselves, and we may simply add that there is not an unsubstantial wall in the building, it is well furnished, and no appliance that could give comfort to the inmates has been omitted.

The collection of apparatus is undoubtedly the most complete in the United States, and comprises, besides full sets of those embodying late improvements, the identical instruments used by many famous discoverers in science. The cabinet of optical instruments has been declared to contain more riches than all the cabinets of France, and perhaps of Europe combined, and in the engineering department the collection includes, besides a variety of modern machinery, some invaluable relics,

such as the high-pressure condensing engine, the tubular boiler, and screw, which drove the *Phoenix* up the Hudson early in this century. Thus, while availing himself of instruments of exquisite adjustment and perfect finish, which facilitate his work in a manner unknown to his predecessors, the student can trace the successive developments by the actual object, and find a stimulus to ambition in repeating the experiments made by Faraday or others with the very apparatus that the great physicists themselves employed.

The education given is technical, and it may qualify a boy to be an architect, a chemist, or a civil engineer; but its special design is to prepare its students for the trade of a mechanical engineer.

The course of instruction lasts four years. In the department of mathematics and mechanics the studies are, first year, elementary mechanics, geometry, trigonometry and algebra; in the second year, analytical geometry, differential and integral calculus; in the third year, analytical mechanics, the resistance of materials, and the theory of bridge-building; and, in the fourth year, the theory of bridges, and roofs and graphic statics. The course in belles-lettres is as usual. Chemistry is included in the second and third years of the course, and in the fourth year to advanced students.

In the department of physics the first year is devoted to the inductive method of research, inductive mechanics, the properties of matter, pneumatics, heat, the laws of vibratory motions, and acoustics; the second year, to the application of the laws of heat to heat engines, meteorology, light, magnetism and electricity; the third year, to the construction, the methods of adjustment, and the manner of using instruments in precise measurements; and the fourth year to laboratory work.

In the department of engineering two years are devoted to the study of mechanical science and the materials of construction. The student becomes familiar with the fabrication of typical machines, and the form as well as the theory of prime movers.

He spends two days a week in the workshop, and there learns the construction, use and manipulation of machine tools, the mechanic's "knack," and he observes work in progress under the hands of experienced men. He visits the foundry, where the moulder is busy, and he soon learns the technic of that business; pattern-making and other occupations are also seen in practice. In brief, it is intended that, though he may not leave the Institute a completely equipped workman, he shall be prepared to become one in a short time. In the mechanical laboratory he uses the apparatus of the engineer and learns the forms of machines for determining the tensile, tensional, and transverse strength of materials, the steam-engine, the indicator, etc.; he takes part in tests of all kinds of materials of construction, and in using the dynamometer and other instruments.

A simple catalogue of the objects in the collections would be of interest to the scientist, and a description of even the most important ones would fill a volume; but we address ourselves to the unscientific reader, as we have said, and with him we propose to simply wander from cabinet to cabinet in search of wonderment.

Besides the model of John Stevens' first steamboat, is a steam-boiler for an experimental locomotive built in the early part of the present century; the English patent on the boiler, issued in 1805, is also here, and autograph letters from Robert Fulton, Robert Stephenson, and Commodore Decatur are hung against the walls. "This," said our guide, "is the machine to which Professor Lyndall took his hat off," and he indicated an electro-magnet, the largest ever constructed, weighing nearly a ton, and containing in its eight spools some two thousand yards of wire. A number of problems in magnetism have already been solved by it, and its power renders it inestimably valuable for future investigations. "First take your watch off," continued the

curator, "and then I will exhibit it to you; if you stood near it with your watch in your pocket it would instantly magnetize the movement." When we had obeyed him, he gave us a piece of iron probably weighing two pounds, and we held this out to the magnet at a distance of about two feet from it. In an instant the invisible power snatched it out of our hands and sealed it to the magnet, which strenuously refused to surrender it. A copper disk was seized in a similar manner, and when we stood with our backs to the machine the current passing through our bodies was so strong that two pieces of iron that we held several inches apart became instantly united. The curator made a variety of experiments to show us its immense power, and the prettiest of all was this: he placed over the magnet a wooden tray containing a quantity of coarse iron filings; as soon as he revolved the crank attached to the machine, the fibres of iron became erect in the bottom of the tray and assumed the form of trees until they seemed like a forest of Sierra pines in miniature. When the current was discontinued they relapsed, and in a few seconds were again the grains of iron in the bottom of the tray.

The curator next showed us a tube lamp in a water-tight vessel, which has been used in attracting fish to a particular spot, not, however, with such success that its general adoption is at all likely; and in adjoining cabinets were electric sand-blast stencils, by which letters an inch deep or the finest tracery may be engraved on glass; a little iron machine used in mines previous to the invention of the safety-lamp, by which a flint held against a plane wheel gave the operator light; some micrometer screws, by which the thousandth part of an inch can be measured; an inductive coil throwing an electric spark two inches, and several electric lights having the power of twenty thousand candles each.



THE FOUNDER OF A REPUBLIC.

ONE of the greatest names among the early English Quakers, and immortal as the founder of the colony of Pennsylvania, is that of William Penn. The founder of Pennsylvania was born in London in 1644. His father was the celebrated Sir William Penn, who greatly distinguished himself in the war against the Dutch in the reign of Charles II. At the age of sixteen, Penn was sent to Christ Church, Oxford, and it was while at the University that he was converted to the tenets of the Friends by a discourse which he heard from one of their preachers. The course of conduct which he adopted in

consequence of his new views, exposed him to a great deal of harsh treatment from the authorities of the University, and he at length returned home. His father then, in the hope of curing him of what he thought his fanatical notions, sent him to travel to France and the Low Countries. On his return he entered as a student of law at Lincoln's Inn, but was soon sent over by his father to Ireland to take charge of some landed property which the admiral possessed in that country. He was at this time in his twenty-second year.

Penn's visit to Ireland completed his conversion to Quakerism. Having met there the same preacher who had made the first impressions on him at Oxford, he was soon brought to join himself openly and without

reserve to the sect whose opinions he shared, and to adopt all the peculiar habits by which they were distinguished. His father upon this sent for him home; but he was now too decidedly convinced of the necessity of persevering in the course to which he had committed himself to make any concession or compromise, and accordingly, it is said, on his first appearance before the old admiral, he confounded him by advancing with his hat on, and addressing him with the singular salutation, "I am very glad, friend, to see thee in good health." Sir William thought his son had gone mad, and ordered him to the door.

Such is the story, told originally, we believe, by Voltaire. But it may possibly after all be little more than a fiction of that accomplished jester. The grossest misrepresentation of the conduct and language of Penn and his brethren are to be found in graver works than the one in which this anecdote appears. Let one example suffice. On the accession of James II., the Quakers, among many other public bodies, presented an address to the new monarch, of which the principal object was to crave toleration for their unoffending and peaceful tenets. It contained no singularity of expression whatever, beginning, "Whereas, it hath pleased Almighty God (by whom kings reign) to take hence the late King Charles II., and to preserve thee peaceably to succeed; we, thy subjects, heartily desire that the Giver of all good and perfect gifts may please to endue thee with wisdom and mercy in the use of thy great power, to His glory, the king's honour, and the kingdom's good;" and proceeding throughout in the same dignified and perfectly respectful and unassuming style. Yet this address, the historian Echard, professing to transcribe its exact words, has thought proper to give in the following form: "We are come to testify our sorrow for the death of our good friend Charles, and our joy for thy being made our governor. We are told thou art not of the persuasion of the Church of England, no more are we; therefore we hope that thou wilt grant us the same liberty

which thou grantest thyself." This most dishonest and malignant travesty has been copied by subsequent historians.

In 1688 Penn first appeared publicly as a preacher in favour of Quakerism and against the Established Church, for which he was committed to the Tower. He endured an imprisonment of about seven months; and then, having regained his liberty, proceeded a second time to Ireland, and recommenced preaching. In 1670 we find him again in London, where, having been brought before the Lord Mayor on a charge of illegal preaching in the streets, he was afterwards tried at the Old Bailey, and, although acquitted by the jury, was by the scandalous tyranny of the time once more sent to prison, and detained in confinement till his father secretly purchased his release.

He then proceeded, in company with the celebrated George Fox, to France and Germany, in both of which countries the two Friends laboured unsparingly in the propagation of their opinions. The serious illness of his father, however, soon recalled him to England, where on his arrival he found the admiral on his death-bed, but very anxious not to leave the world without being reconciled to his son. Penn, indeed, tells us in one of his works that he found his father now become almost a Quaker as well as himself.

The death of Sir William left him in possession of landed property to the value of £1,500 a year, besides a claim upon the Crown and the amount of £16,000 more. He now therefore married, and settled at Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire. Finding it difficult or impossible to obtain payment of his debt from the Crown in money, he at length petitioned for a grant of land in North America; and after some delay he obtained a large tract of country lying immediately to the west of New Jersey, by a charter dated the 1st of March, 1681. The same year he left England to take possession of his purchase, accompanied by numerous families of his own persuasion to colonise the new territory.



THE RIGHT HON JOHN BRIGHT M P

One of the first steps which the incipient legislator took was to enter into a treaty with the Indian chiefs of the neighbourhood, to whom, having assembled them around him under an old oak-tree, he deliberately explained by an interpreter the several articles which he proposed, that each might be formally assented to, after it was fully understood. The late Mr. West, himself a native of Pennsylvania, has painted this scene, which took place on the spot where the town of Philadelphia now stands, and which future events have invested, both to Americans and to civilized man in every clime, with so deep an interest.

The remainder of Penn's life was chiefly spent in superintending the growth and government of the colony which he had thus founded, and which he had the happiness of seeing every day become more flourishing and populous. He returned to England in 1683; and on the accession of James II., about two years afterwards, he became a great favourite at court. On the Revolution, indeed, his

intimate connection with the deposed monarch brought him into such suspicion, that his American colony was seized by the Crown, and he was obliged to conceal himself for some years. It was not till 1696 that his possessions and their government were returned to him. Soon after this, his wife having died, he married a second time, and in 1699 he returned to America, taking his family with him. Here he was received with joy, both by the British colonists and the Indians. After residing in Pennsylvania for about two years, and taking an affecting farewell of its population, who regarded him as a father, he again set sail for England.

The close of Penn's life was clouded and distressed by pecuniary embarrassments in which he had become involved; and in 1712 he sustained a stroke of apoplexy, which greatly weakened both his mind and his body. He languished, however, under the consequences of this attack for six years longer, dying on the 30th of July, 1718, at his seat, at Ruscomb, in Berkshire.

THREE YEARS AMONG THE SAVAGES.

THE common proverb as to the strangeness of truth as compared with fiction, has had few illustrations more complete than in the following story—few, moreover, which present certain great practical lessons more impressively. The truthfulness of the story, moreover, may be vouched for in every particular.

September 4th, 1853, the barque *Sarah Morris* left Sydney, New South Wales, for San Francisco, with merchandise and passengers. Among these was Mr. Losee, a native of New York, who, with his wife, was returning to the United States, after a residence of some years in Sydney.

On the 2nd of December, the vessel, being then among the Micronesian Islands, was carelessly allowed to strike upon the reef of Raven Island, one of the Caroline group. There it soon went to pieces, but not until the entire ship's company had been safely landed, together with a considerable quantity of provisions and one boat. Here they determined to remain until some passing vessel should take them off. Raven Island, however, lies outside the usual track of ships, and the prospect of relief from this quarter seemed small. Twice sails were sighted so far away that their signals were not heeded. And so it was determined to send a boat to Ascension Island, which lay about ninety miles to the north-west, and which was a

resort of vessels needing water. Thence help, it was thought, could easily be sent.

The captain of the *Sarah Morris* was first urged to lead such an expedition; and on his refusal, it was put under direction of one Captain Brown. Five others from the crew and passengers volunteered to accompany him, Mr. Losee being one. The boat was repaired and provisioned for the voyage, but it was not until the 15th of January, 1854, that the little band of six fairly set forth on their hazardous errand. Twice before this they had attempted it, but had been compelled by storms to turn back. This time their start was made in the early morning, and all day they ran before favourable winds. As night drew on, however, the wind shifted, blew heavily, and, despite all their efforts, drove them from their course. After battling with the elements, adverse winds and currents for another day, a majority of the crew refused to go farther in that direction, and reluctantly the boat was headed once more for Raven Island. Rough weather and baffling currents still opposed them, and rendered the attempt to return as difficult as their search had been. Finally, after several days spent in tossing upon the unknown sea, the hope of rejoining their friends was also abandoned; and it was determined, if possible, to reach some other of the Caroline Islands, which lay, as they supposed, to the south of them.

Just one week from the date of leaving Raven Island they again sighted land, and were met by a canoe containing eight natives, fishermen apparently, who, with demonstrations of friendship, piloted them within the reef. This islet they found to be small and uninhabited, though others, not far away, showed signs of considerable population.

After seven weary days within their floating prison, it may well be imagined that the prospect of walking the dry land was most agreeable. Hauling their boat therefore upon the beach, and removing all its equipments, they prepared to rest themselves before again engaging in their search. The

natives guided them to springs of fresh water, and then signed for them to follow to a grove of cocoa-nut trees. Mr. Losee and one companion volunteered to accompany two of the natives for this purpose, but before starting warned their friends against the natives, urging them to maintain constant watch, and on no account to sleep all of them at once.

Hardly, however, had they reached the other side of the island—about half a mile distant—and began to gather nuts, when a shout was heard. At once the natives dropped everything and ran, closely followed by the white men. Arriving at the beach, a sorry sight presented itself. Captain Brown lay upon the ground, transfixed with a spear. Two others were similarly disabled, and the fourth had run to the bush. The natives, meanwhile, were seizing everything on which they could lay hands, and loading it into their canoe.

The precaution of maintaining a watch, it seems, had not been observed; the man left on guard had yielded to fatigue, and fallen asleep; the natives had taken advantage of this to attempt the murder of the whole party and appropriate their effects. The first spear thrown had missed its aim, but had awakened the captain, who, leaping to his feet, had rushed upon the treacherous natives. They had fallen back before the counter assault, and but for the cowardice of one of the white men would have doubtless been driven to their canoe; but, seeing him run away, they had regained courage, and recommenced the attack. Three spears had entered the body of Captain Brown; two of them he had himself removed, and had then fallen, being by the third transfixed and pinned to the earth. The other men were bleeding profusely, though not dangerously wounded.

Something must be done to inspire the savages with fear, or the lives of none of the party were worth an hour's purchase. So, seizing a spear and uttering the most unearthly yells, Mr. Losee rushed forward, his companions also joining in the attack. That determined action turned the tables

on the natives; and hastily pushing off their canoe they paddled away, taking with them their spoils.

For the present the little party were safe; but no time was to be lost in escaping from the island before their enemies, reinforced, should return. Hastily pushing the boat into the water, therefore, they took with them the wounded men, and rowed away. Sails, papers, compass, provisions, clothing—everything had been taken by the savage thieves, except the oars on which the boat had rested, a little water, and fifteen hard biscuits, which had been overlooked. It was indeed a sorry enough prospect with which they again put to sea. Two hours after starting poor Captain Brown died. The other wounded men could render no assistance, and so the labour of rowing and steering fell upon the remaining three. And thus for four long days, from sunrise to sunset, and from evening to morning, they laboured and watched for passing ship or for land. It was land which they then discovered, a small island not then inhabited, although it had been previously, for huts were standing, domestic cats still haunting them, and upon the beach hoop-iron and empty liquor bottles, sure tokens of advanced civilization, remained in evidence, not only of occupancy, but of passing vessels; so, an abundance of fruits being found there, it was determined to remain until rescued, and meanwhile to make themselves as comfortable as possible.

For about a month they had thus been living quietly, when, on the afternoon of February 23rd, they observed a canoe standing toward the island. Anticipating such an occurrence, they had provided themselves with clubs and spears, and had practised themselves in the use of them. Now they set to work upon a sail from the fibre of the cocoa-nut tree. While thus engaged, the canoe came to land, and the seven savages whom it contained approached them with friendly gestures. But taught by sad experience, they were not, as may be supposed, inclined to trust much to such demonstrations, and did not for an

instant relax their vigilance. The wily savages shared their hut with them and their food, and made various attempts to separate them, but in vain. Not for one instant or upon any pretext would they suffer themselves to be parted. These tactics failing, the demand was next made for their boat and clothing, and these being refused, the attitude of the savages became more and more threatening, until, late in the day, they took to their canoe, saying that they would go to another island to sleep.

This action did not tend to allay apprehension in the minds of the little party, and a sharp watch was kept up during the night. Just before daylight the canoe was seen pushing off in the direction from which their visitors had come; doubtless the savages returning to their own island for aid, and would soon return. Preparations for departure were accordingly hastened; the sail was finished, water cask filled, bread fruit and cocoa-nuts pulled; and then, taking the boat round to the outside of the low reef, they moored it in the shadow of the rocks and awaited events. Before very long three large war-canoes were descried in the distance, filled with men, rapidly approaching. Lying low behind the reef, the savages passed within the lagoon without discovering them, and leaped upon shore, brandishing spears and clubs furiously, apparently much surprised to find the birds had flown. It was hard for the gentle savages to be cheated thus out of the savoury mess for which their mouths watered; but there was no help for it, and so with chastened spirits they set about preparations for a feast. Their intended victims, meanwhile, seeing how things were turning, hoisted sail and bore away. Then for the first time the savages discovered their presence, and, rushing out upon the reef, hurled spear after spear in impotent rage. Before nightfall the little island was hidden from sight.

Alone once more upon the waste of waters, the boat was headed north in hope of reaching Ascension Island. Thick

stormy weather shut in around them; heavy seas tossed them wildly to and fro; a pint of water and one cocoa-nut was the daily allowance of food for each man. Fifteen days of such experience passed slowly over their heads. Then the allowance of water was cut down to half a pint each. It seemed useless to continue longer on that course, and so the prow was turned toward the south. Nine days more of suffering and suspense follow—twenty-four days since their sail was hoisted—then land appeared. They had reached the little group known as Sir Charles Hardy's Islands, and upon one of these they beached their boat. Emaciated, covered with sores, weak, so that they tottered rather than walked, they gained the shore; those less disabled supporting their feebler comrades, found a few young cocoa-nuts, the milk of which they drank, and then lay down to sleep.

Their coming had evidently been observed, for in the morning several canoes came near the shore, and one of them was landed. The natives, who were of quite a different race from any before met, had evidently never seen a white man—the islands indeed, it was found, are quite out of the usual track of vessels—but they seemed to be kindly disposed, and, though they would not allow the strangers to approach within thirty yards of them, yet gave them aid by plucking the young cocoa-nuts and placing them within reach.

It was soon found that the island at which they had touched was uninhabited, small, and incapable of supporting life. It was also evident to the little band that they could not longer endure the hardships to which for the past twenty-four days they had been exposed. The perils of the land were less than of the sea. Accordingly, taking to their boat again, they made for a considerable settlement on land about eight miles distant.

Nearing the island, the shore was seen to be crowded with natives, who motioned to them to come ashore, and wading out into the surf towed the boat to land. The voyagers at once, stripping off their clothing,

threw it to the crowd, who seized, pulled to, pieces, and distributed the parts as trophies, one man being enriched with a shirt-sleeve, another rejoicing in a pantaloon, and others still with other sections of civilization. Five of the chiefs, then approaching, made choice each of his man, broke a small stick across his forehead in token of ownership, and then took him ashore to a hut, where food and needed rest could be enjoyed. For three days this mild imprisonment continued, their hut being constantly surrounded by natives and every movement watched, but the utmost kindness being shown them.

On the fourth day the priests arrived—a canoe-load of them—and immediately began the work of purification, the end of their incantations being, apparently, the discomfiture of the evil spirit, who is supposed to reside in the sea. In the presence of the entire male population of the island, therefore (the women had fled to the bush on the first approach of the white men, taking the children with them), the priests first anointed the strangers with scented oil, and sprinkled them with the dust of fragrant leaves finely powdered. Placed then in a canoe, they were towed to the centre of the settlement; then, carried on the arms of natives to a grassy spot on the shore, they were again anointed by another company of priests, venerable, white-haired men. A great feast of taro, bread fruit, fish, arrow-root, and other South Sea dainties wound up the celebration. The women, who had now reappeared, served the white men's viands, saying as they laid the food before them, "May you eat and be full, and love the land." This done, they retired, leaving the men to enjoy the feast with their guests.

The next day the naturalization ceremonies were resumed. Each of the party was taken in hand by one of the aged priests, his head shaved, by a woman with a razor made of shark's tooth, the operation, according to Mr. Losee, being not one of unalloyed delight, again anointed with oil, and dressed in a coat of red paint and

a girdle woven from bark in a rude loom. Necklaces of whale's teeth, armlets of shells, and head dresses gay with feathers, shells, small sticks, and sweet scented flowers were added. Then their clothing was complete, and they stood forth the cynosure of all eyes, a triumph of high art in South Sea millinery and dress goods. No wonder that the natives, standing off, looked upon their handiwork with complacent admiration. It was a triumph of genius to convert

those wretc'ed, haggard pale-faces into the gorgeous beings whom they saw before them. No wonder they called them a "set of handsome fellows." Whoever will allow imagination play enough to picture those five waifs of the sea in their brave attire must commend the taste of the gentle islanders. For themselves, the sight of each other seems to have called out bursts of merriment which still further delighted their kind hearted hosts, who danced and



A SCENE IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

shouted in unrestrained joy. Then, the entire population being summoned by a resonant shell, the new comers were paraded up and down the beach, a chief acting as escort for each of them. That completed the public services of that day, and of every one of fourteen days, for that matter, only the shaving operation was mercifully omitted.

During all that period, however, they were not allowed to approach the water, lest the paint, which had been so artistically

applied, should be rubbed off. At the end of the fortnight their initiation was complete, and they were taken home by the chiefs who had adopted them, installed on the mats of honour, and publicly acknowledged as sons, receiving, in token of this, each a new name.

There must have been a sadness, after all, in these ceremonies, which seemed to doom them for how long a time none could foresee to the society and the condition of naked savages. Yet one of the number, at

least, stood up to his lot right manfully. Seeing, as has already been said, that they were the first white men with whom these islanders had come in contact, Mr. Losee resolved to live so that subsequent voyagers might be assured of a cordial reception—a pure, truthful, conscientious life.

That they might not lose the run of time, they also adopted the device of a knotted cord, each day being represented by a knot.

Ten days after their reception into the tribe one of their number sickened with fever; then, two days later, another, until finally all were prostrated. In twelve days Patten, the first to sicken, died, and was buried by the natives. None of his companions were permitted to take part in or even to witness the burial; in fact, none could do so but subjects of the chief who was his foster-father. Perhaps on the principle that it did not concern the members of another parish, they kept the service wholly to themselves, crying and howling as if heart-broken, resting sweetly at night, but taking a turn before breakfast for several successive mornings.

For the burial they washed and painted and decked out the body with new clothing—whale's teeth, shells, and feathers—placed it upon a board, and carried it, feet foremost, to the other side of the island. There they deposited it in a shallow grave, the bottom of which was covered with mats. They planted a tree at the head, and surrounded the grave with stones, arranged with some artistic skill.

A few days later Hilton, the second man attacked, died and was buried. The other three recovered, although one never regained his health, and, after lingering for some months, died.

• And now, fairly established as a South Sea Islander, twenty-two months passed away in the monotonous round of savage life; weary months, when the thoughts went back to Raven Island, and suggested the possible experiences of her whom he had left there, yet not without some brighter gleams. The people were kind-hearted and

affectionate, ready to share with him to their last. The chief into whose family he had been adopted was a fine, manly fellow, one of nature's noblemen. Moreover, he had himself, by a steady course of truthfulness and regard for other's rights—individual and domestic—acquired an influence over them as salutary as it was honourable. He was, in fact, the chief's counsellor of the tribe. But, for all that, home was far away, and he could not content himself to live and die a savage, not though he were a chief.

Often and long was the problem of deliverance discussed by his surviving comrade and himself, only to find obstacles apparently insuperable blocking every solution. Convinced, however, of the neighbourhood of other inhabited islands by the floating wood and bamboo-sticks, they at last determined again to commit themselves to the perils of the sea in search of settlements somewhere within the track of commerce. To accomplish this it was necessary to obtain the consent of the chiefs, no easy matter. At first it was violently opposed.

"Why do you wish to go?" they asked. "Are you tired of us? Do we not feed you well?"

No; none of these were the reasons, only this: their friends, their families, were far away and grieving for them. They longed to look in their faces once more.

The principal chief was man enough to appreciate this argument, and, painful though the separation would be, he yielded to it, gave his consent, and promised a canoe; their own boat had long before been broken up for the nails and iron it contained. It was necessary, however, to obtain consent of the other chiefs, and so a council was called. After much discussion the old chief stood up and urged a favourable answer to the white men's request.

"They are white men," he said, "who have come to us. They have seen us, and we like them. They want to go to their own land. They will tell their people that we have given them plenty to eat and treated them well. They will come back,

bring their people with them, bring us tomahawks, beads, and cloth, which we want, but have not got in our own land. They tell us of their fine, large ships. We want to see them. Then we shall be able to build large vessels and visit the lands of the white man."

"But," answered the chiefs, "they will not come back."

- Said the chief, "Did you ever know Wan to tell you a lie?"

"No."

"Wan says he will come back in four moons. Wan does not lie; he will come back."

That was the advantage of an established reputation for truthfulness. Opposition ceased, and all possible aid was extended in preparation for the voyage. The only condition upon which the kind-hearted islanders seem to have insisted was one final tonsorial operation with the shark's tooth; then the two white men were ready. Just then, however, the courage of the other man gave way, and the chief refused to allow Losee to incur the dangers of the sea alone.

In this emergency the consent of a native boy to accompany him was obtained on Mr. Losee's positive pledge that the white men would not eat him! With this support the chief consented to have him go.

When the time for departure arrived a great crowd assembled on the beach. The two adventurers received each an entire brand-new suit of cocoa-nut oil and red paint as protection from the evil spirit of the sea. Taking their places in the canoe, strong arms bore them through the surf and started them on their way. Adieus and kind wishes were showered upon them, with loud outcries and tears. With Mr. Losee there were mingled emotions of joy and sadness and gratitude. The kind old chief, standing waist-deep in the water, sent on once more the question, "Wan, will you come back?" and over the waves the answer was returned, "Yes, in four moons." The parting was like many another in civilized lands: crowds upon the beach as

long as the little cockle-shell could be discerned, and the voyagers' eyes often turned back upon the receding forms, until finally hidden from view.

A few hours after the perilous voyage began a sudden squall struck the boat, carrying away the sail, filling the canoe with water, and washing out all their provisions except seven cocoa-nuts and two pints of water. It took them two hours to right the canoe and bail out the water; then they held on their course once more, but could use only the paddles.

For seven weary days they pursued their way, the burning heat of the southern tropics falling upon their shaven heads and painted bodies. The paddles were not once out of their hands during all that time, and by night, when one of them slept, the other kept the boat upon its course. For three days not a particle of moisture passed their lips, except from the cocoa-nuts, the milk of which had been previously extracted.

• When the eighth day dawned they were approaching an island. The beach, as they drew near, was lined with savage-looking men, very unlike those whom they had left—different in race and disposition too. It was, however, hardly optional whether or not to continue their course; covered with sores, the skin peeling from their bodies under the heat to which they had been exposed, almost delirious from the suffering of their unprotected heads, starving, burning with thirst, it was certain death and speedy to hold on; it was better to throw themselves on the mercy of the savages.

As the canoe ran upon the beach, a tall, ferocious-looking chief seized Mr. Losee by the wrist, and dragged him to the shore. Others did the same to the native boy. Making signs that they were thirsty, water was given them to drink. Mr. Losee was then taken into a hut and bidden to lie down. Hardly had he done so before exhausted nature claimed its repose, and, although expecting that his last hours had come, he fell asleep. Two hours afterward,

being awakened by one pulling at his arm, he was bidden to partake of young cocoanuts, a basket of which had been placed at his head. This ended, he was led out of doors, where a council would seem to have been held as to the disposition to be made of the captives, and was confronted with a wild, howling crowd of savages armed with spears and clubs. The native boy, his companion, was brought up at the same time by another armed band. Suddenly the principal chief of the island, a tall, strapping fellow, armed and painted, and wearing a tall plume, bounded into the midst, gesticulating and shouting furiously. The natives parted on either side, leaving an open space, in which were the chief and his prisoners. It was a critical moment. Evidently the chief had determined on their death, and Mr. Losee, like a brave man, prepared for it. Placing his hands on his breast, and bending his head, he signified his readiness to die. At that sight the whole attitude of the savage changed; he stopped, ran to his prisoner, threw bow and arrows across his feet, lifted him up, hugged him, and danced about in an ecstasy of emotion. Then, turning to the astonished crowd, he said:

"A brave man; a lone man; he one, we many; he without bows, arrows, or spears, we have them plenty; yet he not frightened."

(He was frightened, he acknowledges; but he would not show it.)

The other savages, taking their cue from their chief, in like manner danced about the native boy; but he, poor fellow, not understanding their meaning, and thinking himself about to be served up at a cannibal banquet, was terribly frightened; but when Mr. Losee threw his arm about him, the savages desisted, and the boy recovered heart. From this time both of them received kindly treatment from their captors. Deliverance from captivity, however, seemed as far away as ever.

Two days afterwards Mr. Losee was sitting in a rather downcast mood, when, on looking up, he saw before him a tall,

strongly-built man, a chief apparently, but from another island. Glass beads were strung about his neck, and a pipe-stem thrust through his nose. Observing Mr. Losee's fixed gaze, he asked in English, "What are you looking at?" It was the first time the captive had been addressed in his native tongue, and his heart leaped to his mouth; but, controlling his emotion, he replied, "I was looking at your beads, and wondering where you got them."

"In Sydney," was the reply; adding, "I've been there three times."

And then the black man and the lonely white stranger clasped hands in joyful brotherhood.

The native's story was a thrilling one. His name was Boko, a chief of one of the neighbouring islands. Some two or three years before, while fishing with five companions, their canoe was blown to sea, and drifted to New Ireland, the inhabitants of which were cannibals, as indeed were Boko and his comrades. The other five were immediately murdered and eaten. Boko was reserved for a future banquet, when he should be in better flesh and condition. While thus held, a trading vessel touched at the island in quest of tortoise-shell and other articles of commerce. Observing Boko, the captain asked what it was intended to do with him. "Eat him," was the simple answer. In pity for the poor fellow, and to save his life, a bargain was made, and Boko was sold for two tomahawks. In that vessel he had made three voyages to Sydney, and out among the islands of the South Sea. About a month before his story was told, while sailing by an island, he recognised it as his old home, and persuaded the captain to allow him to leave the ship, while she completed her circuit, promising to gather together articles of trade in readiness for his return. Among his own people once more, his first business was to make them acquainted with the great world outside their lonely island, and especially to dissuade them from the practice of cannibalism. He was so far successful in this endeavour as to obtain their

promise to eat no more human beings, white or black, save only convicted thieves; whether or not because these were a specially toothsome morsel is not related. Two or three days before this meeting, he had learned that the natives of Green's Island held two captives whom they intended to devour, and his visit was, if possible, to prevent the horrid act. So he advised Mr. Losee to remain quietly where he was until the return of the vessel, when Captain Devlin would certainly rescue him. He also urged the natives to kindly treatment of their captives, promising most tempting rewards if they were delivered up in good condition. And then returning to his own island, on the next day he sent back a suit of clothes—discarded relics of civilization—several pounds of tobacco, and pipes.

Being thus charged and encouraged, the natives redoubled their kindness, supplying their now distinguished guest with every luxury which their island afforded, enabling him, indeed, if so disposed, without expense, to have opened a Green Island boarding-house. Three months passed away thus, then the welcome cutter appeared, and ended the long captivity. A tomahawk and a piece of hoop-iron given to each of his friends made them all rich, and the parting was with many expressions of sorrow.

On this vessel Mr. Losee was able to revisit Hardy's Island, according to his promise given when leaving; and by a remarkable providence the return was within two days of the time fixed upon. To the natives he was as one risen from the dead, for it had been thought impossible for their frail craft to have outridden the squall which struck it just after leaving the island. They received him with every demonstration of delight, although at first greatly terrified by the, to them, enormous craft in which he returned. The old chief was especially pleased at this new evidence of the truthfulness of his adopted son. "Did I not tell you," he asked triumphantly, "that man would come back? and you see

he has." Feast followed feast, the whole population sharing in the joy; and when the time for sailing came, after an entire night spent in feasting to his safe voyage, they sorrowfully parted from him and his surviving companion, who was also taken on board.

The voyage was uneventful; and on the 16th of July, 1856, three years, lacking a few weeks, from their departure, the two men, weather-beaten and brown, re-entered Sydney harbour. Fourteen days, twenty-four days, seven days, at separate times, he whose story has been told was tossed as in a cockle-shell upon the waters of the South Pacific. Without shelter, much of the time with insufficient food, some of the time reduced to actual starvation, without clothes, beaten by the storms, scorched by the sun, engulfed by the tossing waves, only to find more fearful danger upon the land from fellow-men. Two years he had lived among painted savages as one of them; three months he had been the prisoner of cannibals, where only his emaciation had saved him from instant death to grace a bloody feast; but through all these dangers an unseen but Almighty hand had safely led him back to life and hope.

This story would be incomplete if left here. Turn back then in thought to the little shipwrecked company left upon Raven Island. For nearly six months they watched and waited before a passing whale-ship took them off. Before that time the hope of seeing the long-absent boat's company had been abandoned. Their provisions also were about exhausted. By this vessel they were taken to the island of Guam, one of the Philippine group, whence Mrs. Losee was forwarded first to Manilla, and afterwards to Hong Kong. Remaining there for a few months, she accepted the invitation of her husband's relatives to come to them in New York. There she spent some months, and then took passage for China again. Nine days after her departure, a letter, written by Mr. Losee on his arrival at Sydney, reached New York. The letter in reply found him, his passage

engaged, and baggage aboard the vessel about to sail that afternoon for New York, instead of which he remained eight long months more in Sydney, when at last he was rejoined by his wife, four years and five months from the date of their separation.

It is no part of the plan of this narrative to moralize over its suggestive incidents.

No one, however, can have failed to see an illustration of the value of truthfulness and honour in whatever position one may be placed. It was worth something to make the impression which Mr. Losee was able to make on those islanders. It were a bright day for the world if Christianity were oftener represented thus in the far-away countries of the earth.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY was born at Holne Vicarage, Devonshire, June 21st, 1819, and died at the Rectory of Eversley, Hampshire, of which parish he was minister, January 23rd, 1875.

He was during all his ministerial life incumbent of the one parish, and might not have been known beyond its bounds had it not been for his writings. Yet it is only just to say that in the discharge of his ministerial duties he was abundantly faithful to his parishioners, and was mourned by them, at his comparatively early death, as a father and elder brother.

Remaining all his life Rector of Eversley, he was for some years succeeding 1860 Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. For a while also he was Canon of Chester, which position he exchanged for a canonry of Westminster.

Canon Kingsley's sympathies through all his public life were with the working classes in English society. His constant endeavour, with voice and pen, though mainly with the latter, was to give them better opportunities for culture, as individuals and as a class, than he found them enjoying.

These sympathies, in the earlier part of his career at least, led him into extremes, as when he was the enthusiastic apostle of ^{scientific} Democratic Democracy. But, partly at any

Two-
ough his labours, before he died
ting it
look
d see that in matters of education,

if in no other, the condition of the English working classes had improved.

In his theological views he stood with Dean Stanley and what is recognised as the Broad Church wing of the Anglican Establishment; but beside a volume or two of sermons, he has made no contributions to theological literature.

There is one point in which, as we think, Charles Kingsley's example can be safely urged upon all incumbents of the sacred office. Holding a position of preferment in the English Church, mingling in the society of the Court and the most aristocratic circles, there was so little of the ecclesiastic about him that Dean Stanley, in his commemorative sermon in Westminster Abbey, spoke of him as a layman in the disguise of a clergyman, saying: "Yet, human, genial layman as he was, he still was not the less, nay, he was still ten times more, a pastor than he would have been had he shut himself out from the haunts of men. As an instance of this, witness the tears of the rough peasants of Hampshire as they crowded round the open grave to look, for the last time, on the friend of thirty years, with whom also mingled the passing hunter and wild gipsy wanderers who mourned for the face they should no more see in forest or on heath. He was a spiritual teacher and guide; and they claimed for him, what he never would have claimed for himself, the character of a profound theologian."

Indeed we should have scarcely expected it to be otherwise with one who was the apostle of what we believe he himself named "Muscular Christianity." He was a layman, not in that he was not concerned about the true work of his calling, but in that he met men as his brothers on the broad plane of human sympathy. They saw and felt that it was not a mere professional interest which he had in them, but the broader interest of a common humanity.

It was, if we are not mistaken, Kingsley who defined a Christian as "a man who fears God and can walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours." The definition is certainly very defective, but it contains a truth that needed to be enunciated at that time, and which we believe, in spite of many and even gross perversions, has done

good. Charles Kingsley was certainly a believer in his own doctrines, and it was this robustness of the whole man that gave him the power of which we have spoken, and which we commend to the attention of others of his profession.

In the world of letters, where after all he is best known, Kingsley will be remembered mainly as a writer of fiction. Dramatic force, powerful conceptions of character, and a robust and healthy spirit characterize his works. Some of them—such as "Alton Locke," which gave him his first reputation, and "Hypatia," are "novels of purpose," aiming to advocate certain causes, or throw down certain false notions.

He was, besides, an industrious worker in the field of periodical literature, and a poet of no mean ability.

LESSEPS AND THE SUEZ CANAL.



FERDINAND DE LESSEPS comes of a race of distinguished men. His great-grandfather, Martin de Lesseps, was in the French consular service in nearly every European country. His grandfather, Jean Baptiste, Baron de Lesseps, was a successful diplomatist in Turkey, Russia, Spain, etc. He volunteered to accompany the famous voyager, La Perouse, and, in 1787, parted from that navigator at Kamschatka, bringing home to France the despatches and maps connected with the expedition. He was the French ambassador to Russia in 1812, and returned to France in company with Napoleon's great army in its disastrous retreat. His probity was proverbial, and one of his accounts is endorsed in the handwriting of Napoleon I.—"In future the accounts of M. de Lesseps are to be passed without examination."

The son of the foregoing was Matthieu

Maximilien Prosper, Comte de Lesseps, who lived from 1774 to 1832. He accompanied the French army in Egypt, and took a high position in the consular service of France in various European countries and in America. He married the daughter of a Malaga merchant. His wife's sister was the mother of the late Comtesse de Montijo, the mother of the ex-Empress Eugénie.

Ferdinand de Lesseps, the immediate subject of this article, was born at Versailles, on November 19th, 1805. He studied at the College Henri IV., at Paris, and was scarcely twenty when he commenced his diplomatic career as attaché to the Consulate-General of Lisbon. After successive appointments in Tunis and Egypt, he became, in 1833, Vice-Consul at Cairo. His heroic conduct during the great plague of 1834-5, which carried off a third of the population, was most exemplary. He personally superintended the care of the sick, and remained at his post when all other Europeans had fled. These self-denying labours procured for him, in 1836,

the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Three times he was in temporary charge of the Consulate-General of Alexandria, and profited by his position to obtain protection for the Christians of Syria during the occupation of that country by Ibrahim Pasha. It was chiefly through the interposition of M. de Lesseps that peace was restored between the Viceroy of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, and the Sultan.

Recalled from Egypt, M. de Lesseps was engaged successively as Consul at Rotterdam, Malaga, and Barcelona. During the bombardment of the latter city by Espartero, in 1842, he rendered great service to sufferers of all nations. Frequently during the fighting did he expose his life to save others. Through his energetic remonstrances the bombardment was postponed for several days; and when it took place, he hired vessels, and personally superintended the removal of fugitives. For these services he was promoted to the grade of officer in the Legion of Honour, and received decorations from the governments of Sardinia, Sweden, the Netherlands, Spain, etc. The Chamber of Commerce at Marseilles sent him a complimentary address, and that of Barcelona placed his bust in its hall. In 1843 he saved Barcelona from a second bombardment. He was recalled from his post at Barcelona, in 1848, by the new Republican government (having been denounced as a monarchist); but also immediately, Lamartine, who saw the worth of M. de Lesseps, in spite of calumny, sent him as Minister of France to Madrid. His services here, in the conclusion of a postal treaty and other important matters, were gratefully recognised by his countrymen.

• Replaced at Madrid in February, 1849, by Napoleon Joseph Bonaparte, Lesseps returned to Paris. He was about to proceed to Berné, as Minister Plenipotentiary, when, on account of the great events that were transacting at Rome, the French government selected him as Envoy to that city. The Pope had fled some time before, and now the Triumvirate, of which Mazzini

was the head, was directing the Roman Republic, with Garibaldi in command of the forces. It would be out of place in this sketch to give the details of the struggle, or attempt to explain the motives which led the French Republic to try and crush the Republic of Rome. General Oudinot and the French army had attempted to storm the city, and had been repulsed. He was besieging it, and was anxious to retrieve his defeat, when Lesseps arrived. As usual, the latter showed himself on the side of peace, progress, and freedom. He treated with the republican authorities, and for twenty days strove hard to prevent a renewed attack, and at one time it seemed likely that the French troops would be withdrawn. But Oudinot declared that Lesseps had exceeded his powers. The new Legislative Assembly at Paris endorsed this view, and recalled the liberal-minded diplomatist. The old *régime* was established in Rome by French bayonets, and Lesseps bade adieu to diplomacy, and soon embarked on a far wider field of usefulness.

M. de Lesseps was now placed on the list of unattached diplomatic agents—a virtual dismissal from public life. He retired to his paternal property at Chesnay, and busied himself in agricultural pursuits, still, however, musing over an idea which he had conceived and studied many years before whilst spending forty days in quarantine at Alexandria. This was no less than the project of piercing the Isthmus of Suez by a canal, and so forming a new route for ships sailing to the southern countries of Asia. But the time was not yet come to act. Abbas Pasha was ruling in Egypt—an Oriental nonentity, devoted to self-indulgence and opposed to all progress; and so for a few years Lesseps remained in retirement.

But in 1854 a prince of another stamp—Said Pasha—ascended the throne of Egypt. Lesseps at once repaired thither, laid the matter before the Viceroy, and the preliminary steps for the realization of the grand idea were soon taken. We need not go



FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

fully into the subject, for the Suez Canal and the difficulties that had to be overcome in connection with it, have now become widely known to the honour of the projector. It needs only to say here that for fifteen years M. de Lesseps struggled on with indomitable zeal and energy. Between 1859 and 1869 he thirty times traversed the distance between the Red Sea and Paris or London; alternately superintending his labourers in the East, and stimulating the capitalists of the West. He induced the latter to provide the necessary funds, triumphed over the objections of Robert Stephenson and other practical engineers, the narrow-minded policy of statesmen of the Palmerston type, and the incessant complications with Turkish and Egyptian authorities, till, in August, 1869, he had the satisfaction of seeing the waters of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean mingle in the Bitter Lakes. On November 17th of the same year, the canal was formally opened in the presence of the Empress of the French, the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia, Prince Amadeus of Italy, Prince William of Orange, and a great crowd of illustrious and distinguished personages.

A few days after the above event, M. de Lesseps married Mlle. Autard de Brogard, a young Creole lady of English extraction. The winning grace with which Madame de Lesseps presides over the receptions and hospitalities necessitated by her husband's high position, are warmly spoken of by all who come under her influence.

Honours have flowed in thickly since success was achieved. In November, 1869, he received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and in the following month the Cordon of the Italian Order of St. Maurice. In February, 1870, the Société de Géographie at Paris awarded him the "Empress's Prize" of 10,000 francs, which M. Lesseps at once presented to the fund for the Society's projected expedition to Equatorial Africa. On the 7th of July of the same year, a grand fête in his honour was given at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, at which

Thomas Hughes, Esq., presided, and Lesseps was received with enthusiastic applause. Amongst those present were the Prince and Princess Teck, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Emile de Girardin, the Lord Mayor of London, and numerous distinguished persons. In the evening there was a grand display of fireworks, in the course of which a magnificent set-piece exhibited the words—"To De Lesseps, England offers hearty congratulations."

About a fortnight after the above event, the freedom of the City of London was publicly conferred on M. de Lesseps, and on August 19th, Queen Victoria created him an Honorary K.G.C. of the Star of India. In the following month he was at Paris, when the Bonaparte dynasty came to an end. He assisted in the flight from the Tuileries of his cousin, the Empress Eugénie, and did not leave her till assured of her safety.

In July, 1873, Lesseps was elected a free member of the Paris Academy of Sciences, and in 1875 was awarded the Academy's prize of 5,000 francs on the publication of his work on the Suez Canal.

Lesseps for some time advocated a railway through Central Asia from Russia to India, starting from Orenburg on the Russian frontier, and terminating at Peshawur. He sent his son Victor, in 1873, to India, in company with an English engineer, to make some preliminary studies. The design had, however, to be abandoned in consequence of some complications with respect to the rights of tonnage and other matters in connection with the Suez Company requiring its President's undivided attention.

More recently, M. de Lesseps has promoted the formation of an inland sea in Algeria by letting the waters of the Mediterranean into some vast low-lying tracts of country. The necessary levels have been taken, and the plan is considered feasible. It is argued that the trade of Soudan would be directed towards the shores of such a lake, whence merchandise could easily be conveyed by water to Europe. The climate would also be improved. Another of M.

de Lesseps' schemes for future operation is to cut a canal through the Isthmus of Corinth, thus joining the Gulfs of Lepanto and Ægina.

But the project to which M. de Lesseps is now principally devoting the time and energy which he can spare from the affairs of the Suez Company, is the constructing of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Respecting this project, he announced to the Société de Géographie at Paris, in July last, that he had entered into a contract with the Société d'Études for purchasing their rights, so as to have the whole of the affair in his own hands. He stated that he had paid a deposit of £80,000 to the Venezuelan Government, and his intention was to establish a public subscription of £16,000,000. He thought that sum would be sufficient with the sale of land conceded by the local government, and that the canal should be finished in less than eight years.

The importance of such a canal to the development of commerce and civilization in the Western Hemisphere can hardly be overrated. If health and strength be still granted to the illustrious projector, we can hardly doubt but that he will again triumph over obstacles, and thus in both the Old and New World enduring proofs of his genius and indefatigable enterprise will remain for the admiration of future generations.

Lesseps is noted for his imperturbable good humour. This quality has often been of great service to him in times of difficulty, and, joined to his indomitable perseverance and powerful genius, usually enables him to transform those who are antagonists for a time into the firm allies of the future.

If not as regards the difficulties to be overcome, certainly as regards utility, no modern achievement ranks so high in the records of engineering skill as the formation of the Suez Canal. It has reduced the voyage from England to India by 11,200 miles, or twenty-four days. From Mediterranean ports the voyage is of course even still more shortened.

From time immemorial it has been seen that the narrow Isthmus of Suez (less than a hundred miles across) was a great barrier to free commerce between the East and the West. The Egyptians were great engineers, and at an early date tried to facilitate their commerce with Arabia by cutting a canal from the Red Sea to the Nile. The ancient Pharaohs were afraid to unite their canal with the Red Sea; they, however, brought it very near, and then had goods transported over a narrow neck of land to the Red Sea vessels. Their fear was, that the Red Sea was higher than the Nile, and that if an actual communication was made, the whole of Lower Egypt would be flooded with salt water. But the Ptolemies of a later date were more enlightened. They made a connection, and prevented the fresh and salt water from mingling by an arrangement of locks and sluices. Under the Roman emperors the canal was further improved; but then came the dark ages of Mahometan rule, and the course was neglected, and indeed to some extent deliberately filled up. All navigation by this route ceased during the eighth century, but to this day numerous traces of the ancient channel are still apparent.

Nearly nine hundred years passed away, and then towards the middle of the seventeenth century the idea of uniting the Mediterranean and Red Seas by a canal across the Isthmus of Suez was advocated. The celebrated Leibnitz laid a project before Louis XIV., for which that monarch vainly endeavoured on several occasions to procure the favourable consideration of the Sultan.

When the French expedition was in Egypt, Napoleon took up this great project and directed the scientific men who accompanied him to study the subject. But the project was hindered not only by the shortness of the French occupation, but also because it was deemed impossible, through an error which the savans made in their calculations. According to them, the Red Sea waters were at a considerably higher altitude than those of the Mediter-

anean, and disastrous results would arise from connecting them. Subsequent observations have proved that no such difference of level exists, but that, in accordance with the theory of Laplace, all the waters of the globe maintain a tolerably even level.

"Forebodings, falsehoods, and mishaps to the contrary, M. de Lesseps has reason to congratulate himself on an unquestionably grand success." So said the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and the *Times*, which had hitherto been somewhat hostile, declared: "A work like this, successfully accomplished in the face of so many obstacles, does honour to the French and the progress of modern science."

Vast indeed are the advantages which the commerce of the world has derived from the construction of this Canal. In 1870, 491 ships passed through, gradually increasing year by year to 1496 ships in 1875. In the following year there was a slight decrease. The tolls in 1870 were five million francs; in 1876, nearly thirty million francs, or about £1,250,000. Of the vessels that passed through the Canal from 1870 to 1876, rather more than three-fourths were English. In the year 1876 there passed through the Canal 1092 British vessels, 89 of France, 60 of the Netherlands, 55 of Austria, 51 of Italy, 27 of Germany, and 26 of Spain, the remainder, 61 in number, being distributed amongst seven other nationalities.

In addition to some special bonds and obligations, the capital of the Suez Canal Company consists of 400,000 shares. Of these, 176,602 formerly belonged to the Khedive of Egypt, and were purchased by the British Government in November, 1875. But these latter will not be clear of obligations into which the Khedive had entered till 1894. The actual cost of the Canal has been £17,518,729.

Before proceeding to describe the Canal and its banks topographically, we should like to refer to a great climatic change which is gradually more and more observable in that belt of land about 90 miles long and 30 miles broad which, extending between

Suez and Port Said, is directly influenced by the waters of the Suez Canal. Prior to the formation of the Canal, scarce a blade of grass grew in that locality except on the borders of the Bitter Lakes and near the oasis of Ismailia. But now herbage of various kinds marks the whole line of the Canal, and the face of the country is changing. The salt water filters through the sand and nourishes surrounding vegetation. The very atmosphere has changed; the rapid daily evaporation produces heavy night dews. The annual rainfall is increasing. What were once portions of the desert are now clad with verdure. Moreover, there is a steady, gentle current from the Mediterranean by the Canal to the Red Sea, and the climate of Suez is becoming sensibly cooler. These and other facts prove that the Suez Canal is exerting other beneficial influences besides those anticipated by the energetic hero of the enterprise.

Sketching now an imaginary passage through the Canal, we start from Port Said, a town of very recent growth, with a population of about ten thousand. The foundations are materials scooped out of the Canal. It has breakwaters and quays, and is in fact the gateway to the Canal, and little more. It may become an important emporium if, as is thought possible, merchants take to establishing depôts at Port Said, and fulfilling their European orders for Eastern goods from that town instead of bringing them home first. To accomplish this plan, it is warmly argued that Port Said should be a free port, and that commerce should not be restricted by heavy dues for landing and warehousing here *in transitu*.

Lake Menzaleh is the largest lake in Egypt, being about 165 miles in circumference. Three narrow passages connect it with the Mediterranean, and several with the Nile. Around this lake, and on its numerous islets, some fifteen thousand dwellers in reed huts gain a miserable subsistence from the fisheries. The Canal crosses the lake between banks formed of the sand and clay dredgings, and the passenger sees a broad expanse of lake and

morass and small islands, and an abounding variety of pelicans and flamingoes and other waterfowl. El Kantarah is on the sand hills, very close to the desert. It was a frontier town of Egypt on entering the field of Zoan, and in ancient days bore the name of Mésés. It was on the great route from Asia into Egypt, and was no doubt one of the oldest places in the world. At Pelusium, famous in history for the murder of Pompey, and once a place of great strength, are now only a few mounds and broken columns. It is the "Sin" of Ezekiel xxx. 15, 16.

Leaving Kantarah, the Canal passes on through shallow lagoons to El Fendane. Some remains of the ancient canal of Pharaoh Necho are still pointed out. The cutting of El Guisr is nine miles long. The heights of El Guisr form the highest part of the Isthmus of Suez. In some parts of the cutting the dredging was from sixty to seventy feet, the full perpendicular depth being a hundred feet. It was here that in 1859, 20,000 *jellahs* were lent by the viceroy, and employed in forced labour, excavating with their hands, and carrying the earth away in baskets. Subsequently some very ingenious machines were introduced for dredging purposes. Two years were occupied in cutting, and then it took five months to fill Lake Timsah with water.

Lake Timsah is a large natural basin in the very centre of the Isthmus of Suez. It is about five miles long, and nine in circumference, and previously to the formation of the Canal was only a swampy marsh, annually inundated by a branch of the Nile. It is now a fine inland sea, enclosed on the north and east by an amphitheatre of hills. It is usual to see quite a fleet of large vessels in this great harbour, some of them men-of-war, and even ironclads. Near the southern side of the lake is a hill called the Gebel Mariam, which tradition asserts to be the spot where Mary rested when she fled with the young child into Egypt. Timsah is in close proximity to the Goshén of the Israelites. It is probable that the cultivated land

reached farther into the desert than in more recent days.

Beside Lake Timsah stands Ismailia, founded in 1862, and now peopled with 5000 persons, chiefly French, Greeks, and Arabs. A few years ago, for any one to come and reside here would have been speedy death. Now there are good macadamized roads, and plenty of substantial stone houses, with beautiful gardens of flowers. Bazaar, hotel, promenades, and good sea-bathing are all found here. Mr. J. Macgregor, in his "Rob Roy on the Nile," says: "Ismailia is like a hot-house without the glass, and all the life in it is exotic. The sun's heat and the cool water force the arid sand into a tropical verdure. Embosomed in this are French *cafés* and *billards*, with Arab huts and camels; the signboards on booths in Greek, Turkish, Spanish, and American; *ateliers* resounding with hammer and cogwheel; and tents full of half-dressed savages chattering uproariously; and *boulevards* thronged by the second-rate fashion of a French town, planted, and growing fast too, in the veritable desert."

The Fresh Water Canal brings a supply of drinking water from the Nile to Ismailia and other stations along the Maritime Canal. From the waterworks here fresh water is sent fifty miles through iron pipes to Port Said: the Fresh Water Canal itself turns southward and supplies Suez. Along the whole route of the Maritime Canal there are every two and a half miles drinking-fountains and self-filling cisterns for man and beast.

Passing the Tomb of the Sheikh Hanáydik, the cutting of Tossoom is entered three miles in length, and about twenty feet in height. Then comes the Serapeum cutting, about as long. Issuing from this about two miles of low ground are passed through before reaching the Bitter Lakes, with an entrance of an ancient canal. Indeed, in this vicinity are several interesting remains of canals and cuttings; also the ruins of a temple of Serapis, the Egyptian Pluto. The pretty village of Serapeum, on the edge of

the desert, has fine gardens and fields watered by a branch of the Fresh Water Canal. The desert, indeed, only seems to want Nile water poured on it to make it "rejoice and blossom as the rose."

The Bitter Lakes were only a salt water marsh in a depression of the desert, about twenty-five miles in length, until flooded in 1869. According to some, these marshes were once the head of the Red Sea, and the site of the miraculous passage of the Israelites. The Canal as it crosses these lakes has its channel marked out by buoys; for a part of the journey the land is only discernible with a telescope. To the west are the hills of Geneffe, between which and the range of Mount Attaka lies the route from Suez to Cairo.


Another rocky cutting, that of Chalouf (three miles in length), next succeeds, and

then for twelve miles more the voyage is across the low marshy plain of Suez.

Of the town of Suez and its history, we cannot stay to say much here. It must always be a place of importance from its position; but its inhabitants behold the traffic of the Eastern and Western worlds pass by their very gates and reap little benefit from it. There are interesting sites and associations in the neighbourhood. The first encampment of M. de Lesseps was a little north of Suez. In this direction also are the so-called Wells of Suez, also some reservoirs of rain water, and of Nile water.

The harbour of Suez is close by the junction of the Canal with the Red Sea. The mountains on the extreme right are the Jebel er Rahah, stretching on the south-east towards Mount Sinai.

MARTIN LUTHER'S EARLY LIFE.



HERE are few dates in the world's chronology, more significant or important than the 10th of November. On that day, 1483, there came to a miner's cot, in a quiet village near the Hartz mountains of Prussian Saxony, a little babe, who, though unheralded and obscure, and surrounded by no trappings of rank or power, was destined to shake the empire to its foundation, and revolutionize the faith of the religious world. The next day his humble but intelligent and upright father took his babe to the parish church to dedicate him to God; and in honour of the saint whose feast-day it was, gave him the name, destined to a glorious immortality, of Martin Luther. Nearly four centuries have passed since that event, which, though bringing joy to that humble home, scarce made a ripple on the current of the nation's

life; but to-day every place associated with the history of that poor miner's babe is invested with an interest such as surrounds the sacred shrines consecrated to piety or patriotism.

Though his parents were very poor, and at the time of his birth the care and support of their growing family necessitated the severest toil and frugality, his father appreciated the benefits of education, and determined to make a scholar of Martin. Having acquired the common rudiments as taught in the school at his home, he was sent, when fourteen years of age, to the Franciscan Seminary at Magdeburg, but, on account of his poverty, was soon removed to the free school at Eisenach. In this quaint and pleasant town, at the foot of a wooded mountain range, and overtopped by the hill on which stands the castle of the Wartburg, the scene of one of the most romantic and eventful incidents of the great Reformer's life, the youthful Luther spent four years studying grammar,

rhetoric, and poetry. Here, whenever pinched with hunger, the young student was compelled to join his schoolfellows in singing twice a week from door to door for a morsel of bread. One evening, having failed of his usual success, for he had been repulsed from several houses, he was returning cold and hungry, and almost discouraged stopped before the house of the burgomaster of the city. The sweet strains of his tuneful voice, which had often delighted her at the Sabbath vespers, attracted the attention of Dame Ursula. When his carol was finished the hospitable woman invited him into the house, refreshed him with a hearty supper, and drew from him the story of his life. Her husband too became interested in the student boy; and with a generous charity the worthy couple invited him to make their house his home.

Little did that worthy burgomaster and his wife think that their mansion was in after generations to be known and honoured as "The Luther House," and that their considerate kindness in sheltering there that humble, indigent student was to enshrine their memory in grateful and enduring remembrance. A recent visitor to the "ancient and roomy tenement" says: "It was within one of the apartments of this rambling old place that in all probability Luther learned to play on the flute, and acquired that knowledge of the principles of music which, added to his rich original genius, enabled him to compose tunes which are as universal as the hymns to which they are sung in churches throughout the Old and New World at the present day."

"One afternoon," says Dr. Stoughton, "as I was rambling at the back of St. George's Church, a travelling companion, more zealous than myself just then in search for Lutheran relics, said, with no small satisfaction, that she had discovered Luther's house. I must confess that at the moment a shade of scepticism crossed my mind, and I remarked, 'Luther never could have had a house of his own at Eisenach, for he was, whilst living here, but

a poor singing-boy.' However, I soon saw how the matter stood; and what was my delight upon actually finding the very threshold where Luther had poured his chorals into the ears of good Frau Ursula Cotta! He and his merry party, as the story goes, sang at the doors of three houses in George Street without obtaining a single pfennig, and then reached the door-steps of Conrad Cotta, where, recognised as a boy whom Conrad's wife had noticed at Church for his sweet voice and devout behaviour, he was invited indoors by the warm-hearted dame. She bestowed on him a gratuity, and soon began to treat him as a son, nourishing and comforting him by her snug fireside; and so she unwittingly laid the foundation of her own world-wide fame,—for wherever the gospel of the Reformation is preached, that which this woman hath done shall be told for a memorial of her. She is to be classed with the widow of Sarepta and with the Shunammite wife; and as I can never forget a lunch and siesta enjoyed years ago in a little garden linked to the name of the last-mentioned mother in Israel—a garden flashing with brilliant pomegranate blossoms, on the side of the plain of Jezreel opposite to Carmel,—so neither shall I ever forget coming unexpectedly upon the house of Ursula Cotta in the town of Eisenach.

• The house at Eisenach now referred to bears Luther's name; part of it has been turned into a shop, where is sold a little pamphlet, containing a rude woodcut, with a curious history of the building. It appears to have been occupied by an order of German knights since Luther's time: memorials of which circumstance remain in rude bas-reliefs and Biblical inscriptions.

Two or three years ago Luther's name had not been placed over the door; I was told no relics of him were preserved within. But on my last visit I found it had become a show house, and a party of us were conducted up a dark old staircase on the left-hand side round the corner, to a room leading into another apartment, through a door of lattice-work. The woman who

showed the house maintained that Luther slept in the inner room when a boy. In answer to inquiries as to the authority for such a statement, she averred that the Grand Duke supported it, and approved of the room being shown, which he would not do, she naively remarked, if the tradition was not correct. There was no resisting this.

In the printed account of the house Luther is connected with it through the hospitality of Frau Cotta; but in a guide-book to Eisenach and the Wartburg the house is more positively associated with the boy than with the lady, though how he could ever have lived there, except as her guest, is incomprehensible. We may then conclude that in some apartment of this rambling abode Luther dwelt; and from other traditions we may suppose that there he learned to play on the flute, and acquired that knowledge of music which, added to his original genius, made him a distinguished master of sacred melody."

It was a new life to which Luther was ushered under that hospitable roof, and with the supply of his daily wants and his exemption from care he was able to apply himself so diligently to his studies that he made rapid strides in learning, and easily took the lead of all his schoolfellows. Full of pride and hope in the talents of his son, whom he had destined for the law, his father sent him to the University of Erfurt, which then contained over a thousand students. This capital of old Thuringia, standing on a wide-spread and fruitful plain, with its venerable cathedral enriched with sculptures from the eleventh century, with its three-spired church of St. Severus, and with its old monastery of St. Augustine, now attracts the visitor as being the place which was the turning-point in the great Reformer's life.

An earnest and brilliant student, he was also serious and devout. Passionately fond

of books, the old library was to him a most attractive resort. While searching among its treasures, he was one day attracted by a mouldy, cobwebbed volume, which on opening he found to be a Latin Bible, the first he had ever seen. He was surprised to find that it contained so much more than was in the ritual of the Church. He was charmed at his discovery, and again and again returned to feast upon the words that became sweeter than honey to his taste, and he exclaimed, "O God, could I have one of these books, I would ask no other worldly treasure!"

The story of his subsequent life is familiar to all: how he was led to renounce the ambitious designs that he and his father had entertained, and, "encompassed with the anguish and terrors of death," to vow that he would devote his life to the service of God; how he entered the Augustinian monastery at Erfurt, and how there, in the midst of his servile labours, to which he was condemned by his brethren, he found refreshment in the chained Bible, passing whole days in meditating upon a single passage, committing fragments of the prophets to memory, and laying the foundation for his great gift to his countrymen and the world, the translation into the vernacular of that book which had been a sealed as well as a chained book. He broke the seals and loosed the chains. D'Aubigné says truly and tersely, "In that Bible the Reformation lay hid."

Good old Baxter quaintly says, "He that will observe providences shall have providences to observe." To us, more than three centuries removed from those days, it is not hard to trace the finger of an overruling Providence in the opening of the "Luther House" to the hungry, shivering, carol-singer, and in the discovery of the neglected chained Bible in the monastery of Erfurt.



SPENSER AND THE "FAËRY QUEEN."



THE genius of Edmund Spenser was one of the glories of the reign of Elizabeth. "It is easy," says Pope, "to mark out the general course of our poetry: Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Dryden, are the great landmarks for it." The "Faëry Queen," indeed, is a landmark which will stand as long as the English language is spoken.

Edmund Spenser was born in London, probably at East Smithfield, near the Tower, about 1553, just before "Bloody Mary" was about to commence her troubled reign. There is not much known about his early life; but the records of Cambridge show

that he was admitted a sizar of Pembroke Hall on May 20th, 1569. He continued to attend college for seven years, and took his degree of M.A. in June, 1576. In 1579 he published "The Shepherd's Calendar," dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, who patronized him, and recommended him to his uncle, the powerful Earl of Leicester. Some expressions in it gave offence to the bishops. Bishop Grindal's name, for instance, was twisted into Algrind, and on the whole, "The Shepherd's Calendar," beautiful though it undoubtedly is, did little at the time to advance the poet's reputation. As a dependant upon Lord Leicester, and a suitor for Court favours, Spenser experienced many reverses, which, like many of his fellow-poets of the period, he duly recorded in his verses. He was, however,

sometimes employed on inferior State missions, a task then often devolved on poets and dramatists.

At length an important appointment came. Lord Grey, of Wilton, was sent to Ireland as Lord Deputy, and Spenser accompanied him in the capacity of secretary. They remained there two years, when the Deputy was recalled, and the poet also returned to England. In June, 1586, Spenser obtained from the Crown a grant of 3,028 acres in the county of Cork, out of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond, of which Sir Walter Raleigh had previously, for his military services in Ireland, received 12,000 acres. The poet was obliged to reside on his estate, as this was one of the conditions of the grant, and he accordingly repaired to Ireland, and took up his abode at Kilcolman Castle, near Doneraile, which had been one of the ancient strongholds or appanages of the Earls of Desmond. This event was of so important a character in the life of the poet, and his residence in Ireland so coloured his future career, that we must move into detail on this point.

From the immediate neighbourhood of the Bullevant station of the West Southern and Western Railway of Ireland, the attention of the traveller can scarcely fail to be attracted towards the long mountain range which runs eastward of the railway, close to which it terminates, or rather subsides into low cultivated hills, while it loses itself far away in the dusky magnificence of the higher Galtees. Close by the base of the nearer portion of this range, he may catch a passing glimpse of a ruined tower, with an aspect of more than ordinary solitude and desolation. Here was written "The Faëry Queen!" It is Kilcolman!

A small chamber of this ruined castle, still accessible by a crumbling stairway, but roofless now, and tenanted by the owl and raven, was used by Spenser as a study. The river Awbeg, which glances like a gleam of silver in the distant sunshine through the plain before the castle, and which passes through the adjacent town of

Bullevant, is Spenser's "Mulla mine." The guardian mountains at the base of which it stands are Spenser's "Mountains of the Mole." The loftiest of the dusky summits in the distance is his "Arlo Hill," now Galteemore, whose cloud-capt pinnacle looks down into the wild glen or pass of Aberlow, between the counties of Limerick and Tipperary. The plain around and in front of Kilcolman, fringed with the rich woods of the beautiful demesne of Doneraile, and purchased by the ancestors of the present viscount from the poet's son, is his "Armulla Dale." And through a narrow window, looking southward of that lonely tower, did the summer sunshine stream full oft upon him, as he wrote the noble poem that shall last long after the rude hand of time has levelled Kilcolman's loftiest stone with the turf around it!

At Kilcolman, while engaged in the composition of "The Faëry Queen," Spenser received a visit from the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh, who, upon the perusal of the first three books, was so delighted that he urged the gifted author to lose no time in giving them to the world. Spenser accordingly accompanied his illustrious neighbour to London, and the first three books of "The Faëry Queen" were printed in 1590. The poem was read and highly applauded by Queen Elizabeth, to whom Spenser was introduced by Raleigh, and who appointed him poet laureate.

The atmosphere of the Court, however, did not prove congenial to Spenser. He soon returned to his mountain home, where he sojourned for many years, completing his "Faëry Queen," and giving birth to other well-known and much-admired productions. During this period he became passionately attached to the daughter of a Cork merchant, whom he married, and with whom he passed some few years of uninterrupted domestic felicity, heightened by the addition to his joys of three fair children.

When, however, was earthly happiness otherwise than short-lived? The rebellion of Tyrone broke out, and Spenser, whose

"Vjew of the State of Ireland" had advocated the severest repressive measures, felt its fury. A reign of terror pervaded the wild district in which Spenser dwelt. His castle was attacked, and he and his family were obliged to fly. The building was fired. Spenser and his wife escaped; but either in the confusion incidental to such a calamity, or from inability to render assistance, an infant child of the poet's was left behind, and perished in the flames.

Spenser never recovered from the severity of this blow. On his arrival in London, his health sank rapidly, and he died in January, 1598, in King Street, Westminster, at the early age of forty-five.

It would appear that penury, as well as disease and mental suffering, were the sad attendants upon his dying bed; that round it, however, one "ministering angel" hovered in the shape of his beautiful and affection-

ate wife; and further, that, as has happened in more than one instance, those who gave him but hollow flatteries while living, and who stood aloof altogether from his bed of death, vied with each other to heap empty honours upon his sepulchre. He was buried next to Chaucer in Westminster Abbey.

It is not necessary that we should extract from Spenser's masterpicce to exhibit the value of his genius. Spenser's mind was purely poetical, and embraced a vast range of imaginary creation. His was an ideal world, remote and abstract, yet affording, in its multiplied scenes, scope for those nobler feelings and heroic virtues which we love to see even in transient connection with human nature. We never think of "The Faëry Queen" without recalling its wondrous scenes of enchantment and beauty; and Spenser must be placed in the front rank of English poets.



EARLY LONDON WATER SUPPLY.

ANCIENTLY, and until the Conqueror's time, and two hundred years after, the City of London was watered, besides the famous river of Thames on the south part, with the river of Wells, as it was then called, on the west, with the water called Walbrooke running through the midst of the city in the river of Thames, serving the heart thereof, and with a fourth water or bourn, which ran within the city through Langbourne ward, watering that part in the east. In the west suburbs was also another great water called Oldborne (Holborn), which had its fall into the river of Wells; there were there three principal fountains or wells in the other suburbs—to wit, Holywell, Clement's-well, and Clarke's-well."

In these words the old chronicler Stowe commences his chapter on the early history of the supply of drinking-water to the citizens of London. With much pleasant detail he proceeds to fill up the outline, telling how the river of Wells, once so bountiful a stream that ten or twelve ships' navies at once with merchandise were wont to come to the Bridge of Fleete, and some of them to Oldborne Bridge, became so sore decayed by the filth of the tanners and others, and especially by a diversion of the stream for the mills erected by the Templars, without Baynardes Castle, that on a complaint of the Earl of Lincoln, in 1307, serious steps were taken for its deepening and widening; how, nevertheless, it was never restored to its ancient size, though often "scowered," and, loosing its name of river, was called Turnmill Brook, earning this title by good service; how, still falling

in the rank of streams, it was known in 1502 as the Fleete Dike; and finally how, after much money had been spent in vain, it had become in his time "worse cloyed and choked by continual encroachments and casting of soilage into the stream than ever it was before." And so on of all the other wells and streams—most of them in Stowe's time so decayed and so filled up that their places were hardly to be discerned.

The first artificial supply of water appears to have resulted from the good nature of one Gilbert Sanforde, who, in 1237, granted, at the request of the king, liberty to the citizens to convey water from the town of Teyborne, by pipes of lead into the city, to wit, for the poor to drink and the rich to dress their meat. The first "cistern of lead" in London, called the Great Conduit, in West Cheape, was commenced in 1285. Other conduits, tuns or bosses, all in fact being cisterns, were successively erected in considerable numbers, the expenses being furnished sometimes by grants from the Common Council, and, not unfrequently, by liberal private donations. These conduits, which would correspond to the stand-pipes or drinking-fountains of our times, were first supplemented, in the year 1582, by a supply of Thames water, conveyed into men's houses by pipes of lead from a "most artificial forcier" (force pump) standing near London Bridge, constructed, as most machines were at that day, by an ingenious Dutchman. Bevis Bulmer in 1594 did as much for his neighbours in West Cheape, Fleet Street, and the parts about "Powles."

The information available for a history of the early supply of water raised by pumps through pipes into London houses is somewhat vague and meagre. The first service, fed by the "forcier" above alluded to, was carried in leaden pipes over St. Magnus Church, and so on as far as Leadenhall, the highest ground in the city, where the water first ran on the Christmas Eve of 1582. It was sufficiently plentiful to supply the houses and also to cleanse the

channels of the streets. The pump appears to have been worked by the tide, that at Broken Wharf being driven by horse-power. But little mechanical progress had been made up to the year 1663, when M. de Monconys, a minute and intelligent observer, visited the waterworks in the neighbourhood of Somerset House. He has given in his "travels" a representation of the unusually crude machinery by the aid of which three horses seem to have raised to a height of 26 feet only about 2,000 gallons, or less, per hour. Yet he describes the machine as furnishing water to the whole city. The same waterworks were visited by Cosmo Medici the Third, Grand Duke of Tuscany, in 1669. The pumps were then worked by only two horses, and he appears to have been less favourably impressed by them than by the Marquis of Worcester's "water-commanding" engine for the same purpose, erected at Vauxhall, the actual construction of which has never been properly described, to the sorrow of modern engineers and the perplexity of historians of the steam-engine.

The site occupied by the horse-driven pumps near Somerset House seems to have been considered favourable for the erection of the first steam-engine for public water supply used in London. In a guide-book to this city, printed in 1729, is described the "high wooden tower and water engine of a new invention that draws out of the Thames above three tuns of water in one minute by means of the steam arising from water boiling in a great copper, a continual fire being kept for that purpose." The town contained iron stand-pipes which allowed the distribution of water as far as Marylebone Fields, whence the new buildings near Hanover Square were supplied. The pipes which conducted the water from the stand-pipes under the streets to its destination were, in great part at any rate, of wood, probably of elm. The boring of such pipes by hand with huge augers is represented in many early treatises on hydraulics. This tower or its successor

had the form of an obelisk, and its outline catches the eye on first glancing at any old view of this part of the river, and inevitably reminds one of the monolith now standing only a few hundred yards from the same site, and at about the same distance from the stream.

The new invention was Newcomen's steam-engine, then recently patented, and with its adoption systematic water distribution by steam-power throughout London became comparatively easy. But the rush of water through the narrow arches of London Bridge, destructive to life and property, but mighty for the driving of mills, continued to be utilized till a very recent date for the water supply of the neighbourhood. Peter Morris, the original owner of the works there, had a lease from the city for 500 years, paying 10s. yearly rent for the use of the Thames water, one arch of the bridge, and a place on which to erect his mill. The use of another arch was afterwards granted, but after the opening of the New River, the profits of the venture having decreased, it was sold to Richard Soames for £36,000. He obtained the use of a third arch, for which he paid 20s. yearly and a fine of £300, and then dividing the property into 300 shares of £500, formed it about the year 1701 into a company, having, it would seem, a very good notion of turning his bargain to account.

Like some modern companies this corporation was not bashful in its demands on public indulgence, and in 1767 they obtained possession of their fifth arch, after a lengthened contest and subject to a host of stipulations. Their leases would have terminated in the year 2082, but, just as in the year 1822 they had given notice that they were about to rebuild their largest water-wheel, an unlucky enactment swept away the patched and ricketty bridge, and the obstructive creaking waterworks, into the picturesque and unmechanical past. In the last days of its prosperity this company did some good service to the householders of London, 26,322,705 hogsheads

of water having been forced up to a height of 120 feet during the year 1820.

The story of the illustrious London merchant adventurer, Sir Hugh Myddleton, is mainly that of the New River. No benefactor was ever more loudly praised in his lifetime or more gratefully remembered afterwards. Probably no work was ever considered more useful to the inhabitants of London than that magnificent canal which took the place of so many puny and ill-supplied rivulets and mains. Not that London was without a water supply before the reign of James the First. Yet the "conduits" of the Elizabethan times were notoriously insufficient. Many were the quarrels and even bloody encounters which took place over them. Let us picture to ourselves the London of the period. Master Hugh Myddleton was a goldsmith and jeweller, having a shop in what is now called Basinghall Street. In those days Basinghall Street was near the outskirts of the metropolis. It was near the city walls, and beyond were the green fields of Finsbury. Only a few thatched cottages stretched along the Strand, and there was open prospect down to the river beach, along which lay moored the boats of fishermen and carriers. Holborn was a succession of green pastures. The Fleet river was crossed by a bridge like the Venetian Rialto. Clerkenwell was a detached village. St. Martin's was literally "in the fields." West of Charing Cross were farmsteads and fertile meadows. Regent Street now passes through regions then traversed by sportsmen as the prolific haunts of partridges and pheasants. In short, London was an extremely small city, and consisted for the most part of wooden tenements becoming daily more obnoxious to accidents by fire.

There were no carriages, at least carriages were uncommon in the streets. If you wanted to go from St. Paul's to Westminster, and you would not walk, you must take a boat by the river, or go on horseback by the road through Charing village. It was the introduction of coaches that compelled

the nobility to migrate westward of the Cheape, and to occupy positions along the Strand, in Covent Garden, or at Westminster. One can imagine the quiet air of the old-fashioned London town. In the long evenings of summer-time—the summer, for example, of 1563—Mr. Hugh Myddleton might be seen gossiping with his neighbours at the door of his shop in the City, and “drinking” the newly-discovered weed. “Smoking” tobacco was a term not yet invented for burning the leaf brought home by Raleigh—smouldering it in a pipe and sucking into the mouth the wonderful fumes. People stood agast to see the curious feat. Sir Walter was himself a frequent guest of the wealthy goldsmith, and he and Captain William Myddleton would sit calmly breathing the thick white tobacco-smoke as they talked over the newly-captured Spanish carrick or the latest produce of the recent ventures to the Indies. This Captain Myddleton was a notable seaman in that privateering age. As yet the mercantile marine did not exist, and private adventures were the ordinary means of making or marring fortunes. The goldsmith of Basinghall Street was a man not unknown to Royalty. He had supplied the gay and hard-drinking Queen Anne with jewels to the extent of many thousands of pounds. Her jeweller’s bill at one portion of her reign amounted to no less than £50,000. The queen’s jeweller, moreover, was a member of Parliament, as were his two brothers, Thomas and Robert. He was first elected in 1603, two years before the famous Gunpowder Treason. In 1608 a proposal was made by a Captain Colthurst to bring a running stream from Hertford through Middlesex to London, but it was negatived by the Common Council. Meanwhile fever and plague continued from time to time to lessen the numbers of the not unwieldy population. Again the water question was raised, this time in Parliament. The cost of the undertaking was of course the principal argument against it. Numerous other difficulties hedged the way, but the money difficulty seemed destined to be

the fatal *ne plus ultra*. And so the discussion went on till a remark of Mr. Hugh Myddleton brought it to an abrupt if not a satisfactory termination. “If no one else will undertake this, I will do so, and execute it at my own cost.” Quaint old chronicler Stowe tells the story of the offer and of its acceptance, and of the perpetual opposition brought to bear against it to the very end. Fuller praises the worthy goldsmith for having “fetched water more than twenty-four miles, encountering all the way an army of oppositions, grappling with hills, struggling with rocks, fighting with forests, till in defiance of difficulty he brought his project to perfection.” On the 28th of March, 1608, the Corporation of London formally agreed to his proposal to bring a supply of water from Amwell and Chadwell, in Herts, to Islington. The principal spring was at Chadwell; a smaller one existed at Amwell. Both places lay twenty miles from London in a straight line. Meantime the actual operations had been commenced, Myddleton hoping and promising, if possible, to get the work completed in about four years. It actually took five. But it met with many difficulties apart from those of mere engineering. The latter were enormous, and at first apparently insurmountable. For a goldsmith—a man hitherto without experience—to undertake so daring a project as to conduct an artificial river of no small magnitude through all kinds of soils, across hills and over valleys for more than sixty-eight miles of tortuous course, was in itself most astounding. How he should find courage to venture, not to say skill to carry out, is strange enough, but how he gained the practical engineering ability is passing strange. Yet somehow, and in spite of all obstacles, he successfully accomplished his task. Begun on the 20th of February, 1608, it was completed on Michaelmas Day, 1613, being the day appointed for the election of his brother Thomas as Lord Mayor for the ensuing year. On the day of the triumphant conclusion of the work, the ceremony of opening the last floodgate into the cistern took place in the presence of the then Lord

Mayor, the Aldermen, and Common Council. A copy of verses, supplied by one Middleton, a playwright, was read as a sort of coronation of the whole proceedings. It concludes with these words :—

"Now for the fruits ; then flow forth, precious spring,

So long and dearly sought for, and now bring
Comfort to all that love thee ; loudly sing,
And with thy crystal murmurs strook together,
Bid all thy true well-wishers welcome hither."

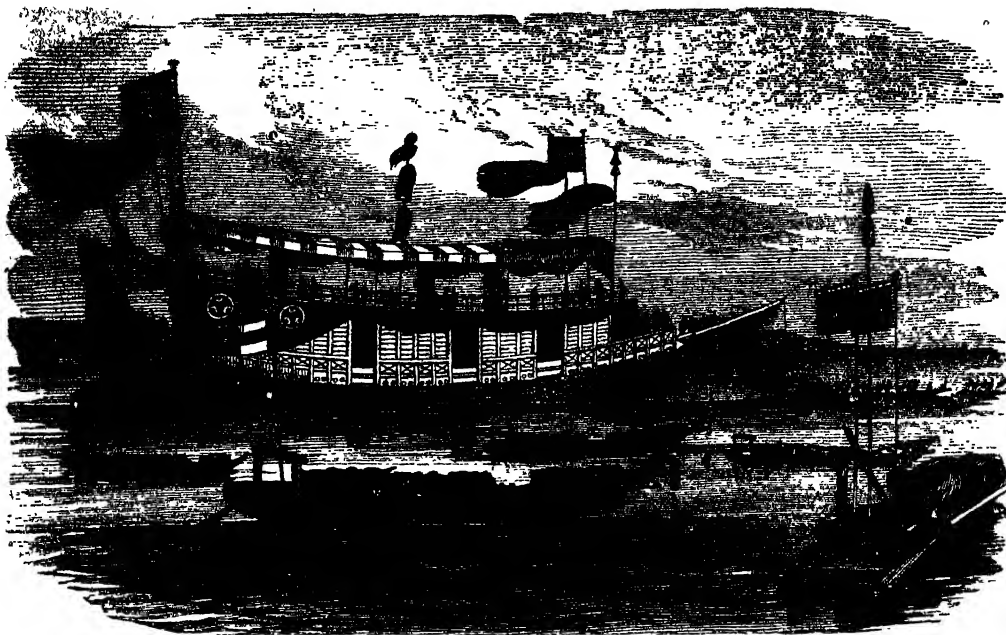
"At which word," says an eye-witness, "the floodgates flew open, the stream ran gallantly into the cisterns, drums and trumpets sounding in a triumphant manner ; and a brave peal of chambers (chambers were small mortars) gave full issue to the intended entertainment." A large print of this ceremony was engraved and called "Myddleton's Glory."

The course taken by the New River, as Myddleton's canal was and is still called, was through Amwell, Broxbourne, Cheshunt, the royal park at Theobalds—a country palace pulled down by the Long Parliament—and through Enfield to Islington. The district now supplied by the New River Company is only one out of eight. It contains a population of at least 900,000 people, living in 126,027 houses, nearly 3000 of which are on constant service. About 26,000,000 of gallons are furnished daily from the New River, which at the present time has an average width of eighteen feet and a depth of five, and a fall of about five inches to the mile. It is about forty miles in length. It is said in a recent report by medical authorities that the river affords very good water, is well protected from the ingress of polluting streams, and is kept in excellent order. In dry seasons the supply can be supplemented if needful from wells belonging to the Company situated in four or five different localities. Twenty-one strong reservoirs contain a bulk of 169,100,000 gallons. Their united area is over 100 acres. Besides these it is furnished with seven pure water reservoirs capable of retaining 24,000,000

of gallons—a quantity nearly equal to the average daily supply. It may be interesting to note in this place the actual amount of water supplied by the eight great companies who minister to this essential want of London. Altogether they afford an average daily bulk of near upon 122,000,000 of gallons. This is supplied to about 533,000 houses, and yields on the whole about thirty-two gallons per day to every inhabitant of this vast city. Yet every day somebody or other complains of insufficiency. Either the water is turned off, or the bath is dry, or the cistern empty. We may conceive the condition of cities without regular and efficient supplies. The beginnings of such things are especially deserving of honour and gratitude.


The common assertion that Myddleton was grievously impoverished by his New River project, or that he seriously fell short of funds for its completion, is by no means borne out by facts. He was a gentleman by birth, being the son of the Governor of Denbigh Castle, in Wales. He made a large fortune in his business as a jeweller or goldsmith, and by the various adventures to the Indies and elsewhere as a merchant. Indeed, the very shares of the Company formed to keep up the New River works must have been a source of wealth, for we find that out of the seventy-two original shares he was awarded no fewer than thirty-six. He afterwards disposed of twenty-eight of the number to various purchasers, no doubt with considerable profit to himself. It is true that for the first twenty years the Company paid no dividend, but such has notoriously not always been its fortune.

Sir Hugh Myddleton before his death was created a baronet. He was the sixth son of a family of sixteen children, nine sons and seven daughters. The brass in Whitchurch porch at Denbigh represents most graphically the little colony kneeling devoutly behind their parents. His mother died in 1565, his father in 1575 ; he himself in 1631, at the ripe age of seventy-six.



JAPANESE ROYAL BARGE.

A NOBLE SAILOR.

 JAMES GRAHAM GOODENOUGH was born December 3rd, 1830, at Stoke Hall, near Guildford, Surrey, and was son of Dr. Goodenough, the Dean of Wells. From childhood he gave evidences of great mental ability, his implicit obedience and high sense of honour making him a general favourite with his instructors. The bent of his inclinations seems to have been directed from the very first to the sea, and at the early age of fourteen he entered the royal navy, through the influence of his god-father, Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty. In July, 1851, he passed his examination, and obtained a lieutenant's commission on board the *Collingwood*. During his subsequent career, his unhesitating submission to his superiors, his dauntless bravery, and gentle yet firm powers of discipline, won him the admiration and esteem of all; and so high was the consideration in which he was held, that promotion rapidly followed,

and the year 1858 found him in command of the *Calcutta*, gazetted for active service in China. His letters, and those of his fellow-officers, gave an interesting account of the taking of Canton and the Taku forts, where his gallant bearing won him the golden opinions of all. One of his companions speaks of his conduct in these terms: "I am sure that those who served under him, whilst feeling pride at having been associated with such an officer, can have no better ambition than that they may in some degree resemble him."

The following account of a banquet given at Nagasaki, in the governor's house, is interesting from the insight it gives one into Japanese manners and customs: "Yesterday I went with the Admiral to call on the governor, and dined there. We were placed on chairs on one side of a room, the governor and his suite seated or sofas opposite to us. . . . Servants brought cups of tea, then trays of sweetmeats, at which we nibbled. After cups of water to

remove the taste, came very handsome Japanese trays with a broth of fowl and vermicelli, broiled pieces of fresh pork, bits of fish on separate japanned platters, and a shallow red cup of salt—very nasty. After pecking at these, came another tray with hard-boiled eggs, a cup full of capital lobster salad, and lobster floating about with tough mushrooms. Everything is delightfully clean after Chinese dirt. Just now all the party who were yesterday at the governor's were presented with their plates of sweetmeats from yesterday's dinner, nicely tied up with tinsel thread."

On the return of the *Calcutta* to England, Captain Goodenough filled successively several trustworthy and honourable posts; and in May 1864 he was sent to North America to survey the country (then in a very disturbed state), and to obtain what information he could regarding the ships and guns then in use. Several short voyages to Malta, Genoa, Barcelona, &c. then followed in quick succession, until the year 1870, when the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and Goodenough, ever first and foremost in works of mercy, offered his services in distributing the supplies of food that had been provided by the English nation. Of the assistance which he rendered, the superintendent of the work, Mr. Bullock Hall, gives the following account: "In the dreariest period of the gloomiest of Novembers, when autumnal rains were giving place to snow, sleet, and frozen winter fogs, and we, whose business it was to convey food and clothing over the slippery and almost impassable roads to the destitute in the villages about Sedan, were almost in despair at the task we had undertaken, and were sorely in need of encouragement, there came, in answer to our appeal, a man, the very sight of whom communicated new life to us. Here was a man, the very model of an Englishman, with unbounded energy, and combining extreme gentleness with an iron sense of duty, and with a genius for communicating the love of order and regularity which characterized him—here was this man come

to place himself weckly under orders, and to go plodding day after day through snow and slush."

Of the life during the war, Commander Goodenough's letters give an interesting and graphic account of many scenes and episodes, such as the following: "In the village of St. Menges we met a French lady, who had come in search of the body of her husband, who had fallen in one of the charges at the head of his regiment. She knew what kind of wound he had received; and in the village it was remembered that an officer of high rank wounded in that manner had been buried on the heights above Floing. Accompanied by the *mairc*, she had the grave, containing forty bodies, opened. The body was found, and easily recognised by the peculiar wound and the white moustache. The poor *marquise* wanted to embrace the body, but was held back by the kind-hearted *mairc*, and it was immediately buried in the churchyard in a place which she chose."

There is much of interest in connection with the earlier years of Captain Goodenough's life; but his *Journal* mainly refers to the subsequent voyage to Australia, dating from 1873-1875, when he was promoted to the rank of Commodore, and appointed to the command of H.M.S. *Pearl*. From the hour of his arrival at the antipodes, Commodore Goodenough busied himself in a thorough investigation of Australia, New Zealand, and the South Sea Islands, ascertaining the relative dispositions and feelings of the whites and natives, and making himself thoroughly acquainted with the state of the country. His labours have thus been described by an eye-witness: "He threw all his energies, and they were great, both physical and mental, into the work at Fiji. He would take nothing for granted; personal inquiries and inspection guided him. He went from place to place, seeing first one chief, then another; ascertaining the capabilities of the country, all the time with such a genial bearing, such courtesy and kindness to all, that all alike honoured, trusted, and loved him."

Especially active in bringing about the annexation of Fiji to Great Britain, his efforts were rewarded in March 1874, when the reigning chiefs made an offer of cession to the British Crown. On his arrival at Fiji, the Commodore received a visit from his sable majesty, Thacombau, king of Fiji, whom he describes as "a dignified and well-mannered man," and whose goodwill he gained by an offering of choice cigars. At Tonga the *Pearl* met with a warm reception; and when the Commodore ordered the band to play for the natives' amusement, their enthusiasm rose to such a pitch that they insisted upon loading their distinguished guests with yams, fowls, and a turtle of Brobdignagian dimensions, weighing upwards of four hundred and fifty pounds; after which, a Fijian war-dance, accompanied by tremendous waving of clubs and frantic gestures, broke up this unique "soirée" in the South Seas.

At Montague Island, New Hebrides, Commodore Goodenough passed a short time, and found the natives hopelessly addicted to cannibalism. There he endeavoured by the aid of an interpreter to rouse their better feelings, but the attempt was decidedly a failure. So, as our author says, "There was no help for it but to say in a fatuous way, that man-eating was a bad thing, and to go away and look at the surroundings. There were three old skulls and fourteen lower human jaws near the end of the hut. A quantity of bones of turtle and pigs and fish hung from long strings in the hut, and pigs' jaws from the fences. I never saw a more curious and picturesque place, or one with so decided a 'flavour of heathendom.' . . . The original dress of these people seems to be a broad belt of matting round the waist, while many have bamboo combs in their hair. They all paint the face red and black, and have for ornament round the neck a pearl shell, a plate, a top of Holloway's Ointment pot, a tin cover. As a rule, the men and women are very ugly. One dirty grotesque-looking wretch came near us with a nose like one of the hideous Chinese lapdogs." Our hero also describes

the idols in this place as very curious, consisting of a head, nose, and mouth, gigantic, and with little arms protruding. They are coloured red and white with arnotto and lime, eyes in concentric circles.

Commodore Goodenough was very desirous to visit the island of Santa Cruz (the scene of Bishop Patteson's death), but was dissuaded from doing so, owing to the treacherous character of the natives. However, he eventually resolved upon carrying out the plan, and on August 12, 1875, he landed at Port Carlyle. The natives at first appeared friendly; but on a second visit their behaviour was so suspicious that the Commodore became alarmed, and ordered his men to the boats. In a letter, the last he ever wrote, he describes the scene. "I saw the native to the left fitting an arrow to a string; and in an instant, just as I was thinking it must be a sham menace, thud came the arrow into my left side. I shouted 'To the boats!' pulled the arrow out, and leaped down the beach, hearing a flight of arrows whiz past me. On reaching the boats the surgeon came at once and dressed the wound, burning it well with caustic." Five days after, he adds: "I am exceedingly well; my only trouble is a pain in my back, which prevents me sleeping. I don't feel——" Here the writing was interrupted, and not again resumed, as the Commodore showed the first signs of fatal illness a few hours after these words were penned.

The wound was not at first supposed to be mortal, but in a few days symptoms of tetanus set in, and all hope was relinquished. The good Commodore received the intelligence of his dangerous state with the perfect calm of a man whose whole life had been one long preparation for death. He caused himself to be carried on deck, and while his men gathered round him in speechless grief, he spoke to them lovingly and tenderly, and besought them to follow in his footsteps. The next day he passed away to his rest, so peacefully that the exact moment of his departure could not be ascertained.

So perished a man whom England could but ill spare. Possessed of talents of the highest order, yet modest and unassuming; a strict disciplinarian, yet so beloved by his men that a single word or look was sufficient to enforce obedience; combining the

energy of a man with the large-hearted sympathy of a woman and the pure simplicity of a little child, Commodore Goodenough was a rare specimen of a noble sailor and Christian gentleman. May the British navy ever possess such men.



RAPHAEL AND HIS CARTOONS.

THE universal voice of posterity has recognised Raffaello Sanzio da Urbino as the prince of modern painters, and designated by the enthusiastic appellation of "The divine Raphael." No rival at least has ever been placed beside Raphael except Michael Angelo. Of the two illustrious contemporaries, the former may perhaps be appropriately styled the Shakspeare, the latter the Milton of painting. Dignity and imposing grandeur of design are the reigning characteristics of Michael Angelo; the highest dramatic power which has ever been displayed by the pencil, and the representation of passion with all the force of life, are the qualities that chiefly give their wonderful fascination to the works of Raphael.

Raphael was born at Urbino in 1483. By the time he had reached the age of twenty-five, he had so greatly distinguished himself that he was invited by Pope Julius II. to paint in fresco the chambers of the Vatican. From this time till his death in 1520, at the early age of thirty-seven, he was employed in the execution of a succession of great works, chiefly for that pontiff and his successor, Leo X. His most famous performances are his picture of the School of Athens, in the Vatican, the Transfiguration, and his cartoons on subjects taken from the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, which were brought to this country by Charles I.

Like Michael Angelo, Raphael was an architect as well as a painter, and, among other buildings, superintended the erection of part of the Cathedral of St. Peter's; but his untimely death interrupted his prosecution of this and other great works in which he was engaged, leaving him however, although with a glory gathered in comparative youth, with no living superior, and followed by no equal in succeeding times.

In the cartoons of Raphael, England may congratulate herself on being in possession of the noblest works of art which have ever been produced by human genius. The history of these designs, subsequently to their completion, as well as that of the tapestries which have been copied from them, is extraordinary. Estimated originally as the most splendid ornaments of regal and pontifical state, they have since been exposed to all the vicissitudes of fortune; seized as the spoils of war, dispersed in revolutions, disfigured by ignorance, and mutilated by avarice.

It was within a few years of his death, and during the meridian of his powers, that Raphael was engaged by Louis X. to design this series of subjects, taken from the life of our Saviour and the Acts of the Apostles. When finished, the cartoons were sent to Brussels to be woven in tapestry, under the superintendence of Bernard Van Orley, at a cost of 70,000 crowns. From some cause or another the cartoons were laid aside as things of no value, and left to moulder and decay among the lumber of the manufactory;

it has been said they were even exhibited occasionally as signs of the vocation carried on within. From this state of degradation they were redeemed by Charles I., at the recommendation of Rubens, and brought to England. The obligation due to this monarch, to whose taste we owe the acquisition of the cartoons, is to be extended to Cromwell, by whose discernment they were secured to the country during the sale and dispersion of the royal collection. They were purchased at the immediate command of the Protector, whose sagacity seems in this, as in most other instances, to have outgone that of his contemporaries, on whom the showy ostentations of Andrea da Mantegna appear to have made a stronger impression than the chaste and intellectual grandeur of Raphael. The triumphs of Julius Cæsar, painted by the former, were valued at £2000; the cartoons of the latter at £300. After this period these works were again consigned for a long time to obscurity and neglect. They had been sent by King Charles II. to Mortlake to be copied in tapestry by an artist named Cleen, who superintended a manufactory of arras at that place, originally established by James I. Here they met with no better treatment than they had at Brussels, for it was found, when they were afterwards opened and inspected by the command of King William, that they had

been so carelessly packed as to have sustained considerable injury. By this last-mentioned monarch they were consigned to the care of William Cooke, an artist of considerable talent, by whom they were repaired, and happily restored to their original appearance. The gallery at Hampton Court was built by King William for their reception.

The following is a list of the subjects:—

1. Paul preaching at Athens.
2. The death of Ananias.
3. Elymas, the sorcerer, struck with blindness.
4. Christ delivering the keys to St. Peter.
5. The sacrifice at Lystra.
6. The Apostles healing in the Temple.
7. The miraculous draught of fishes.

As the finest examples of the higher qualities of art, the cartoons have been sedulously studied and copied, wholly or partially, by the most eminent painters. Copies of the seven in England, by Sir James Thornhill, were presented by Francis, Duke of Marlborough. They have been engraved in this country by Porigny, and by his scholars Dubosc and Somerean. The beautiful and elaborate plates of the seven cartoons, to which the late Mr. Holloway devoted a large portion of his life, will form a lasting monument of his talent and perseverance.

DICKENS AND HIS WRITINGS.

IT needs an extraordinary combination of intellectual and moral qualities to gain the hearts of the public as Charles Dickens gained them. Extraordinary and very original genius must be united with good sense, consummate skill, a well-balanced mind, and the proofs of a noble and affectionate disposition before the world will consent to enthrone a man as their unassailable and enduring favourite.

This is the position which Mr. Dickens occupied with the English and also with the American public for the third of a century. If we compare his reputation with that of the number of eminent men and women who have been his contemporaries, we have irresistible evidence of his surpassing merits. His is a department of literature in which ability in our time has been abundant to overflowing.

As the genius of the Elizabethan age



CHARLES DICKENS.

turned to the drama, so that of the reign of Victoria seeks expression in the novel. There is no more extraordinary phenomenon than the number, the variety, and the general high excellence of the works of fiction in our own day. Their inspirations are as many as the phases of thought and social life. They treat not only of love and marriage, but of things political and ecclesiastical, of social yearnings and sceptical disquietudes; they give us revelations from the empyrean of fashion and from the abysses of crime. Their authors have their admirers, their party, their public, but not the public of Dickens. It was his peculiar fortune to appeal to that which is common

to all sorts and conditions of men, to excite the interest of the young and the uneducated, without shocking the more refined taste of a higher class and a more mature age.

He was born in February, 1812, and at his death had not long attained his fifty-eighth year. As men live and work now, this is an age which would give the hope of many years of successful exertion, to be succeeded by a period of honoured repose. But we have this consolation, that the life of Dickens was long enough to allow full scope for his genius, and to enable him not only to earn, but to enjoy his fame. In this respect his career was extraordinary.

He was one whose marvellous powers were developed early, and he attained the highest eminence in the first years of his literary career. It is certainly a wonderful phenomenon that a book like "Pickwick," the pages of which overflow with humour, and are marked in every sentence with the keenest observation of men and things, should have been produced by a young man of twenty-four. After the light but clever "Sketches by Boz," Dickens began "Pickwick" in 1836, and finished it in the course of the succeeding year. We are inclined to think that this, the first considerable work of the author, is his masterpiece; but, whatever may be the world's decision on this point, it can hardly be doubted that the prize must be given to one of the group of fictions which he produced within the first ten or twelve years of his literary life. "Nicholas Nickleby" teems with wit, and the characters, with one or two exceptions, are lifelike in the extreme. "Oliver Twist" everybody knows; "Martin Chuzzlewit" is excellent, and the American portions are not only the most amusing satire that has been published in the present age, but fill us with wonder that the peculiarities of thought, manner, and diction of a people should be so surely seized and so inimitably expressed by a young writer who had been only a few months in the country.

In this marvellous precocity of genius Dickens formed a contrast to some of those with whom a comparison naturally suggests itself. Scott was thirty-four years old before he published his first great poem, the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and it was nearly ten years afterwards, in 1814, that he made his experiment as a novelist with "Waverley." So, too, Thackeray, though known for some time in the field of literature, made his first great success with "Vanity Fair" when no longer a young man. Of Dickens it may be said, also, that his early books show no signs of juvenility. When young in years he showed the mental balance of an experienced writer. And yet what freshness and vigour there were in those wonderful serials which,

about the time the present Queen came to the throne, changed the popular literature of the day! When that young, unknown author appeared on the field he was at once hailed as the new chief of popular fiction. It is a long time ago, but our older readers will remember the excitement caused by the "Pickwick Papers." The shilling numbers of "Boz" carried everything before them. They were read here by tens of thousands, though the reading public thirty years ago was not what it is now; and they were reprinted in every possible form in America. In fact, half the newspapers in the States transferred them to their columns bodily the day after their arrival. This popularity they fully deserved. They are among the few books of the kind that one can return to again and again, or, having opened at any page, can read straight on, carried forward by a sense of real enjoyment. The best characters stand out in real flesh and blood, and in this respect are superior to those of Thackeray, which, though excellently designed, show too much the art of an able sketcher from artificial types. For this reason, Thackeray, though he has always maintained his hold on the London world in which his personages figure, has never come near to Dickens in popularity with the great mass of the people. The characters of Dickens have been accepted by all men's discernment as the true reflection of human nature; not merely of manners or costumes. Squeers is to everybody the low, tyrannical schoolmaster; Bumble the representative of parochial pomposity; Mrs. Gamp is the type of her vulgar, hard-hearted sisterhood. Perhaps a more signal proof of the genius of Dickens is the manner in which his style and diction have penetrated into the ordinary literature of the country. So much has become naturalized and is used quite unconsciously that it is only by re-reading those earlier works which most impressed his contemporaries that one becomes aware how great has been their influence.

We cannot conclude these remarks with-

out paying a tribute to the moral influence of the writings of which we have spoken. Mr. Dickens was a man of an eminently kindly nature, and full of sympathy for all around him. This, without being paraded, makes itself manifest in his works, and we have no doubt whatever that much of the active benevolence of the present day, the interest in humble persons and humble things, and the desire to seek out and relieve every form of misery is due to the influence of his works.

Many years have now elapsed since Dickens wrote "David Copperfield," and in the extensive improvements that have taken place in Great Yarmouth it was generally supposed that Peggotty's hut had gone the way of all flesh; but upon removing the tiles from some quaint old buildings

the boat roof was discovered as perfect as when described by the author. A tenant of the house nearly forty years ago describes it as then standing out on the open denes, with an uninterrupted view of the German Ocean, and far removed from other dwellings, to be approached only by crossing the soft sand, but that it was always visited by strangers, no doubt attracted by its picturesque appearance. It is now (1879) in the midst of the populous part of the town, and is about to be demolished for the erection of more modern houses. The window in which a light was placed for Little Emily's return is still seen upon the removal of the plaster, and many regrets are here heard that some measures have not been taken to preserve the old building in remembrance of the celebrated author.



PEGGOTTY'S HUT AT YARMOUTH.

THE LOSS OF THE "KENT."



THE *Kent*, a fine new Indiaman of 1,530 tons, Captain Henry Cobb commander, bound to Bengal and China, left the English Downs before a fine fresh north-east wind on February 19th, 1825. She had on board 20 officers, 344 soldiers, 43 women and 60 children belonging to the 31st Regiment, besides 20 private passengers, and a crew (including officers) of 148 men, making a total of 641 souls.

Early on the 1st March, eleven days from leaving England, the stately vessel, bewildered by a pitiless storm, lay-to under a triple-reefed main-topsail only, having struck her top-gallant yards. The passengers were below, miserable and anxious; the women and children groaning in their berths, and praying for a calm. The dead-lights were in, and the three hundred and forty-four soldiers, miserable and pale enough, were on deck, attached to the life-lines that were run along the deck for the purpose. The sailors, worn and apprehensive, were hard at work, under the eye of their indefatigable captain. About twelve o'clock the rolling of the ship became worse than ever, being increased by the dead weight of several hundred tons of shot and shell that formed part of the lading. At every lurch the main-chains were thrown deep under water, and the best cleated furniture in the cabin and cuddy (a large dining-room on a level with the quarter-deck) was dashed about with tremendous and dangerous violence.

Just before the morn, one of the ship's officers, wishing to ascertain if all was fast below, descended into the dark hold with two sailors, who carried with them a patent lantern. The candle in the lamp burning dim, the officer very prudently sent it up

to the orlop deck to be trimmed. Having then discovered a rum-cask to be adrift, he called to the sailors for some billets of wood with which to wedge it up! While they were gone, a heavy lurch knocked the lantern out of the officer's hand, and on his letting go the cask to snatch at the lantern, the cask stove, the rum flooded out, the light caught it and broke into a wide blaze—the *ship was on fire!*

For a long time the flames not spreading beyond a place surrounded by the water-casks, it was hoped they could be drenched out; but the light-blue haze soon turned to volumes of thick, brown, curling smoke, that, pouring through the four hatchways, spread through the cabins, and rolled along from the fore-castle to the quarter-deck. There was no longer any hope of suppressing the disaster, or concealing it from the passengers. Soon a strong pitchy smell pervaded the vessel; the fire had burned through to the partitions and sides of the hold. The sailors cried out, all together:

"It has reached the cable tier!"

Major MacGregor, who had been reading the Bible to a friend, being told that the ship was on fire in the after-hold, knocked gently at the cabin-door and quietly informed Colonel Fearon, the commanding officer of the troops. On deck, amid the smoke slowly rising, Captain Cobb and the other officers were already giving orders to the seamen and troops, who were working at the pumps, and passing buckets, and throwing wet sails and hammocks on the now irrepressible fire.

Many of the ladies below, seeing Major MacGregor's anxious face and absorbed manner, and hearing the increased noise and confusion on deck, could not be pacified by the assurance that the gale was no worse. At this awful crisis, Cobb, firm, staunch, sagacious, preserved an imperturbable courage. Desperate measures were all that

were left. He ordered the carpenters and the pioneers, ready with their axes, instantly to scuttle the lower decks, cut the combings of the hatches, and open the lower ports to the full wash of the waves. The alternative now was between fire or water. If water could only be persuaded to fight-fire (as in the old Arabian legends), and would then in pity, after her victory, refrain from sinking that unhappy vessel, the six hundred souls might still be saved.

The order was remorseless in its suddenness. There were a few lives to be sacrificed in order that many might be saved. The axes went to work, the timbers crashed in, over them and through them leaped the water, immediately drowning several sick soldiers, poor women, and shrieking children, whose cries were, however, in a moment stifled.

Colonel Fearon, Captain Bray, and other officers, as they descended to the gun-deck to assist in rapidly opening the ports, met staggering, in an exhausted and almost senseless state, through the dense choking smoke, one of the mates, who had just stumbled over the bodies of several men who had been suffocated. The moment the ports were opened the sea rushed in with cruel and eager force, carrying into the hold in its irresistible progress huge bulkheads and ponderous seamen's chests. The soldiers and sailors, knee-deep in water, tried to cheer each other by the hope that this immense quantity of water, which had already in some degree checked the force of the flames, might soon bring safety, the danger of the explosion of the spirit-casks and powder being now diminished.

The treacherous ally had, however, only brought death in a more sudden and silent form. The ship became water-logged, and presented many indications of settling into a terrible quietude, before going down headlong. A fresh impulse seized the desperate men; they tried to close the ports again, to shut down the hatches, to exclude the external air, and to rather wait for the slower vengeance of the fire. All hope was

abandoned. Survivors afterwards thought of the noble lines of the great poet of the day:

Then rose from sea to sky a wild farewell,
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave.

The upper deck was crowded with more than six hundred people, many of them sick, risen half naked from their beds, who were running about scared, and crying for husbands, children, and fathers. They were seeking them only to interchange prayers, and to die in each other's arms. Many were standing in silent resignation, some in stupid insensibility to the fast-coming death; others yielded themselves to tears, or screamed, and tossed their arms in a frenzy of despair. Many were on their knees, shouting prayers and ejaculations from Scripture, appealing with the most earnest gesticulations for mercy to heaven. The Roman Catholic soldiers were crossing themselves, while a group of veteran soldiers and stout-hearted sailors, who had braved death all their lives, and despised his terrors in whatever shape, threw themselves down directly over the powder-magazine, in order to perish instantly in the explosion, now every moment expected: too brave to rush into the ravening sea, they wished to avoid calmly the excruciating horrors of death by fire.

• Captain Cobb, the brave Kentish man, full of thought, and imperturbable as granite, ordered the deck to be scuttled forward, in order to draw the fire in that direction, as there were several tiers of water-casks between it and the magazine, and the wet sails thrown into the after-hold would prevent the fire spreading to the spirit-room abaft. To those who were cool enough to observe, the scenes rapidly passing were truly heartbreaking. In the after-cabins on the upper deck some of the soldiers' wives and children were reading and praying with the ladies, who, being only half clothed, had taken refuge there. Many of these latter, and two young sisters in particular, preserved their self-possession, and, with firm reliance on God, comforted the others.

One young man asked Major MacGregor if there was any hope. The major replied, they must prepare themselves to sleep that night in eternity. The lad exclaimed, with fervour, as he pressed the major's hand, "My heart is filled with the peace of God; yet, though I know it is foolish, I dread exceedingly the last struggle."

There was no excitement of battle here to occupy and distract the mind. The unhappy creatures were rather like condemned men waiting the hour of execution. It was very affecting to see the little children in bed in the cuddy-cabins, smiling, and quite unconscious of danger, playing with their toys as usual, or asking innocent and unseasonable questions. One of the senior officers whispered to some of the older children, that now was the time to put in practice what they had been taught at the regimental school. They replied, with the hot tears running down their cheeks:

"Yes, sir, we are trying to remember them, and we are praying to God."

All exertions had failed; it was only left them to wait calmly for their terrible and agonising death. Few of the sailors or soldiers seemed to have either much hope or dread of a future state; so religious men present observed. Many, however, vowed, with loud and piteous cries, that if their lives were spared they would dedicate themselves to good works; and others filled with remorse, cried that the judgment was falling justly on them for the crimes and sins of their past lives.

While the crew of the *Kent* lay in this heart-rending position of physical quietude and mental terror, the waves rose higher and beat faster and more furious, as if impatient at the long struggle with their hopeless victims, and greedy to snatch from the fire their already half-drowned prey. All at once the binnacle, by a violent lurch, was torn from its fastenings, and the compass, with its now useless needle, was dashed to pieces on the deck. It seemed an omen of approaching death, and one of the younger mates exclaimed, with despair:

"What! is the *Kent's* compass really gone?"

A young officer was seen to quietly and thoughtfully remove a lock of hair from his writing-case and place it calmly near his heart; while Major MacGregor, writing a few lines to his father, enclosed it carefully in a bottle, in the hope that it might relieve those he loved from long years of fruitless anxiety and suspense. This bottle was, however, dropped in the cabin in the emotion of the next moment, and was forgotten. By a most singular coincidence, however, it floated from the wreck, and was afterwards picked up at Barbadoes.

All hope had now gone; but it occurred to Mr. Thomson, the fourth mate, during the lull, to send a man to the fore-top, rather in the ardent wish than in the expectation that a friendly sail might possibly be in sight. Eagerly the man clambered—eagerly all eyes were fixed on him in momentary hope; the despairing scarcely looked up to know on whom the eyes were fixed. The man swept the horizon with the long-searching practised glance of a sailor; but made no sign. Suddenly he threw his head forward and strained his eyes on one spot, without moving. It was a moment of unutterable suspense. All at once he said something!

Gracious God! Merciful God! He waves his hat. Silence!

Then down to the paralysed crowd below, fixed like statues with expectation, comes the clear sharp shout:

"A SAIL ON THE LEE BOW!"

Hope's rainbow springs up and brightens the air. Many burst into tears, and fall down in grateful prayer. Three ringing cheers break from the men; a faint smile of joy comes over the stern face of the captain, as, to hide his emotion he gives quick and sharp orders to hoist flags of distress, to fire minute-guns, and to bear down under the three topsails and foresail still left, upon the heaven-sent vessel. Women clasp their children; friends grasp hands; husbands and wives fly into each other's arms with tears of joy. The sailors

hurry to their guns, and load and fire every sixty seconds.

The vessel proved to be the *Cambria*, a small brig of two hundred tons burthen, W. Cook, captain, bound to Vera Cruz, and having on board twenty or thirty Cornish miners, and several agents of the Anglo-Mexican Company. But the danger was still imminent; the brig either did not observe the signal, or was not disposed or able to lend assistance. The wind was so tremendous that the *Kent's* guns could not be heard; but, at last, the *Cambria* slowly tacked—then hesitated. Then up went the British colours, the brig crowds all sail, and bears down to the relief of the burning vessel.

But the danger was still threatening and perilous. The *Kent* had been already a long time burning; the brig was extremely small, and there was a tremendous sea running for any boats that came to the rescue. It was certain that many must perish, and those who determined to be last felt even yet no hope left them of preservation.

"In what order are the officers to move off?" said Captain Cobb to Major MacGregor.

"Of course in funeral order, the juniors first," was the brave reply.

"And see," said Colonel Fearon, "that any man is instantly cut down who presumes to enter the boats before the women and children."

The soldiers and sailors were already looking with wild and hungry eyes at the boats; a maddened rush seemed certain. The officers at once drew their swords, and stood by the starboard cuddy-port where the cutter hung.

The ladies and soldiers' wives were to go in the first boat. At about half-past two (four hours and a half from the breaking out of the fire), the women, hastily wrapped up, moved in a mournful procession from the after-cabins to the cuddy-port. Amid the unutterable anguish of that sudden and, as it seemed, eternal parting, not a word or scream was uttered; even the infants ceased to cry, as if in

emulation of their parents' courage. Only in one or two cases, ladies plaintively entreated permission to die with their husbands; but on being told that every moment's delay cost a human life, they one by one tore themselves from their husbands' embraces, and were placed, without a murmur, in the boat, which was instantly lowered into a most dangerous and tempestuous sea. Twice, indeed, there came a cry from the chains that the boat was swamping. Captain Cobb, dreading this lowering—always a difficult work—had wisely placed a man with an axe to cut the tackle, if there was the slightest difficulty in unhooking it.

The order was given to "unhook," but the bow-ropes fouled, and the axe would not clear them. The moment was critical. The boat followed the motion of the ship, and in another instant would have been hanging perpendicularly by the bow, when just then a wave lifted up the stern, and enabled the quick seaman to disengage the tackle. The boat, dexterously cleared, launched out upon the waves, now a speck on the crest, now disappearing in the dark valleys between the billows.

The *Cambria* lay prudently at some distance from the *Kent*, dreading an explosion or the fire of her shotted guns, and the men had far to row. To better balance the boat, and to give the men freer play for their oars, the women and children were stowed close together under the seats, so exposed to the spray that they were soon breast-high in water, and the children all but drowned. It was a half-hour of dreadful anxiety on board the *Kent*.

There was still great difficulty and danger in getting the passengers on board the *Cambria*. "The children first," was the cry, and they were at once thrown up or handed from the boat. The women were then urged to avail themselves of every friendly lift of a wave to spring into the friendly arms held out for them. Only one lady came short in leaping, and would have certainly perished had she not caught a rope hanging over the *Cambria's* side,

and saved herself till she could be dragged aboard. So great was the joy and gratitude among the husbands on board the *Kent* on seeing the safety of their wives and children, that they for a time seemed to forget the storm over their heads and the fiery volcano beneath their feet.

As the *Cambria's* boats could no longer get alongside in such a heavy sea, it was determined to tie a child to every woman, and to lower them by ropes from the stern. The heaving of the vessel, and the extreme difficulty of lowering at the moment the boat was underneath, rendered it impossible to prevent plunging the poor creatures repeatedly into the water. No woman was lost, but the younger children nearly all perished from cold and exhaustion. The women wept silently over their dead children, half paralysed with the agony of their fear, and the anguish of the recent parting. Now the deaths grew more frequent, as the excitement and hurry increased, and the sun began to set, as if cruelly withdrawing his light from their great misery.

Amid this conflict of feelings and passions, roused to the utmost, many affecting episodes of parental and filial affection and of generous and unselfish friendship occurred. At that moment even the sourest cynic would have owned that human hearts are not all bad. Death began to claim his victims with terrible rapidity. Two or three soldiers, to relieve their wives of several of their children, sprang into the water with them, and instantly perished. One young lady, who had hitherto absolutely refused to quit her father at his post, was not saved by the boats till she had sunk five or six times. Another soldier, having the horrible alternative of losing his wife or his four children, saved his wife, and was compelled to leave his four children to the fire. A fine young soldier, having no wife nor children of his own, insisted on having three children lashed to him, and flung himself into the water to try and reach the boat. He, however, failed, and was again drawn into the ship, but not till two of the children were

already dead. One man fell down the hatchway headlong into the flames; another broke his back and fell overboard; a third slipped between the boat and the *Cambria*, and had his head crushed to pieces; and several other unfortunate men were lost in trying to clamber too hastily into the brig.

Captain Cobb and Colonel Fearon now seeing that it was risking the lives of all to delay with the women alone, who, being weak and terrified, took longer to escape, gave orders that a certain regulated number of soldiers should accompany each boat. Many soldiers, instantly leaping overboard in their eagerness to escape, were drowned in the general confusion. One poor fellow was just raising his hand to lay hold of the boat's gunwale, when the bow of the boat gave a sudden pitch, struck him on the head, and he sunk. This man's wife, to whom he was warmly attached, had hidden herself in the vessel at Deal, in order to accompany her husband.

One of the sailors, who had placed himself over the magazine, and there waited patiently for the long-expected explosion, now leaped up in a rage, crying: "Well, if she won't blow up, I'll see if I can't get away from her!" He reached the boat in safety and escaped.

Three out of the six boats of the *Kent* were stove in, or swamped, during the day; one was full of men, who, it was supposed, had plundered the cuddy-cabins, and sank sooner from the weight of their ill-gotten spoil, which they now probably considered had become common property.

The danger was now increasing at a terrible rate. Darkness was coming on, and the flames were slowly but perceptibly extending. Colonel Fearon and Captain Cobb, therefore, felt fresh measures must be at once taken. A rope was slung from the fend of the spanker-boom, and along this slippery spar, nineteen feet from the stern, the soldiers had to crawl and slide down into the boats that were tossing wildly some thirty feet below. If the man dropping failed to seize the right moment

for falling, he swung in the air, fell into the sea, or was crushed by the returning boat. Dreading the dangers, many of the soldiers, now less restrained, threw themselves out of the stern windows, and were frequently drowned before reaching the boats. Rafts made of spars and hencoops were constructed and thrown overboard to help these fugitives, and, to become a last point of retreat if the flames spread faster. The men were also advised to tie ropes round their waists, in order to lash themselves to the rafts. Even at this crisis the soldiers were scrupulous in asking leave before they cut the cordage from the officers' cots, and some of them, having discovered a box of oranges, would not slake their thirst till their officers had taken their share.

The officers began to leave the ship in prescribed order, with rigid discipline, and intrepid coolness—neither hurrying impatiently, nor ostentatiously refusing to go. A thoughtful man, who afterwards recorded his observations, mentions that, amongst the sufferers, there seemed no degrees of courage between high fortitude and frenzied cowardice. There appeared to be but two classes—those whose minds were raised to heroic endurance, and those who seemed paralysed, or driven into delirium by the sudden pressure and agony of an unusual danger. In the course of the day many, however, who had been agitated and timid in the morning, rose by a great internal effort into positive distinction for courage, while others, at first cool and brave, appeared suddenly to experience a physical reaction and a collapse, and cast their minds prostrate before the danger.

Just at this time all eyes were fixed on the red setting sun. Should they ever again see it rise? was the thought preying at every heart. The cuddy, so lately the scene of kindly intercourse and gaiety, was now full of smoke, and deserted by all but a few men, who lay drunk on the floor, stupidly heedless of danger, or who prowled about like beasts of prey in search of plunder. Sofas, cabinets, and desks, lay shattered in a thousand pieces. Geese

and fowls that had got loose were cackling with hunger; while a solitary pig, broken from his sty in the forecastle, was vainly routing at the Brussels carpet in one of the cabins.

As night advanced, the alarm and impatience increased tenfold. The timid and cowardly filled the air with their groundless or exaggerated reports of the fire. The soldiers began to tie towels and white linen round their heads, in order to be sooner recognised in the water; the sailors, more nimble, cool, and ready, had nearly all effected their escape. In the dreadful intervals between the boats (three-quarters of an hour), men, after a period of brooding, would burst forth into long lamentations, that only gradually subsided. They seemed like persons awoke from a nightmare. The oldest and coolest soldiers evinced no hurry to leave, no desire to remain behind longer than necessary.

The women had gone, the braver men had left; the residue were the cowards, and the baser and more excitable sort, whom nothing could arouse to becoming fortitude, and who refused to adopt the proper and prescribed means of safety. In vain Captain Cobb threatened and entreated; they still obstinately hesitated, begging and imploring to be lowered like the women had been. But this was impossible, for it was a slow process, and every moment was now valuable.

Between nine and ten o'clock the boatmen shouted that the wreck, long since nine or ten feet below the water-mark, had sunk two feet lower since their last trip. Colonel Fearon and Major MacGregor, who had promised to remain to the last with Captain Cobb, prepared to leave, there being still three boats to fill. Out at once, one after the other, without pausing, they crept along the long-tossing boom in the darkness, and in the blinding squall of wind and rain. The other landsmen still dared not follow, and remained to die horribly. When they got towards the end, the wind was so violent that the three men despaired of reaching the rope. The first

was twice plunged over his head in the water ; the second, Major MacGregor, noticing that it was dangerous to drop down the rope as the boat was inclining towards the person descending, waited till the boat receded, and so dropped safely into it as it swayed back, without being either drenched or bruised. Colonel Fearon, the third, was drawn under the boat, struck against it, and was at last dragged in only by the hair of his head, almost senseless and alarmingly bruised.

Captain Cobb still remained on board, generously urging the few dumb and powerless wretches that remained to pass on along the boom, on which they crowded. But finding all entreaties useless on such men—many of whom, however, had previously shown courage—and hearing the guns—their tackles bursting in the flame—fall and explode in the hold, instantly saw the moment had come when he could do no more. He therefore sprang on the boom, seized hold of the topping lift or rope that connects the driver-boom with the mizen-top, and passing over the heads of the infatuated men, dropped himself into the water, and escaped.

Yet even then a boat from the *Cambria* remained under the *Kent's* stern, her crew expostulating and entreating those on board, till the flames, bursting from the cabin windows, almost scorched the oars ; not would the captain of the *Cambria* let the boat come alongside his ship till he was sure that no hope was left.

Some of the *Kent's* crew were less generous in their self-devotion, and refused again to venture their lives. Still the boats did not cease to ply between the *Cambria* and the wreck, until one of the three boats left had to be plugged with soldiers' jackets, another had had its bow stove, and the second was so torn as to make it necessary to lash the oars to the cutter's ribs.

The scene on board the *Cambria* was beyond the painter's and the poet's powers. The most passionate joy alternated with the most wild despair as the death of husbands or of children was announced, or as some

saved man rushed into his wife's arms. But all these conflicting feelings were arrested by the last tremendous tableau of destruction and death. From that doom some had just escaped ; in that doom the husbands and children of others were passing from them in torture.

The last boat had hardly arrived, when the *Kent*, three miles distant, showed flames spreading fast along the upper deck and poop, and flashing like lightning up the masts and rigging, till all became a pyramid of flame, that crimsoned the sky and shone red upon the *Cambria's* sails. The flags of distress, hoisted so hopefully in the morning, were seen waving amid the fire, till one by one the masts fell like stately steeples over the ship's side. About half-past one the flames reached the magazine ; there was a violent explosion, the blazing timbers of the *Kent* flew like rockets into the air ; and then came a horrible darkness that seemed deeper and blacker than before.

In the meantime, the frightened and despairing men left on board the *Kent* were driven by the advancing flames to the chains, till the masts fell crashing overboard, and they then clung to them in the water in horrible suspense for some hours.

Help was approaching. About twelve o'clock the watch of the barque *Caroline*, on her passage from Alexandria to Liverpool, observed a bright light on the horizon, and knew it at once to be a ship on fire. There was a heavy sea on, but the captain, instantly setting his maintop-gallant-sail, ran down towards the spot. About one, the sky becoming brighter, a sudden jet of vivid light shot up ; but they were too distant to hear the explosion. In half-an-hour the *Caroline* could see the wreck of a large vessel lying head to the wind. The ribs and frame timbers, marking the outlines of double ports and quarter-galleries, showed that the burning skeleton was that of a first-class Indiaman. Every other external feature was gone ; she was burnt nearly to the water's edge, but still floated, pitching majestically as she rose and fell on the long rolling swell of the bay. The vessel looked

like an immense cage of charred basket-work filled with flame, that here and there blazed brighter at intervals. Above, and far to leeward, there was a vast drifting cloud of curling smoke spangled with millions of sparks and burning flakes, and scattered by the wind over the sky and waves.

As the *Caroline* approached, part of a mast and some spars, rising and falling, were observed grinding under the weather-quarter of the wreck, having become entangled with the keel or rudder-irons, and thus attaching it to the hull of the vessel. The *Caroline*, coming down swift before the wind, was in a few minutes brought across the bows of the *Kent*. At that moment a shout was heard as if from the very centre of the fire, and the same instant several figures were observed clinging to a mast. The sea was heavy, and the wreck threatened every moment to disappear. The *Caroline* was hove-to to leeward, in order to avoid the showers of flakes and sparks, and to intercept any boats or rafts. The mate and four scamen pushed off in the jolly-boat, through a sea covered with floating spars, chests, and furniture, that threatened to crush or overwhelm the boat. When within a few yards of the stern, they caught sight of the first living thing—a wretched man clinging to a spar close under the ship's counter. Every time the stern-frame rose with the swell he was suspended above the water, and scorched by the long keen tongues of pure flame that now came darting through the gun-room ports. Every time this torture came the man shrieked with agony, the next moment the surge came and buried him under the wave, and he was silent. The *Caroline's* men, defying the fire, pulled close to him, but just as their hands were stretching towards him (latterly the poor wretch had been silent), the rope or spar was snapped by the fire, and he sank for ever.

The men then, carefully backing, carried off six other of the nearest men from the mast. The small boat, only eighteen feet

long, would not hold more than eleven persons, and indeed, as it was, was nearly swamped by a heavy wave. In half-an-hour the boat bravely returned, and took off six more.

The mate, fearing the vessel was going down, and that the masts would be swallowed in the vortex, redoubled his efforts to get a third time to the wreck. While struggling with a head sea, and before the boat could reach the mast, the end came. The fiery mass settled like a red-hot coal into the waves, and disappeared for ever. The sky grew instantly dark, a dense shroud of black smoke lingered over the grave of the ship, and instead of the crackle of burning timbers and the flutter of flames, there spread the ineffable stillness of death.

As the last gleam flickered out, Mr. Wallen, the mate of the *Caroline*, with great quickness of thought set the spot by a star. Then, in spite of the danger in the darkness of floating wreck, he resolved to wait quietly till daylight, and ordered his men to shout repeatedly to cheer any who might be still floating on stray spars. For a long time no one answered; at last a feeble cry came, and the *Caroline's* sailors returned it loudly and gladly. What joy that faint cry must have brought to those friendly ears! With what joy must the boatmen's shout have been received!

When the day broke, the mast was visible and four motionless men could be seen among its cordage and top-work. They seemed dead, but as the boat neared, two of them feebly raised their heads and stretched out their arms. When taken into the boat, they were found to be faint and almost dead from the cold and wet, and the many hours they had been half under water. The other two were stone dead. One had bound himself firmly to the spar, and lay as if asleep, with his arms around it, and his head upon it, as if it had been a pillow. The other stood half upright between the cheeks of the mast, his face fixed in the direction of the boat, his arms still extended. They were both left on the spar. One of the Indianman's empty boats was also found

drifting a short distance off. The wind beginning to freshen and a gale coming on, it was all the jolly-boat could do to rejoin the *Caroline*. There could be no doubt that when the *Caroline* hove-to and luffed under the lee of the *Kent*, it must have passed men drifting to leeward on detached spars. They of course all perished in the rising storm.

In the meantime, the brig *Cambria*, unconscious of these scenes of hope and despair, was making sail, and running at the rate of ten knots an hour back to Old England. The shrewd Yorkshire smelters and brave Cornish miners, having dragged the last of the exhausted survivors on board, had shared with them their clothes and provisions, and surrendered their beds to the naked and half-famished women and children.

The people of the *Kent* were still in a condition of great misery and danger. Even now their ultimate safety was by no means sure. A gale of wind was blowing, and six hundred human beings, several hundred miles from any accessible port, were crowded into a small brig of two hundred tons. In a little cabin, built to hold ten persons, there were now huddled nearly eighty, who had scarcely room even to sit. The brig's bulwarks were driven in, and the seas beat so dangerously that the hatches could only be lifted off between the return of the waves. No lights would burn below in that polluted atmosphere, and the steam arising from the breathing excited at one time an apprehension the ship was on fire. The men on deck were standing half naked and ankle-deep in water. Infants were crying for the milk their mothers could not give them, and many of the children and elder women were seized with fits. In the midst of this misery, a soldier's wife was delivered of a child, which was christened *Cambria*, and survived. If the wind abated or changed, and the *Cambria* had been long kept in the open sea, famine and fever must have soon claimed their victims.

The gale continued with greater violence,

and Captain Cook, crowding all sail even at the risks of carrying away his masts, nobly urged his vessel forward, and on the afternoon of the 3rd the cheering cry from aloft of "Land! land!" brought joy into every heart. That evening the Scilly light gleamed out brightly, and running rapidly along the purple granite coast, the *Cambria* joyfully cast anchor in Falmouth about half-past twelve on the following morning.

On reviewing this terrible calamity, it will be seen at once that the same gale which caused the first accident also contributed to the safety of the *Kent's* crew and passengers, as, but for the heavy rolling that enabled Captain Cobb to at once inundate the hold, the vessel would have burnt away before the *Cambria's* boats could have reached it. There were also many other singular and providential circumstances attending the event. The *Cambria*, which had been unexpectedly detained in port nearly a month, had that morning completely changed her course, and taken an opposite tack, to give the distressed and labouring brig some ease. The *Kent* had sighted no vessel before, nor did the *Cambria* see another till she entered the chops of the Channel. It was also remarkable that the fire, though undisturbed, should have been eleven hours reaching the magazine, the spirit-room, and the tiller-ropes. Had the *Cambria*, too, been homeward-bound, she would not have had food enough on board for one meal, and if she had had a full cargo, there would not have been time in that heavy weather to stow even three hundred of the six hundred survivors, and many must have perished.

The people of Falmouth overwhelmed the sufferers with kindness. The Governor-General of Pendennis Castle took instant steps for the disembarkation. The ladies formed, as before, the vanguard; then came the haggard, cold, wet, and half-clothed soldiers and sailors; lastly, the officers, beggared by the loss of their stores, and on them, the warm-hearted Cornish people pressed hats, shoes, and coats, as soon as they reached the shore.



CAPTAIN BOYTON.

AN AMPHIBIOUS MAN.

IN 187- a member of the Atlantic City Life-saving Station, on the coast of the United States, embarked in one of the outgoing steamers intending to leave it when 200 miles out, and make his way back to land, trusting to a newly invented rubber suit whose merits he wished to test. He was prevented from undertaking this hazardous adventure by the captain of the

steamer, but was allowed to take to the water when seven miles off Cape Fastnet on the Irish coast, October 21, and made his way safely to land. On the night of that day occurred one of the most fearful gales of the season, that strewed the British coast with wrecks. The storm broke on him soon after he left the steamer, and for seven hours he struggled with its violence till at half past four o'clock the next morning he knocked for shelter at the door of a lonely coast-guard station, near the cliffs of Skibbereen, over thirty miles from the point

where he left the steamer. It is not surprising that the inmates were astonished at the apparition of the strangely clad personage, more like a mythical sea-god than a human being, dressed in his suit of india-rubber armour, dripping with foam and seaweed, carrying an axe in one hand and a double-bladed paddle in the other, or that they had difficulty in crediting the story he told them.

This strangely appearing man, so strangely introduced to the British public, was Captain Paul Boyton, who for the previous ten years had devoted his wonderful powers of endurance to the work of saving life on the New Jersey coast, and though still a young man, being only 26 years of age, had the noble record of rescuing over seventy persons from a watery grave. He came to Europe in the interest of science and humanity, to bring before the governments, and those interested in the saving of life at sea, the merits of the life-saving dress which bears his name.

This dress is of solid vulcanized india-rubber, made in two parts, a tunic, with hood and gloves attached, complete in one piece, and a pair of pantaloons with boots attached, also made in one piece. The dress, which is secured with a water-tight joint at the waist, completely envelopes the body, leaving only the eyes, mouth and nose exposed. It is made buoyant by means of five air-chambers inflated from small tubes, which can be conveniently reached. The upper chamber when inflated forms a complete air-pillow for the head. Other chambers cover the breast, back, and each of the legs, and conform to the shape of the body. It can be adjusted over any quantity of clothing, and when inflated will sustain the wearer in any weather, keeping him comfortable, dry, and warm. He lies easily on his back, as if upon an air-matress, it being impossible to get on the face. Swimming is out of the question, but the wearer floats, or propels himself in any

direction by the use of his double-bladed paddle. With the dress he has a small india-rubber bag for conveying provisions, lamp, revolver, knife, books, compass, and, if need be, a signal rocket, or other requirements for a sea-voyage. Captain Boyton's equipment consists of an anchor, sail, axe, lead-line, log, thermometer, etc. When this bag is empty, the dress can be packed in it, the whole weighing only 15 pounds.

He claims that it is an invention of practical utility, as a man equipped with it would float on the sea until picked up or washed ashore, and that coastguards or life-boatmen, fishermen, hunters, surveyors, or explorers, would find it of constant service, enabling them to attend to their duties or sports and to travel on the water as safely as on land.

To demonstrate the utility of his invention, Boyton and two other gentlemen, made a voyage down the Thames from Westminster Bridge to Greenwich. Each of them was equipped with the life-dress. They performed various feats on the way, such as carrying a line as from shore to a ship in distress, firing signal rockets, partaking of a luncheon, reading the paper, smoking their cigars, etc. They were accompanied by a great crowd of spectators in steamboats, and their voyage was a complete success. They were two hours and a quarter accomplishing the distance of seven miles, and were none the worse for their immersion although it was a cold raw day. One of the gentlemen, who was a surgeon, found that the temperature of the body experienced no sensible reduction during the whole time.

The experiment gave great satisfaction to all who witnessed it, as testing the valuable qualities of the dress for practical purposes. Capt. Boyton afterwards put it to a more severe test by making a voyage across the English Channel from Cape Grisnez, on the French coast, to the South Foreland, and has made repeated trials in America and elsewhere.

THE BLACK PRINCE.



On the 30th of June, 1330, a son was born to Edward III., King of England. He was heir to the throne, and the whole realm was filled with rejoicing. When three years old the proud father granted the babe the rank of Earl of Chester, with all the rich revenues of that county. When he had attained seven years, a full Parliament was convened at Westminster, and there was conferred upon the boy the dignity of Duke of Cornwall. The little fellow then with his feeble sword dubbed twenty knights, selected from the most distinguished men of the court.

At the age of thirteen he was thoroughly trained in all those chivalric accomplishments then deemed befitting a young prince. He was skilled in the use of arms, and inured to fatigue and endurance. His vigorous, well-formed frame gave promise of those athletic and muscular powers which he so signally developed in the stormy career upon which he entered. His father then created him Prince of Wales, with all the pomp which the wealth of the English monarchy could display. The boy prince was thus endowed with a magnificent revenue.

War was raging between England and France. When Edward was sixteen years of age he accompanied his father on a military expedition across the Channel. He was then a full-grown man in character. His native powers of mind were of a high order, and well cultivated. He was accustomed to command. His bearing was dignified and lofty. He had a high sense of honour, inculcated by the generous virtues of his mother; and there was no soldier in the ranks more capable of enduring hardships, or more willing to encounter them, than was he.

The expedition, for the invasion of France, consisting, according to the best computation which can now be made, of five hundred vessels, sailed from the Isle of Wight in July, 1346. The troops landed in Normandy. Here Edward was invested by his father with the dignity of knighthood, which was deemed the most solemn and momentous event in the life of a young warrior. The title of Black Prince was given him probably from the colour of his armour.

The army advanced through horrible scenes of conflagration, slaughter, and woe. We have no space to enter into the details of the awful scenes through which Edward attained his renown. In these conflicts he displayed great ability and courage, as well as herculean strength. The English were victorious. A truce ensued. It was soon broken. Prince Edward led another expedition. In this he displayed consummate ability. The campaign culminated in the world-renowned battle of Poitiers. It was a terrible conflict, knight to knight, hand to hand. The slaughter was dreadful. It is said that with eight thousand men Edward conquered sixty thousand. It was the most extraordinary victory history has recorded. The King of France was captured; and so many prisoners were taken that Edward was compelled to liberate them upon the spot.

The conduct of Edward to his vanquished foe was chivalric, generous, sympathetic, in the highest possible degree. We would gladly tell the story, but have not space. The reader must be referred to Chateaubriand's brilliant account of the battle. The prince returned to England, where he was received with triumph such as mortal man has seldom been greeted with.

The Earl of Kent had a daughter Joan, whose extraordinary beauty gave her the name of the "Fair Maid of Kent." Nobles of highest rank contended for her hand.

Her fame resounded through Europe. She married Lord Holland. He soon died and left her a beautiful widow, and the richest lady in Europe. Again she was surrounded with a crowd of suitors. She was a cousin of Prince Edward. They were married in 1361.

Wealth, honours, and power seemed to rain down upon the young prince. The southern provinces of France were called Aquitaine. They were all given to Edward, with the title, Prince of Aquitaine. Thus, in point of territory, wealth, and power, he became the equal of most of the monarchs in Europe. In addition he was heir to the throne of England. The prince with his beautiful bride repaired to Aquitaine, where he was received with every demonstration of joy.

The history of this world pronounces war to be the chief end of man. The career of the prince led onward through an almost unceasing series of campaigns and battles. He seems to have been a thoughtful, conscientious, religiously disposed man, drawing his sword only for a cause which seemed to him right. He was merciful and generous. Upon the eve of a terrible battle in Spain, after carefully scrutinizing the position of the foe, he offered, according to Froissart, the following prayer :

"O true Father ! thou God that madest me ; grant by Thy benign grace that this day be for me and mine. Thou dost know that only to maintain the right, and to restore this dethroned and exiled king, I now advance to battle."

His victory, as usual, was complete. The slaughter of the poor peasants, who were forced into the battle, was awful. The prince replied to the congratulations of Don Pedro, the restored Spanish monarch,

"Give thanks and praise to God and not to me. From God, and not from me, you have received the victory."

Still there was nothing but war. The prince became accustomed to sights of misery. His constitution was shattered. Disease preyed upon him. His soul surrendered itself to the passions of hatred

and revenge. He took the field when so feeble that he could not mount his horse and had to be borne in a litter. He captured Limoges, and, for some hours, subjected the inhabitants to almost indiscriminate slaughter. At length his better nature prevailed and he ordered the carnage to cease. Still the city was plundered of everything and then laid in ashes. Such is man. He can perform such deeds, and ask God to help him do it.

"It is painful," writes one of his biographers, "to dwell upon this, as, without that one act of ferocious violence, Edward the Black Prince would have appeared, in all his actions, with beautiful consistence of character, blending the gentlest humanity with the most exalted courage."

His sickness was rapidly increasing, and, by advice of his physician, he returned to his native land. Sorrow is for all men. In pain and languor he journeyed. His eldest son, a prince of unusual promise, died. The grief of the father was intense. Crushed in heart he could not attend the pompous and melancholy obsequies of his child.

A large fleet accompanied Edward to England. He repaired to his palace at Berkhamstead. The death-bed scene was long and lingering and sad. His territory of Aquitaine was wrested from him. Clouds and darkness were gathering around his father's throne, which it was now evident was to descend not to him, but to his second son Richard.

Day after day the Black Prince was sinking. He often fainted, and it was thought that he was dead. He directed that his body should be buried in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury, and gave minute directions respecting the tomb which was to be erected over his remains. On the 8th of June, 1376, he died. He ordered the armour which he had worn in battle to be suspended over his tomb. For five hundred years, visitors to that majestic Cathedral have paused, in solemn thought, to gaze upon the tomb of Edward the Black Prince.

STORY OF GRISELL COCHRANE.



THE Cochranes are an old family in Scotland. They rose to distinction in the fifteenth century, and have always been remarkable for courage and ingenuity. Sir William Cochrane was elevated to the peerage as Baron Cochrane in 1647, and advanced to the dignity of Earl of Dundonald in 1669. His grandson was Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, who, along with Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, was concerned in the political troubles which, in the reign of James II., brought ruin on the Stewart dynasty. While Hume was so fortunate as to escape abroad, Cochrane was taken prisoner in the rising under the Earl of Argyll, and, being conducted to Edinburgh, was ignominiously lodged in the Tolbooth, on the 3rd July, 1685, there to await his trial as a traitor. The day of trial came, and, as a matter of course, he was condemned to death.

Sir John Cochrane was married, and had a family of several sons, and at least one daughter, Grisell. This young lady, who was about eighteen years of age, emulated in courage and resources Grisell Hume, whose remarkable story, under the married name of Lady Grisell Baillie, had lately been told. Living at the same period, it is not unlikely that they were acquainted with each other. In their heroic efforts, there was, at all events, a remarkable similarity, for each exerted herself in no ordinary manner to save the life of her father.

While lying under sentence of death in that gloomy Tolbooth, Sir John Cochrane was permitted to see members of his family. Afraid, however, of implicating his sons, he forbade them to visit him until they could take a last farewell on the night previous to his execution. His daughter, however, was allowed to come as often and stay with him

as long as she pleased. The chief subject of their conversation was an appeal made to the king for mercy. Although several friends interested themselves in trying to procure a remission of the sentence, there were no sanguine expectations, that they would be successful.

As the time wore on, Grisell's fears increased in intensity; and, without explaining herself to any one, she resolved to make a bold attempt to postpone her father's fate, if not to save him. A short time before the death-warrant was expected by the privy-council in Edinburgh, she mentioned to her father that some urgent affair would prevent her from seeing him again for a few days. Alarmed at this, and penetrating her design of effecting some hazardous project in his favour, he warned her against any rash enterprise. Her answer was brief and emphatic: "I am a Cochrane;" and so tenderly bidding him adieu, she departed to perform as extraordinary an exploit as ever fell to the lot of a young and daring female.

Next morning, long ere the inhabitants were astir, Grisell was some miles on her road to the Borders. She had attired herself as a young serving-woman, journeying on a borrowed horse to the house of her mother. So equipped and well mounted, she on the second day reached in safety the abode of her old nurse, who lived on the English side of the Tweed, four miles beyond the town of Berwick. In this woman she knew she could place implicit confidence, and to her, therefore, she revealed her secret. She had resolved, she said, to make an attempt to save her father's life, by stopping the postman, an equestrian like herself, and forcing him to deliver up his bags, in which she expected to find the fatal warrant. Singular as such a determination may appear in a delicate young woman, especially if we consider that she was aware of the arms always carried by

the man to whose charge the mail was committed, it is nevertheless an undoubted fact that such was her resolution. In pursuance of this design, she had brought with her a brace of small pistols, together with a horseman's cloak, tied up in a bundle, and hung on the crutch of her saddle ; and now she borrowed from her nurse the attire of her foster-brother, which, as he was a slight-made lad, fitted her reasonably well.

At that period all those appliances which at this day accelerate the progress of the traveller were unknown, and the mail from London, which now arrives in less than twelve hours, took eight days in reaching the Scottish capital. Miss Cochrane thus calculated on a delay of sixteen or seventeen days in the execution of her father's sentence—a space of time which she deemed amply sufficient to give a fair trial to the treaty set on foot for his liberation. She had, by means which it is unnecessary here to detail, possessed herself of the most minute information with regard to the places at which the postmen rested on their journey, one of which was a small public house, kept by a widow on the outskirts of the little town of Belford. There the man who received the bag at Durham was accustomed to arrive about six o'clock in the morning, and take a few hours' repose before proceeding farther on his journey. In pursuance of the plan laid down by Miss Cochrane, she arrived at this inn about an hour after the man had composed himself to sleep, in the hope of being able, by the exercise of her wit and dexterity, to ease him of his charge.

Having put her horse into the stable—which was a duty that devolved on the guests at this little public house, from its mistress having no hostler—she entered the only apartment which the house afforded and demanded some refreshment. "Sit down at the end of that table," said the old woman, "for the best I have to give you is there already ; and be pleased, my bonny man, to make as little noise as you can, for there's ane asleep in that bed that I like ill to disturb." Miss Cochrane

promised fairly ; and after attempting to eat some of the viands, which were the remains of the sleeping man's meal, she asked for some cold water.

"What !" said the old dame, as she handed it to her ; "ye are a water-drinker, are ye ? It's but an ill-custom for a change-house."

"I am aware of that," replied her guest, "and therefore, when in a public-house, I always pay for it the price of the stronger potation, which I cannot take."

"Indeed—well that is but just," responded the dame ; "and I think the more of you for such reasonable conduct."

"Is the well where you get this water near at hand ?" said the young lady ; "for if you will take the trouble to bring me some from it, as this is rather warm, it shall be considered in the reckoning."

"It is a good bit off," said the woman ; "but I cannot refuse to fetch some for such a civil, discreet lad, and will be as quick as I can. But, for any sake, take care and don't meddle with these pistols," she continued, pointing to a pair of pistols on the table, "for they are loaded, and I am always terrified for them."

Saying this she disappeared ; and Miss Cochrane, who would have contrived some other errand for her had the well been near, no sooner saw the door shut than she passed with trembling eagerness and a cautious but rapid step, across the floor to the place where the man lay soundly sleeping in one of those close wooden bedsteads common in the houses of the poor, the door of which was left half open to admit the air, and which she opened still wider, in the hope of seeing the mail-bag, and being able to seize upon it. But what was her dismay when she beheld only a part of the integument which contained what she would have sacrificed her life a thousand times to obtain, just peeping out from below the shaggy head and brawny shoulders of its keeper, who lay in such a position upon it as to give not the smallest hope of its extraction without his being aroused from his nap !

A few bitter moments of observation served to convince her, that if she obtained possession of this treasure it must be in some other way; and again closing the door of the bed, she approached the pistols, and, having taken them one by one from the holsters, she as quickly as possible drew out their loading, which having secreted, she returned them to their cases and resumed her seat at the foot of the table. Here she had barely time to recover from the agitation into which the fear of the man's awaking during the recent occupation had thrown her, when the old woman returned with the water; and having taken a draught, of which she stood much in need, she settled her account much to her landlady's content, by paying for the water the price of a pot of beer. Having then carelessly asked and ascertained how much longer the other guest was likely to continue his sleep, she left the house, and mounting her horse, she set off at a trot in a different direction from that in which she had arrived.

Making a circuit of two or three miles, she once more fell into the high-road between Belford and Berwick, where she walked her horse gently on, awaiting the coming up of the postman. Though all her faculties were now absorbed in one aim, and the thought of her father's deliverance still reigned supreme in her mind, she could not help occasionally figuring to herself the possibility of her tampering with the pistols-being discovered and their loading replaced, in which case it was more than likely her life would be the forfeit of the act she meditated. A woman's fears would still intrude, notwithstanding all her heroism, and the glorious issue which promised to attend the success of her enterprise. When she at length saw and heard the postman advancing behind her, the strong necessity of the case gave her renewed courage; and it was with perfect coolness that, on his coming close up, she civilly saluted him, put her horse into the same pace with his, and rode on for some way in his company. He was a strong,

thick-set fellow, with a goodhumoured countenance, which did not seem to Miss Cochrane, as she looked anxiously upon it, to savour much of hardy daring. He rode with the mail-bags strapped firmly to his saddle in front, close to the holsters, (for there were two,) one containing the letters direct from London, and the other those taken up at the different post-offices on the road.

After riding a short distance together, Miss Cochrane deemed it time, as they were nearly halfway between Belford and Berwick, to commence her operations. She therefore rode nearly close to her companion, and said in a tone of determination: "Friend, I have taken a fancy for those mail-bags of yours and I must have them; therefore, take my advice and deliver them up quietly, for I am provided for all hazards. I am mounted, as you see, on a fleet steed; I carry firearms; and moreover, am allied with those who are stronger, though not bolder than myself. You see yonder wood," she continued, pointing to one at a distance of about a mile, with an accent and air meant to carry intimidation. "Again, I say, take my advice; give me the bags and speed back the road you came for the present, nor dare to approach that wood for at least two or three hours to come."

There was in such language from a stripling something so surprising, that the man looked on Miss Cochrane for an instant in silent and unfeigned amazement. "If," said he, as soon as he found his tongue, "you mean, my young master, to make yourself merry at my expense, you are welcome. I am no sour churl to take offence at the idle words of a foolish boy. But 'if,' he said, taking one of his pistols from the holster, and turning its muzzle towards her, "you are mad enough to harbour one serious thought of such a matter I am ready for you. But, methinks, my lad, you seem at an age when robbing a garden or an old woman's fruit stall would befit you better, if you must turn thief, than taking his majesty's mails from a stout

FAMOUS MEN AND FAMOUS DEEDS.

man such as I am upon his highway. Be thankful, however, that you have met with one who will not shed blood if he can help it, and sheer off before you provoke me to fire."

"Nay," said his young antagonist, "I am not fonder of bloodshed than you are; but if you will not be persuaded what can I do? For I have told you the truth—that mail I must and will have. So now choose," she continued, as she drew one of the small pistols from under her cloak, and deliberately cocking it, presented it in his face.

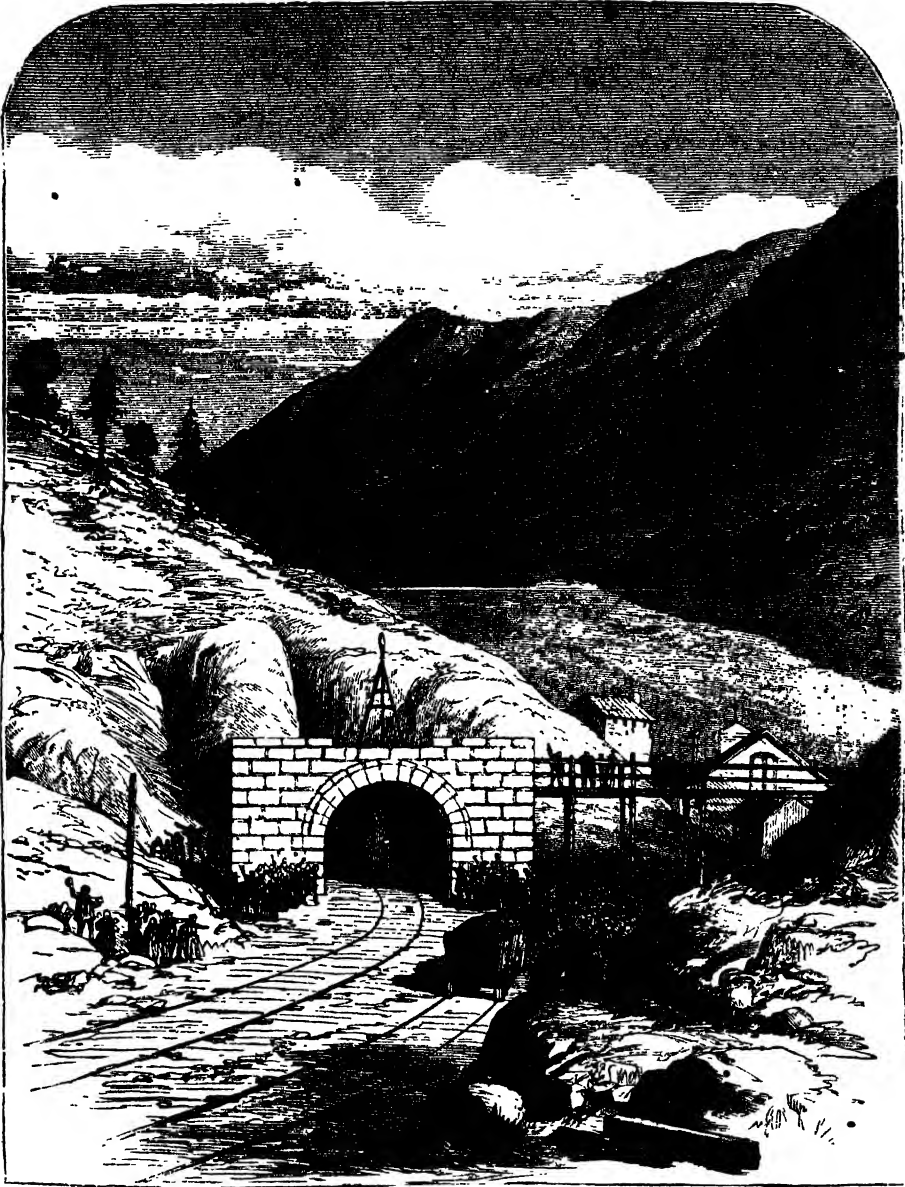
"Nay, then, your blood be on your own head," said the man, as he raised his hand and fired his pistol, which, however only flashed in the pan. Dashing the weapon to the ground, he lost not a moment in pulling out the other, which he also aimed at his assailant, and fired with the same result. In a transport of rage and disappointment, the man sprang from his horse and made an attempt to seize her; but by an adroit use of her spurs she eluded his grasp, and placed herself out of his reach. Meanwhile his horse had moved forward some yards, and to see and seize the advantage presented by this circumstance was one and the same to the heroic girl, who, darting towards it, caught the bridle, and having led her prize off about a hundred yards, stopped while she called to the thunder-struck postman to remind him of her advice about the wood. She then put both horses to their speed, and on turning to look at the man she had robbed, had the pleasure of perceiving that her mysterious threat had taken effect, and he was now pursuing his way back to Belford.

Miss Cochrane speedily entered the wood to which she had alluded, and tying the strange horse to a tree out of all observation from the road, proceeded to unfasten the straps of the mail. By means of a sharp penknife, which set at defiance the appended locks, she was soon mistress of the contents, and with an eager hand broke open the government despatches, which were unerringly pointed out to her by their

address to the Council in Edinburgh, and their imposing weight and broad seals of office. Here she found not only the fatal warrant for her father's death, but also many other sentences inflicting different degrees of punishment on various delinquents. These, however, it may readily be supposed, she did not then stop to examine: she contented herself with tearing them into small fragments, and placing them carefully in her bosom.

The intrepid girl now mounted her steed and rode off, leaving all the private papers where she had found them, imagining (what eventually proved the case) that they would be discovered ere long, from the hints she had thrown out about the wood, and thus reach their proper places of destination. She now made all haste to reach the cottage of her nurse, where, having committed to the flames not only the fragments of the dreaded warrant, but also the other obnoxious papers, she quickly resumed her female garments, and was again, after this manly and daring action, the simple and unassuming Miss Grisell Cochrane. Leaving the cloak and pistols behind her, to be concealed by her nurse, she again mounted her horse, and directed her flight towards Edinburgh, and by avoiding as much as possible the high-road, and resting at sequestered cottages, as she had done before, and that only twice for a couple of hours each time, she reached town early in the morning of the next day.

It must now suffice to say that the time gained by the heroic act related above was productive of the end for which it was undertaken, and that Sir John Cochrane was pardoned, at the instigation of the king's favourite counsellor, who interceded for him in consequence of receiving a bribe of five thousand pounds from the Earl of Dundonald. Of the feelings which on this occasion filled the heart of his courageous and devoted daughter, we cannot speak in adequate terms; and it is perhaps best, at any rate, to leave them to the imagination of the reader.



ENTRANCE OF THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

TRIUMPHS OF CIVIL ENGINEERING.

WHAT meeting of the two bores of the St. Gothard Tunnel, pierced as they were from opposite sides of the Alps, having been successfully carried out, it may be of

interest to mention a few details as to the means by which this result was so skillfully obtained. Its success depends, first, on the accuracy with which the axis of the tunnel

is laid out above ground ; secondly, on the accuracy with which this axis is transferred underground.

The centre line of this tunnel, which is about $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, was first fixed above ground by means of a trigonometrical survey of the district. Observatories were then erected at each end of this line, at some little distance from the tunnel portals, and marks fixed securely along it and on both sides of the observatories. These marks were afterwards verified astronomically. The transfer of this axis underground was, however, a tedious and very difficult operation, and was made as far as possible directly from the observatory. In the case of Mont Cenis it was possible to take a direct observation up to the very centre of the tunnel. The transit instrument there set up is first directed on the mark opposite to it on the mountains, and shining like a bright star ; its telescope is then tilted downwards until the flame of a lamp set up in the tunnel itself is accurately bisected by the cross-hairs. This operation is repeated three more times—the instrument being re-levelled on each occasion—until the mean of the four observations forms what is called a “series.” A second “series” is then made by an independent observer, and should the mean of the two agree to within a small fraction of an inch, the point denoted by the flame is correctly fixed, and a fresh one is sought for, but if there is much discrepancy in the observations, further “series” are made until the mean of all the various positions of the lamp warrants the adoption of the point as a station.

For the illumination of the required point magnesium lamps were first tried, next candles, and then ordinary petroleum lamps, the flame in each case being plumbed up to a notch cut on an iron cramp fixed in the rock immediately overhead. The theodolite stand had now to be set up exactly under this notch, and this was effected by plumbing down the point from it, so that a great deal of the accuracy previously aimed at was thus lost. Signalling, too,

was made at the outset by flashing lights, then by coloured lamps, and latterly by horns, trumpets, etc. ; but in 1875 operations were very much accelerated by the use of a portable electric apparatus on Morse's system, by which telegraphic communication was maintained between the observatories and the stations within the tunnel, while in 1876 still further advantages were secured by the inventions of Herr Dolezalek, section engineer of the railway. To improve the brilliancy of the light used as a signal, as also to avoid the delays incident on the frequent settings-up of theodolite and signal in the tunnel, he constructed a petroleum lamp with brilliant-burner, reflector, and “double vase-ring.” This lamp is capable of being centred exactly in the place of the transit by means of a new form of three-legged stand, specially designed for use with either instrument or lamp. The latter gives nearly twice as good a light as the ordinary petroleum lamp, while the “double ring” allows petroleum to be poured in, by merely making the openings in the two rings to coincide, without unscrewing the wick holder ; consequently the position of the lamp, when once set up, is never disturbed. The reflector merely intensifies the brilliancy of the flame.

The stand was originally in two parts, an upper plate of metal resting on a larger circular one of wood fitted with three legs, but the wooden plate was latterly not used, greater stability being secured by erecting stone pillars in its stead at the required intervals in the tunnel. The metal plate was levelled by means of its three foot-screws, and weighed nearly thirty-one pounds ; it rested simply by its own weight on the stone pillars without any fastening at all, and had three grooves radiating from its centre at angles of 120° , in which were placed in turn the feet of either theodolite or lamp as required, so that the correct centring of the one necessarily insured that of the other. This metal plate is composed of a bronze plate sliding in a cast-iron frame and provided with a clamp ;

its centre is denoted by a notch on either side, while on the edges of the iron frame two strips of gummed paper are affixed, on which, at each setting-up of the lamp, the position of the centre of the bronze plate is shown by a pencil mark. Fresh paper strips are affixed at each station, the used ones being scraped off.

Such being the improvements suggested by experience, the ranging was done as follows:—The tripod, being placed at right angles to the direction of the tunnel upon the first pillar, is levelled, and a little quickly-hardening cement run in round the foot-screws to prevent their possible displacement; the lamp is then centred on the tripod, its several positions—as fixed by the transit in the observatory—marked graphically, their mean noted, and the lamp finally set to this mean, and plate clamped. The lamp is then lifted off, and the transit placed in its place in the grooves of the plate, the lamp being removed to the second pillar as a fore-sight, to which the light centred in the observatory serves as a back-sight.

The same procedure is then followed with each pillar in succession, the forward lamp, the transit, and the back lamp being set up on each in turn, so that all finding of a point by plumbing it is now completely avoided. Three stands, three lamps, and a small transit comprise the ranging apparatus in the tunnel, while two observers give mutual assistance to each other so as to avoid all walking round the pillars during the observations. The ranging staff worked in two reliefs—a day and a night one—of twelve hours each.

On the Göschenen, or northern, end the direction of the axis when verified last October was almost identical with that of

the year previous, the deviation at any point not exceeding 0.15 of an inch, except at 4,375 yards, where it was nearly $\frac{1}{4}$ inch. This difference was doubtless due to an error in plumbing this station, as the cramp in the rock overhead is at this point 20 feet above the sole of the tunnel.

On the Airolo, or southern, side, however, the deviations as compared with those of the former year are somewhat greater, but as the arrangements are generally the same as on the Göschenen side, they must be attributed entirely to the far denser atmosphere caused by excessive moisture at this end of the tunnel. The distance between stations was consequently much shorter, for while in a length of 6,560 yards there occur in the Göschenen side only six intermediate stations, on the Airolo side, on the contrary, fourteen had to be used. At Göschenen on the second evening the point at 1,430 yards could be fixed directly from the observatory, while at Airolo it was only on the third evening that the point at 660 yards could be fixed directly, and then a subsidiary station at 110 yards from the portal had to be determined for use as a back-sight.

The deviations at Airolo were found to be:—Up to 1,432 yards, a small fraction of an inch eastward; at 1,540 yards, no difference; at 2,860 yards, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch to the west; at 3,520 yards, no difference; at 6,270 yards, $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches to the west; at 6,930 yards, 2 inches to the west.

That these deviations were due simply to accidental errors of observation is evident not only from the fact of their occurring sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another, but also from the extreme accuracy with which the piercing of the tunnel has since been completed.



THE FOUNDER OF SINGAPORE.

IN 1806 the French were almost supreme in Europe. They had overrun the countries opposed to them, and amongst others had annexed Holland. The Dutch colonies had shared the fate of the mother country, and had become part of the French Empire. One of these colonies was Java, and here the English authorities determined to strike a blow against Napoleon. The possession of this island affords such a command of the Eastern Archipelago that it was absolutely necessary for the safety of English trade with the East that it should be in friendly hands. An invasion of Java was therefore decided on, and Mr. Raffles, an official of the East India Company, was appointed to prepare the way for the expedition by being sent to the Moluccas as "agent to the Governor-General with the Malay States."

Having acquired suitable information, the expedition, under Lord Minto, arrived off Batavia in 1811. In the course of a month Lord Minto was able to announce the result of his invasion as follows:—"An empire which for two centuries has contributed greatly to the power, prosperity, and grandeur of one of the principal and most respected states in Europe, has been thus wrested from the short occupation of the French Government, added to the dominion of the British Crown, and converted from a seat of hostile machination and commercial competition into an augmentation of British power and prosperity."

It was now resolved not to restore the island to the Dutch or to the natives, but to retain it as a possession of England. Mr. Raffles was appointed lieutenant-governor of the island and its dependencies. "It would be endless," says his wife, "to notice the difficulties and obstacles which occurred in the establishment of a pure and upright

administration in Java. Not only was the whole system previously pursued by the Dutch to be subverted, but an entire new one substituted, as pure and liberal as the old one was vicious and contracted; and this was to be accomplished and carried into effect by the very persons who had so long fattened on the vices of the former policy." His first step was to cause to be prepared a complete body of statistics relating to all the affairs of the island; and obtaining this, he commenced his scheme of reform. His proposed alterations were of two kinds: first, a reform of the general spirit of the government; and second, a reform of the actual institutions of the country, wherever it appeared necessary. His principal alterations were a reform of the revenue system, the establishment of a better system of police and public justice, and the abolition of the slave trade.

The state of the island, it should be said, under the Dutch rule had been almost one of slavery. The sole object of the possession was revenue. Nearly the whole territory was farmed out to native regents or officers, who, besides paying a small rent or recognition money to the Dutch authorities, handed over to them annually the whole produce of their respective districts at a fixed government price. By disposing of this produce, either by exporting it or by selling it back again to the Javanese themselves, the Dutch raised a revenue; and in this monopoly consisted the whole advantage derived by them from the possession of Java. All this was altered, and in a few years, though the natives had become prosperous and happy, the revenue was eight times as large as it had been under the Dutch. On the fall of Napoleon, however, Java was restored to Holland, and all Raffles' reforms were abolished. The island had but proved a school for his exertions in other lands.

Raffles now returned to England, and received the honour of knighthood. He now visited Holland to serve the interests of the Javanese. "I met," he says, "with very great attention in the Netherlands, and had the honour to dine with the king last Monday: they were very communicative regarding their eastern colonies; but I regret to say that notwithstanding the king himself and his leading minister seem to mean well, they have too great a hankering after profit, and *immediate* profit, for any liberal system to thrive under them. The king, while he admitted all the advantages likely to arise from cultivation, and assured me that the system introduced under my administration should be continued, maintained that it was essential to confine the trade, and to make such regulations as would secure it and its profits exclusively to the mother country. I had an opportunity of expressing my sentiments to him very freely, and as he took them in good part, I am in hopes they may have some weight."

The title of lieutenant-governor of Bencoolen, in the island of Sumatra, having been conferred on Sir Stamford by the Court of Directors, he once more set sail for the East Indies, there to renew, although in a different spot, his career of active benevolence. He arrived at Bencoolen in 1818.

Sumatra belongs to the same group of islands as Java, from which it is separated at its south-eastern extremity by a narrow strait. Sumatra, however, is considerably the larger, being more than 1000 miles long, and varying from 140 to 210 miles in breadth, having thus an area larger than England, Scotland, and Ireland together. But though larger, Sumatra is not so important an island as Java. "From the hand of God," says Sir Stamford Raffles in a letter written after he had formed an acquaintance with the island, "Sumatra has received, perhaps higher advantages and capabilities than Java; but no two countries form a more decided contrast in the use which has been made of them by man." While Sumatra remains in a great part covered with its

primeval forests, and exhibiting but scattered traces of human industry, Java has become the granary and the garden of the East. In the former we find man inactive, sullen, and partaking of the gloom of the forests, while in the latter he is active and cheerful." One-half of the large island of Sumatra is flat and level, the other is mountainous; and the products of these two parts are of course different, although the principal products of the island may be said to be rice, tobacco, hemp, coffee, sago, camphor, various spices, and innumerable kinds of fruit. From no other country are such large quantities of pepper exported.

Sumatra, like Java, is peopled by a branch of the Malay race; the inhabitants, however, receive various names, according to the districts which they occupy, and present some differences of language, manners, and physiognomy. On the whole, the people are far inferior to the Javanese. Half of the island is under the Dutch authority, and the other half under native rule. "I cannot convey to you," wrote Sir Stamford on his arrival at Bencoolen, "an adequate idea of the state of ruin and dilapidation which surrounds me. What with natural impediments, bad government, and the awful visitations of Providence which we have recently experienced in the shape of repeated earthquakes, we have scarcely a dwelling in which to lay our heads, or wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of nature. The roads are impassable; the highways in the town overrun with rank grass; the Government House a den of ravenous dogs and polecats. The natives say that Bencoolen is now a dead land. In truth, I could never have conceived anything half so bad."

One of Sir Stamford's first acts in Bencoolen was to abolish slavery. "There were at this time in Bencoolen," says Lady Raffles, "upwards of two hundred African slaves, most of them born in the settlement, who were the children of slaves originally purchased by the East India Company: they were considered indispensable for the duties of the place, and it was asserted that they

were happier than free men. They were employed in loading and unloading the Company's ships, and other hard work. No care having been taken of their morals, many of them were dissolute and depraved, and the children in a state of nature, vice, and wretchedness." These two hundred negroes Sir Stamford immediately set at liberty. Assembling them before a meeting of the native chiefs, he explained the views of the British government with regard to the abolition generally, and granted to each negro, man and woman, a certificate declaring him or her to be for ever free, and at liberty to labour for wages like other free persons. The negro children were at the same time assembled at the Government House; and as a considerable degree of prejudice existed against them, Lady Raffles selected one of them, "a little bright-eyed girl eight years old, whom she put under the charge of a European nurse. She proved a most docile, affectionate little attendant; and Lady Raffles, on leaving Sumatra, had the pleasure of giving her a dower on her marriage."

Sir Stamford, however, found himself terribly hampered by the jealousies of the Dutch. He was therefore exceedingly anxious that some new settlement should be established in a more convenient situation than either Penang or Bencoolen, in which new settlement some accredited British authority might be at hand to afford protection to the British shipping and trade. He thought that the most advantageous situation for such an establishment would be the Strait of Sundā; but Singapore, an island situated off the extreme point of the peninsula of Malacca, was ultimately selected. A more splendid geographical position could not have been chosen for a mercantile city and depôt. The passage between it and China can be made by a trading-vessel in six days; and the same time, in the favourable monsoon, will suffice for the passage between it and Batavia, Borneo, or Penang. Here too he was successful in introducing free institutions, in creating trade, and in bringing honour to the British name. "All

is life and activity," he wrote; "and it would be difficult to name a place on the face of the globe with brighter prospects or more present satisfaction. In little more than three years, it has risen from an insignificant fishing village to a large prosperous town, containing at least 10,000 inhabitants of all nations, actively engaged in commercial pursuits, which afford to each and all a handsome livelihood and abundant profit. Land is rapidly rising in value; and instead of the present number of inhabitants, we have reason to expect that we shall have at least ten times as many more before many years have passed. This may be considered the simple but almost magical result of *the perfect freedom of trade*, which it has been my good fortune to establish." Singapore has now become the most important place in the archipelago.

Returning to Bencoolen in 1823, Sir Stamford set sail for England in the following February. When the ship was about fifty miles from land, the crew were roused by the cry of fire. They had just time to lower the boats and escape, when the ship burst out into flame. After a hard night's rowing they were once more in the home they had left but a few hours before. The loss to Sir Stamford was beyond repair. The whole of his drawings, his collections in botany and zoology, his written descriptions and papers, fell a prey to the flames. Yet on the morning after his loss he set about recommencing an elaborate map of Sumatra, and despatching men into the forests for specimens of plants and animals.

On the 8th of April, Sir Stamford again set sail, and in a few months landed at Plymouth. For nearly two years his time was occupied in furthering the objects to which he had devoted himself. In the progress of Singapore he took especial interest; and his scheme of a great educational institution for all the Malays of the archipelago was near his heart. His health had suffered severely from his arduous services in the East, and being taken suddenly ill, he died on the 5th of July, 1826.



THE PROJECTOR OF TONTINES.

ONCE or twice in a generation may be noticed an announcement of the formation of a company or fund, the capital of which is to be raised upon the "Tontine" principle, and at such times considerable perplexity is excited as to what process so unfamiliar a term may indicate. The last project of the kind on a large scale in England was undertaken in connection with the proprietorship of the Alexandra Palace, but similar enterprises of a more limited character and confined to a narrower area are comparatively frequent. The system is not of English origin, and has never attracted the favour of the people of this country to the same extent as in France, where Lorenzo Tonti, a Neapolitan, to whose name the institution owes its title, first made the idea known.

The gist of the principle is that a given number of persons, to use a sporting term, "back" their own longevity, or that of nominees, against the longevity of their fellow-speculators, the ultimate prize being accumulated interest on the entire capital subscribed, according to the contract. In so far as long life is a lottery, the Tontine investment becomes a lottery also. The simplest way of making the subject clear is to sketch a case. A body of persons buy certain shares at a fixed price, and are entitled to receive a stated rate of interest. The death of one subscriber deprives his friends of all participation in the concern, and his share of the interest falls to the remaining members, who benefit from the gaps made by death until the last survivor succeeds to the whole. In some cases the appointment of nominees is resorted to, and the investor stakes his chance on the life of a friend; but in such cases the promoters had usually imposed a specific age

at an advanced period of life, with the view of allowing the Tontine to lapse within a moderate time.

The circumstances that drew out Tonti's plan were the embarrassments of the French Government in the middle of the seventeenth century, and the unwillingness of the people to pay fresh taxes. The Italian held a position of trust under Cardinal Mazarin, who ruled France during the unsettled period of Louis XIV.'s minority, and being a financier, and a banker to boot, he projected and presented to his chief a scheme of which the basis was destined to serve succeeding generations. The Cardinal endorsed the plan, but the Parliament would not, and it was consequently abandoned for the time. The young monarch, however, subsequently adopted the principle of the Tontine for public purposes, and in 1689 a Royal fund was established which led to the incorporation of the author's name with the title given to the investment.

In establishing a speculation such as is indicated above, it would seem to be necessary, in the interests of fairness, that all the subscribers, or nominees, should be approximately of an age, but this is not essential. The competition for the benefits of a Tontine can be fairly sustained by the division of the competitors into classes, as in the life assurance tables, each division being allotted a rate of interest based upon the ascertained rates of mortality. This was the case with the scheme originally propounded to the French Minister. In Tonti's proposal provision was made for ten classes of subscribers, of ages varying from two years upwards, and whilst all were to pay the same premium, the amount of interest was to be made dependent on the class. Louis XIV.'s Tontine of 1689 embraced fourteen sections of subscribers, and the high rate of 10 per cent. interest was at

first paid on the whole sum (distributed *pro rata* according to age), but the Government amply compensated themselves for this liberality by ruling that no one, not even the last survivor, should receive more than 100,000 livres (less than half per cent. on the 28,000,000 advanced) a year, and as a matter of fact, the old lady who finally triumphed, and lived to see her co-shareholders all fall beside her, in the year of her death only received 73,500 livres. Other enterprises of a similar nature were started by private companies in France during the eighteenth century, and were largely patronized, but several notable enterprises of the kind were so abominably mismanaged generally that the system got into sad discredit, and the French Legislature ultimately rendered invalid any Tontine that had not received Government sanction.

Prosperity has not, as a whole, attended the application of the Tontine principle to Great Britain, probably less on account of any defect in the system than in consequence of mathematical fallacies and imperfect mortality tables. Three investments of the kind were floated in Ireland between 1770 and 1780, and it is recorded of one of them that 17 years after issue the survivors found themselves in receipt of six per cent. only for the money. This circumstance betrayed either a very unsatisfactory tenacity to life on the part of the subscribers, or a woeful mistake in calculation. We hear of a Mr. Jennings, however, who ran his rivals up to the age of 103, and then resigned his claim to the three thousand pounds per annum which had fallen to his lot. Hamilton's "History of Public Revenue" gives particulars of a State Tontine issued by the Government in 1789, and which was probably the most important undertaking of the kind started in England. The capital was a million sterling, and the subscribers were grouped into ten classes, according to age. The reward to the

longest liver was not to exceed one thousand pounds a year, and the speculators were allowed to either stake their own lives or appoint nominees. The project was not altogether satisfactory in its results. The public did not subscribe readily, and the gaps in the share list had to be filled up by the Government, and in the end nobody appears to have grown much richer by the investment.

One thing that will be strikingly suggested to the mind unused to traffic in human longevity in connection with the Tontine is the unpleasant conflict into which it would seem to threaten to throw the feelings of friends towards each other, to say nothing of our aspirations towards universal brotherhood. To know that by the death of our most intimate friend a substantial gain will accrue to us is a consciousness which must be subversive of sincere sentiment, and when we drink long life to him (as we are a good deal given to doing in England), what reply are we to make to his retort, "Now, you don't mean that?" We should in some respects resemble the little band of German students who swore to dine together once a year, and who, one by one, left a vacant chair at the table, until the last of the company turned to drink his own health in a mirror and expired on the spot.

The truth, however, is a little less harsh than the theory, and the real effect of the Tontine system is not of such a cruel and callous nature as the imagination suggests. There is a story, however, touching a shareholder in the Covent Garden Theatre (which was once the subject of a Tontine), who was also an apothecary, and who made impatient inquiries every now and then as to the progress of the other subscribers towards the grave. "What! nobody dead yet!" he would exclaim, and then turn on his heel. It is recorded that his avarice was punished, and that the apothecary was the first to depart.



BEDFORD JAIL.

THE PRISON AND THE MONUMENT.

By the liberality of the Duke of Bedford a bronze statue of the immortal author of the Pilgrim's Progress has been erected at Bedford, the scene of Bunyan's imprisonment. The attitude is that of the preacher with an open book in his left hand, and at his feet have fallen the symbols of the prison. In the place where those twelve years were passed in confinement for the great crime of preaching the gospel of Christ, will stand, now the monument in honour of him whom a former age persecuted.

It is also a significant fact that one of the highest dignitaries in the Church of England, through whose influence the Methodist Wesley and the Presbyterian Livingstone have been honoured with tombs in England's great abbey, delivered the address at the unveiling of the statue. The Dean of Westminster eulogized the Baptist preacher whom, two centuries ago, the English Church imprisoned.

Bunyan's imprisonment formed so considerable a part of his life as a minister of Christ, and was so fruitful in those writings that have not only immortalized his name, but been the means of doing so much good, that its story is well worth listening to.

He had been for some five years preaching

the gospel, and had had encouragement in his labours, when the enemies of Christ's cause determined to bring his preaching to an end. Accordingly on the 12th of November, 1660, a warrant of arrest was served upon him as he was about engaging in a service in a village of Bedfordshire.

His friends had heard that a warrant had been issued for his apprehension, and one of them, the brother in whose house the meeting was to be held, questioned whether it would not be wiser not to hold the service, that Bunyan might escape.

"To whom I said," says Bunyan in his autobiography, "No, by no means: I will not stir, neither will I have the meeting dismissed for this. Come, be of good cheer! let us not be daunted: our cause is good; we need not be ashamed of it; to preach God's Word is so good a work, that we shall be well rewarded if we suffer for that—or to this purpose."

The service proceeded so far as to prayer for the "blessing of God upon our opportunity," when the constable presented himself, and the preacher was taken into custody, and the next day brought before a magistrate.

This official, one Wingate, committed the preacher, upon his absolutely refusing to desist from his proclaiming the gospel, to answer at the quarter sessions.

Endeavours were made to have him released on bail, but his crime was considered too great, and no magistrate could be found willing to take the responsibility. As for Bunyan himself he was entirely at ease in the matter. "I begged of God," he says, "that if I might do more good by being at liberty than in prison, that then I might be set at liberty; but if not, His will be done. For I was not altogether without hopes but that my imprisonment might be an awakening to the saints in the country, therefore I could not tell well which to choose, only I, in that manner, did commit the thing to God."

The indictment under which he was tried was as follows: "That John Bunyan, of the town of Bedford, labourer, being a person

of such and such conditions, he hath (since such a time) devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church to hear Divine service, and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom, contrary to the laws of our sovereign lord the king," etc.

His judges, who were not indisposed to give him a favourable hearing, present a very poor appearance in the argument which they consented to hold with the prisoner. For their own credit it might have been well had they been content to expound and administer the law, without attempting to justify it; for they soon found themselves no match for Bunyan in the domain of reason and revelation. He was as much their superior in these, as they were his superiors in legal lore. And after a good deal of altercation, in which they had the worst of it, and gave signs of losing their temper, nothing remained but for Justice Keelin to pronounce his sentence, which, smarting, perhaps, under his sense of defeat, he did in the following harsh terms:—"Then," said he, "hear your judgment. You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following; and at three months' end, if you do not submit to go to church to hear Divine service, and leave your preaching, you must be banished the realm: and if, after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone, you shall be found in this realm, etc., or be found to come over again without special license from the king, etc., you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly;" and so he bid my jailor have me away."

This was the judge—the representative of royalty—the calm and dignified administrator of justice. The prisoner was but a labourer, a tinker, and yet, unmoved by the judicial frown—unmoved by the unjudicial vindictive press, unmoved by the severity of the sentence, he was able, as he informs us, to utter this calm and bold reply, "If I was out of prison to-day, I would preach the gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God.

"Thus I departed from them; and, I can truly say, I bless the Lord Jesus Christ for it, that my heart was sweetly refreshed in the time of my examination; and also afterwards, at my returning to the prison. So that I found Christ's words more than bare trifles, where He saith, 'I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist' (Luke xxi. 15). And that His peace no man can take from us."

The sentence was that he be confined in jail three months, and if at the end of that time he would not consent to attend church and give up preaching, he would be banished the realm, upon penalty of hanging if afterward found within it. The banishment did not take place; but for twelve years, with an interval perhaps of six months, he was kept a prisoner.

But strength was given to him to maintain his steadfast purpose. He would listen to no word of compromise. Preach he must if he had his liberty. He was not harassed by any thought of even the worst that his enemies might do. "Thus I reasoned with myself," he writes, "if I provide only for a prison, then the whip comes unawares, and so doth also the pillory." Again, "if I only provide for these, then I am not fit for banishment. Farther, if I conclude that banishment is the worst, then if death comes, I am surprised. So that I see the best way to go through sufferings is to trust in God through Christ, as touching the world to come; and as touching this world, 'to count the grave my house, to make my bed in darkness; to say to corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, Thou art my mother and sister;' that is to familiarize these things to me."

And so in serene trust in God, though his heart bled at his separation from his family, particularly from his blind daughter, and he felt the privations they were obliged to endure, the years passed on, occupied in the composition of those works—particularly the *Pilgrim's Progress*—by which he being dead yet speaks, and will speak so long as the English language endures.

How much he felt his imprisonment, especially because of his separation from his family, and their destitute and helpless condition through being left without their natural protector, his own words will best show.

"The parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me in this place as the pulling the flesh from my bones; and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries and wants that my poor family was likewise to meet with; especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all I had beside. Oh! the thoughts of the hardships I thought my blind one might go under would break my heart to pieces. Poor child, thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind shall blow upon thee! But yet, recalling myself, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quick to leave you. Oh! I saw in this condition I was as a man who is pulling down his house upon the head of his wife and children; yet thought I, I must do it; I must do it. And now, I thought on those two milch kine that, to carry the ark of God into another country, were to leave their calves behind them."

Nor was he entirely debarred from preaching the gospel he loved. The jailor allowed him not only to leave the prison to visit his family, but to go as far as London or elsewhere. There is a tradition that he visited Reading and preached disguised as a carter, with a whip in his hand. Once when absent from the jail he became uneasy and returned before the appointed time. Shortly after, one of his enemies arrived and demanded to see him that he might be sure he was in safe custody. "You may go out when you will," said the jailor when the inquisitor had left, "for you know better when to return than I can tell you."

During the last year of Bunyan's imprisonment he was chosen to the pastoral office in the congregation of Bedford. "At a full assembly of the Church at Bedford"—so runs the Church record—"the 21st of the tenth month (Dec. 21, 1671,) after much seeking God by prayer, and sober conference formerly had, the congregation did at this meeting, with joynt consent (signified by solemn lifting up of their hands,) call forth and appoint our brother John Bunyan to the pastoral office or eldership. And he accepting thereof gave himself up to serve Christ and His Church, in that charge, and

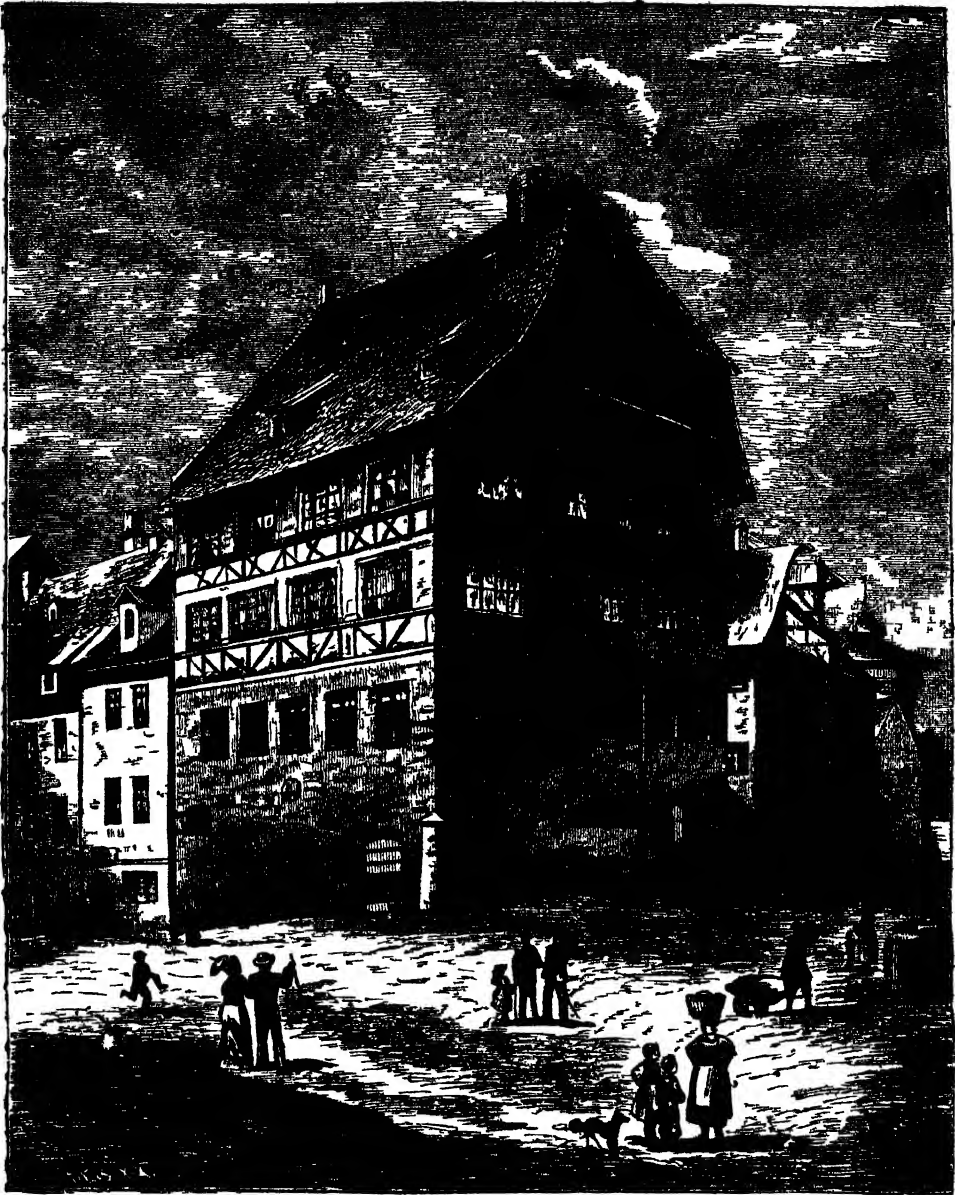
received of the elders the right hand of fellowship, after having preached fifteen years."

Bunyan was released from prison in 1672, and spent the remaining years of his life mainly in Bedford, preaching, writing, and labouring for the good of men in every way in his power. He died in London, whither he had gone to make one of the visits his dissenting brethren there so valued, August 12, 1678, in the sixtieth year of his age.

"In him at once did three great worthies shine,
Historian, Poet, and a choice Divine!
Then let him rest in undisturbed dust,
Until the resurrection of the just."



THE OLD BAPTIZING PLACE AT BEDFORD.



DURER'S HOUSE AT NUREMBERG.

ALBERT DURER, THE ARTIST.

WHOUGH scarcely any of his famous works remain in the city glorified by his name and memory, that memory haunts it as few places are haunted by the shadow of a

great life; Stratford-on-Avon is not more full of Shakspeare, or Dumfries of Burns, than Nuremberg of Albert Durer. In the elevated open space called "Albert Durer's

Platz" stands the noble bronze statue of Durer by Rauch, of Berlin; in the Rathhaus close by are some of his paintings, the few still preserved in his city; and just beneath is his house, standing at the corner of "Albert Durer's Street," held by a society of artists and carefully guarded from all injury. Following the road, about half a mile from the "Thiergarten gate," by the magnificent carvings or stations of Viet Stoss and Adam Krafft, the traveller reaches the churchyard of St. John—a strange, primeval-looking graveyard, where amongst three thousand five hundred grave-stones, mostly rugged antique-looking memorials, but regularly numbered, and mostly decorated with bronze plates, that numbered 649, the object of many a shrine-hunter, is found in Albert Durer's grave. Thus the venerable old city preserves his memory well.

In his day,—a remote day to look back upon, the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries,—Durer was the most conspicuous and has become the most widely influential and immortal of a cluster of remarkable men. Nuremberg was famous throughout Europe. "Nuremberg's hand was known through every land;" it had many great master workers who drew forth poetry and wrought works of imagination, in iron like Vischer, stone like Krafft, and wood like Stoss; these were all marvellous workers in their separate way and material, and were all contemporaries of Durer; with them, also, must be mentioned the immortal shoemaker.

"Thy songs, Hans Sâch, are ringing yet,
In pure and hearty German."

- Nuremberg preserves the memories, the
- works, the traditions of the houses and the
- graves of all these men, and justifies the
- reflection of Longfellow as he wandered
- through the valley of the Pegnitz;

"Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee
the world's regard;

But thy painter, Albrecht Durer, and Hans Sach,
thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region
far away,

As he paced thy streets and courtyards, sang in
thought his careless lay—
Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a
floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labour, the long pedigree of toil."

Thus noble was the reputation and the manhood of the city in which Albert Durer was born, and his life furnishes one of those noble illustrations of genius triumphing over circumstance, and making its way to fame and immortality from the lowly ranks of obscure labour. His father came from Hungary, his parentage from a lowly farm people in the little village of Eytas. He arrived in Nuremberg in 1454. Durer the elder was a working goldsmith, and in 1467 married his master's daughter. Our Durer was the third son of this marriage, and one of eighteen children; he was born in 1471.

Albert says: "My father's life was passed in great struggles and in continuous hard work. With my dear mother bearing so many children he never could become rich, as he had nothing but what his hands brought him. He had thus many troubles, trials, and adverse circumstances; but yet from every one who knew him he received praise, because he led an honourable Christian life, and was patient, giving all men consideration, and thanking God. He indulged himself in few pleasures, spoke little, shunned society, and was in truth a God-fearing man. My dear father took great pains with his children, bringing them up to the honour of God. He made us know what was agreeable to others as well as to our Maker, so that we might become good neighbours; and every day he talked to us of these things—the love of God and the conduct of life." And the tenderness, high principle, and conscience of the father were well repaid and reproduced in the character of the son Albert. The schoolmaster was abroad in Nuremberg, and the lad went to school and stored some items of instruction from thence; then his father took him immediately beneath his own training, with the idea, probably, of making him half artist half mechanic; but he was destined to be the great artist of Germany. That is

an affecting likeness drawn by himself at the age of thirteen, in 1484, now preserved in the Albert collection in Vienna. Durer himself preserved this early portrait—a relic of his childhood; and he wrote under it in after years these words: “This I have drawn from myself from the looking-glass, in the year 1484, when I was still a child.—Albrecht Durer.” What is called the weakness and the faultiness in the design of this picture may be regarded as its eulogy. It was only the production of a child, but it is a real portrait; its large mystical, thoughtful eyes, and intense, earnest expression, seem as if looking forward to something beyond themselves.

For some years Albert continued at work, beneath his father's directions, to attain his father's art; but his mind turned naturally to painting. With some difficulty he obtained his father's consent to follow the call of his genius; he then served for three years as an apprentice with Michael Wohlgemuth; then, when his term was out, he travelled, as was the practice in Germany, exercising his art abroad; and when he returned, in 1494, he married Agnes Frey. Durer was not less remarkable by the unhappiness of his married life than by his eminence as an artist. The marriage was probably not one with which the chief parties had much more to do than to submit to a contract made for them by the parents; Agnes brought her husband some money, it seems certain that she brought him much misery. They had no children. His biographer, Mr. Scott, says: “She is represented as pious, peevish, urgent for industry, parsimony, and privacy; we seem to recognise her as a woman physically unloving, unenjoying, such stuff as saints are made of,” from which last sentence we gather Mr. Scott must have fallen in with some very disagreeable saints. We can only say we hope his recipe for making a saint is not the only one. Durer scarcely ever mentions his wife, and when he does, generally speaks of her as his “mistress of accounts,” which term seems to describe their relations. Traditions have long circulated of the in-

cessant annoyances to which the great man was subjected by his wife. She had no appreciation of his genius, and perpetually irritated, or sought to irritate, by calling him away from the exercise of his art in its higher regions to the lower, but more lucrative pursuits; it is said that she even had a grating or eyelet-hole through which she was able to look; and when it seemed to her that he was not sufficiently industrious, or was caught in some musing mood, she would beat upon the boards to remind him of the grim reality of work-day existence and its necessities; yet Agnes seems to have been beautiful in face and person, although so inexorable a shrew.

Shortly after his marriage Durer's father died, and the artist describes his death-bed in tender words. His mother was left very poor, and came to live with the artist, which perhaps did not promote the kindly temper of Agnes. It must, however, have been much consolation to her son; the old mother, however, soon followed her husband. Albert describes her death—“But she died hard, and I perceived that she saw something terrible, for she kept hold of the holy water, and did not speak for a long time. I saw also how death came and gave her two great blows on the heart, and how she shut her eyes and mouth and departed in great sorrow. I prayed for her, and had such great grief for her that I can never express. God be gracious to her! Her greatest joy was always to speak of God, and to do all to His honour and glory. And she was sixty-three years old when she died, and I buried her honourably according to my means. God the Lord grant that I also make a blessed end, and that God with His heavenly hosts, and my father and mother and friend, be present at my end, and that the Almighty God grant us eternal life. Amen. And in her death she looked still more lovely than she was in her life.”

Durer soon became eminent in his style. He was his own master. We cannot suppose, even had he studied in Italy, either his subjects or his mode of treatment would

have been very materially modified. He was the contemporary of the greatest masters on the other side of the Alps, but it has been well said, while the inspiration of their canvases was derived from beauty, sensuous beauty,—and almost every painter made his mistress sit for his Madonnas,—the inspiration of our artist was duty. Undoubtedly the Italian whom Durer most resembles is Michael Angelo; stern sublimity and a beauty which needs the eye of an educated soul to perceive it, pervade his designs. The majesty of the portrait of the artist by his own hand in the Munich Pinnacothec has in it much of the awful, even the Divine. The heavy masses of rich dark golden hair; the high but square imperial forehead, over which reverence and thought hold an equal sceptre; the calm, immovable eyes, which yet seem to roll in light; the mouth full but firm; the face so profoundly serious. No doubt there have been men on this earth as great as Albert Durer—perhaps not one, take him for all in all, greater—but no portrait, even of the highest intelligences, seems such an abode of Divine strength and human faculty. Such was Albert Durer at the age of twenty-eight. Poor Agnes Frey, perhaps the story of the household, was something like that of Milton's with Mary Powell anticipated; a light, flimsy, German matron, with an incomprehensible being by her side. Soon after his marriage he visited Venice, between which great city of the middle ages and Nuremberg there was constant communication by post and wagon—indeed they were two cities alike famous in commerce and art. Nuremberg has been likened to an inland Venice, and Venice was a kind of Nuremberg seated on the sea. In Venice he stayed some time and saw many of its artists. He admitted their greatness, but it shows the distinct determination of purpose which ruled his own genius that he derived little or nothing from them. He lets us also into the secret of the dark character of the place, that he was careful generally not to drink with them, as he says—"Here are the falsest, most lying,

thieving villains in the whole world, I believe, appearing to the unwary the pleasantest possible fellows. I laugh to myself when they try it with me. The fact is, they know their rascality is public, although one says nothing."

Like so many of the great artists, Durer excelled in many departments of art; but even in those which may be regarded as portraits, single figures, like those of the "Four Apostles" in the Munich gallery, more subtle suggestions present themselves to the student's mind; for surely, while in many of his pictures the fantastic and even the grotesque is present, the charm of Durer's paintings is the mystery which suggests itself in all or almost all; he has expressed, and we dare to say he alone expressed, the restless activity, the widening vision, the subtle yearning and longing of the age in which he lived; stand before his pictures and watch them intently, and you will not fail to see some underlying thought attempting to make itself felt; the region of common-place, by his disposition of forms and lights and shades, is exalted to the region of imagination and mystery; he is in an eminent sense the mystic of the canvas. "The Knight, Death, and the Devil," the "Melancholia," "St. Jerome in the Chamber," the "Prodigal Son," will confirm this; and those acquainted with Durer in galleries will call to mind many others. Durer became the favourite of kings and princes, of the Emperor Maximilian especially, to whom he became Court painter; and he was distinguished by the regards not only of the greatest professors of his own art on both sides of the Alps, but of the greatest of the literati of his time.

It is interesting to remember that Durer was the intimate friend of Melancthon; he lived in the day when the first notes of the Reformation were sounding from the lips of Luther, and he sympathized with and admired and loved the hearty Reformer. Nuremberg became a great seat of reforming fervour, and Hans Sachs was pouring out most of his agged and vigorous strains to



THE NATIVITY.

from a Painting by Durer.

aid on the work of the Reformation; indeed, what Durer thought of it all may be gathered from the following earnest and hearty words written by him, probably at Antwerp, when the report of Luther's mysterious disappearance, after the "Diet of Worms," reached him.

"Friday before Pentecost, 1521.—The cry reaches us at Antwerp that Martin Luther has been treacherously seized. Under escort of the Kaiser's guards, and travelling with safe conduct, it seems he was abandoned in a solitary place near Eisenach. The herald declared he ceased to be any longer his guide, and so quitted him; immediately ten horsemen emerged and laid hands on him. So this man, enlightened by the Holy Ghost to be the continuer of the true faith, has disappeared. Have they murdered him? I do not know. If he has suffered, it is for the Christian truth against the unchristian Papacy, which works against the freedom of Christ, exacting from us our blood and sweat therewith to nourish itself in idleness, while the people famish. It is very sad and heavy to me that God allows so much false teaching and blindness in men we call *fathers*, and permits the excellent worth of religion to be falsified and removed. God of heaven, have pity upon us! . . . O God! never were men so cruelly put down under human laws as under those of the Roman chair—men who were saved by Thy precious blood, and made free Christians. O Father! highest in heaven! pour into our hearts, through Thy Son Jesus Christ, the light that will guide us, and show us the true leader, that we may leave the false guides with a clear conscience, and serve Thee with the joy of our hearts. And so this man, who has written more clearly than any other for 140 years, to whom Thou hast given a spirit so evangelic, being gone, raise us up another who will be able to gather all the world into the faith, and bring Turks, Pagans, Indians, within the Christian fold. But, Lord, Thou whose Son Jesus Christ died by the priests, was raised and ascended into heaven, hast

willed that His follower, Martin Luther, may be killed treacherously through the Pope's hirelings, raise again the spirit of this apostle. As Jerusalem was destroyed of old, so destroy with Thy power the chair of Rome. Give us a new Jerusalem, adorned with the splendours as written in the Apocalypse, a new evangel cleared of human commentaries! Every one sees how clear the doctrine in Luther's books is announced, and how it conforms to the holy evangel. We must preserve them from being burned; rather let us throw into the fire the books that have been written to oppose them, with their falsehoods and pretensions changing men into gods! If Luther is dead, who will explain to us the evangel with the same clearness? How much might he not still have written in ten or twenty years! All you pious Christians, deplore with me the loss of this man, and pray the Lord that He will send another guide. O Erasmus of Rotterdam! where wilt thou remain? Wilt thou see the injustice and the blind tyranny of the powers now ruling? Hear me, knight of Christ! ride by the side of our Lord Christ; old as thou art and but a feeble creature (*männiken*), thou, too, mayest win the martyr's crown. I heard thee say that thou wilt only give thyself two years for work; employ them well for the love of the evangel and the true faith. Make thy voice heard; the Roman chair, even the gates of hell, will not prevail against thee; and if thou reachest thy journey's end in the same manner as thy Master Christ, with pain and ignominy, if thy days are a little shortened, through death life will come, and through Christ thou wilt be glorified. Drinking of His cup thou wilt reign and judge with Him. O Erasmus! may God, thy Judge, be glorified in thee. As of David it is written, so do thou: slay Goliath. For the Lord will be with thee in the Christian Church. May the Divine will help us to the beatitudes at last. Glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one God! Amen. O ye Christians! pray to God for help, for His Judgment

approaches, and His justice will be shown. Then shall we see of whom the blood of the innocents will be required, whether of popes, priests, or monks, and that they will be tried and condemned. 'These, under the altar, are the saints who were slain—they cry for vengeance. To whom a voice from heaven answered, Labour still, until the number of the martyrs is made up; then shall I judge!'"

Happily there was no need for this burst of enthusiasm, Luther reappeared safely on the stage of history; but it finely reveals the heart of the artist, and leaves us in no doubt as to the side he took in his stormy times, it also perhaps accounts for the absence of all apparent favour to the artist from Charles V., who would not be likely to admire a pencil in a hand capable of such dangerous relationships.

Durer was great in many ways; his engravings have certainly an equal fame with his paintings; a tradition has long held place, that the windows of the church of Fairford, near Cirencester, in Gloucestershire, were painted by him; they have a celebrity not only the whole country round, but even from beyond our own land, many pilgrims bend their steps to read the splendour of the stained glasses. The tradition is, that they were painted by Durer for St. Peter's at Rome; the vessel which contained them was seized by a London merchant, a native of Fairford, and he, in pious enthusiasm, erected the church to fit the windows.

The letters of Durer to his great friend Pirkheimer, his journal also in the Netherlands, are full of pleasant interest, and admit us to glimpses of the manners and usages of the times, and especially show to us the high estimation in which the artist was held. At last he died, April the 6th, 1528, at the age of fifty-seven. He died in a kind of odour of sanctity, universally revered; but his friend Pirkheimer does not hesitate to attribute his death to the long-continued unkindness of his wife. He writes to a friend:—"I have lost in Albert the best friend I ever had in my life. His

death has been to me the most painful trial, and-after the Providence of God I can ascribe it to no one but his wife, who so gnawed at his heart, and worried him to such a degree, that he departed from this world sooner than he would otherwise have done; he was dried up like a bundle of straw, and never dared to be in good spirits or to go out into society." And he continues:—"She and her sisters are not loose characters, but, as I do not doubt, honourable, pious, and very God-fearing women; but who would not rather have to do with a light woman, who behaved in a friendly manner, than with such a nagging, suspicious, scolding, pious woman, with whom a man can have no peace night or day? We must, however, leave the matter to God, who will be gracious and merciful to our good Albrecht, for he lived a pious and upright man, and died in a very Christian and blessed manner; therefore we need not fear his salvation. God grant us grace that we may happily follow him when our time comes."

As to Agnes Frey, she survived her husband, whom she had worried to death, about eleven years. What were her feelings as she wandered to and fro amidst the rooms of the old house, now deserted by her companion, who had at last escaped from her scoldings? She probably had no compunctions; she was very well able to look after her own interests, and seems to have carried on a profitable trade with her husband's woodcuts and engravings; for so great was the fame of Durer that his works were pirated in every country, and she attempted, in some instances, to vindicate her rights in other countries, but without much success. At last she died, and sustained in death her character for piety by founding a scholarship for theological students in the University of Wittenberg. In the course of a few years more all the Durer family had passed away, but the name survives in the works of the artist, who, in an equal degree with any of the great monarchs of the pencil, influenced the spirit of art in subsequent ages.



A DARING NIGHT RIDE.

UP among the crooked streets of the "North End," Boston, the worn brick buildings and the tangled alleys, rises the spire of Christ Church on Salem Street.

Day in, day out, in the mist that creeps up the harbour, in the cold, blue rain slanting from the east, through storm as well as sunshine, the old church faithfully points men with its sharp, slender steeple to the skies.

Within the church everything is antique. Can we forget how strangely the painted images of wood in the gallery impressed us the Sabbath we saw them; the four angels with lifted trumpet, and blowing out their noiseless message to all the inhabitants of the earth.

One thing making this old church prominent, and the feature of special interest to us now, is the historical fact that from its dusky tower was flashed the lantern-signal the night the British troops left Boston for Lexington and Concord, April 18th, 1775. With this is identified also the daring night ride of Paul Revere.

Paul Revere was a goldsmith in Boston town. He was a patriot also. He belonged to an association "of upwards of thirty, chiefly mechanics" (always foremost in good works), and their object was to "watch the movements of the British soldiers and gain every intelligence of the movements of the Tories." This is Paul's language taken from an old volume of the records of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and given by Edward Everett to the Public Library of Boston. The association met at the "Green Dragon Tavern." We can imagine them gathered in some retired room, the door carefully closed, the curtains drawn, the flames on the open hearth rushing up the chimney's mouth in

their desire for liberty, while the storm without tried to bury under the flakes that swinging symbol of British rule on the tavern post, the Dragon.

On Tuesday evening, April 18th, the silence of the Common was disturbed by the measured tread of British troops filing towards the bank of Charles river, and the watchful goldsmith caught the night-whisper that Lexington was suspected as the objective point in the movement. No time must be lost. Somebody must mount and off for Lexington to anticipate the troops. Paul was the man. With a hurried order to hang out from the North Church steeple a signal to those outside, he sought the trusty little boat that he kept tied at the north part of the town, and pushed for the Charlestown shore. The tide was setting in quietly from the sea, while the moon just rising threw a silvery and spectral light upon the waters. The *Somerset*, a British man-of-war, with its shadowy lines of rigging thrown against the western sky, was safely passed, and the patriot's boat rubbed its nose against the Charlestown shore.

It is eleven o'clock, and horse's hoofs are heard clattering out of Charlestown and hurrying down the road that crosses the "Neck." The strange lantern flash away back from the church steeple and the hard, quick beat of the horse's hoofs are liberty's alarm that April night. Paul Revere is off for Lexington.

Hark! Does he stop and listen for sounds coming across the glassy waters of Charles river? Does the wind bring any whisper of the "scarlet coats" stealthily filing through Cambridge? The wind murmurs no secret, and Paul is steadily pushing on. The plucky goldsmith is now beyond Charlestown Neck, nearly opposite the spot where one "Mark was hung in chains."

Stop! What is that starting out from under a tree near the road? A shadow springing out of the shadows in the fan-

tastic play of the moonlight among the boughs, shaping itself into a man on horse-back. Rein in your horse, Paul, sharp! Turn back, and press for the Medford road. It is no sportive throw of the shadows across the goldsmith's path, but British officers have been stealthily waiting under a tree for any such messenger from Boston. One rode ahead to intercept him and the other pushed directly for him; but the goldsmith made the fire fly from under his horse's hoofs, and he soon left his pursuers behind, one to flounder in a clay-pond he had unwittingly splashed into.

It was hard and heated riding then along the Medford road. On and on dashed Paul Revere towards Medford village. As his horse thundered across the bridge the warm sweat must have oozed out on flank and thigh. Out from his peaceful dreams he started the captain of the minute men, and then sprang away for Lexington. At the door of house after house he shouted his warning.

"Who's there?" we seem to hear the question asked.

"Paul Revere, of Boston. Turn out! turn out! The British are in full march for Lexington!"

And out of the yard the rider wheels, spurring on past the leafless maples that lined the road. In the startled house he has left behind lights spring up in room after room. The excited inmates gather in the great family-room to take down the trusty old firearms, lay them on the shoulders of father and sons, and from the windows anxiously watch them striding away in the moonlight to join neighbours and friends for the fight. "Turn out! The British are coming!" All Lexington along that road is up, each powder-horn filled, each flint and lock and gun sharply inspected.

It was Concord's turn next. Concord, where military stores of large value had been accumulated and needed watching. There are three in the alarm party now: Paul, a Mr. Dawes, and a young Dr. Prescott, whom they "found to be a high son of liberty." Half the road to Concord

had been traversed. Again and again they strode up to some farmhouse, cried out the warning, and galloped away. It was a faithful alarm; bells sounding up and down the road that night in their sharp, ringing cries.

Paul was riding on in advance of the others busy with their message at the last farm-door, when suddenly, out of the shadows ahead, rose up the forms of British officers. The little party of patriots was broken up and scattered, as when a flail comes down on a heap of grain. The "high son of liberty" disappeared with his horse over a stone wall and got to Concord. Paul sprang for a wood near by only to ride into the arms of six British officers, and the goldsmith's ride was over. They took him back to Lexington in time to hear the militia firing a volley of guns, and near the meeting-house they dropped him. By that time the whole country had turned into a garrison, roused by the cry of invasion, and the rambling walls of stone lining the road were ready to become a rampart, lighted up with the sharp, fatal flashes of the muskets of the Sons of Liberty. The shattered scarlet columns that toiled back to Boston told how well the goldsmith had done his work. Whatever may have been his skill hammering away on the softened gold in his dusky shop, he never struck out such sparks of fame as were beaten out by his horse's hoofs on that ride by night to Lexington.

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, 'If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm.'

Then he said, 'Good-night!' and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay

The *Somerset*, British man-of-war ;
 A phantom-ship, with each mast and spar
 Across the moon like a prison bar,
 And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
 By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
 Wanders and watches with eager ears,
 Till in the silence around him he hears
 The muster of men at the barrack-door,
 The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
 And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
 Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
 Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
 To the belfry-chamber overhead,
 And startled the pigeons from their perch
 On the sombre rafters, that round him made
 Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
 Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
 To the highest window in the wall,
 Where he paused to listen and look down
 A moment on the roofs of the town,
 And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
 In their night-encampment on the hill,
 Wrapped in silence so deep and still
 That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
 The watchful night-wind, as it went
 Creeping along from tent to tent,
 And seeming to whisper, 'All is well !'
 A moment only he feels the spell
 Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
 Of the lonely belfry and the dead ;
 For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
 On a shadowy something far away,
 Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
 A line of black that bends and floats
 On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
 Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
 On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.

Now he patted his horse's side,
 Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
 Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
 And turned and tightened his saddle girth ;
 But mostly he watched with eager search
 The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
 As it rose above the graves on the hill,
 Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
 And lo ! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
 A glimmer, and then a gleam of light !
 He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
 But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
 A second lamp in the belfry burns !

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
 And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
 Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet ;

That was all ! And yet, through the gloom and
 the light,
 The fate of a nation was riding that night ;
 And the spark struck out by that steed, in his
 flight,
 Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
 And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
 Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides ;
 And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
 Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
 Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
 When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
 He heard the crowing of the cock,
 And the barking of the farmer's dog,
 And felt the damp of the river fog,
 That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
 When he galloped into Lexington.
 He saw the gilded weathercock
 Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
 And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
 Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
 As if they already stood aghast
 At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
 When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
 He heard the bleating of the flock,
 And the twitter of birds among the trees,
 And felt the breath of the morning breeze
 Blowing over the meadows brown.
 And one was safe and asleep in his bed
 Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
 Who that day would be lying dead,
 Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
 How the British regulars fired and fled,—
 How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
 From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
 Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
 Then crossing the fields to emerge again
 Under the trees at the turn of the road,
 And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere ;
 And so through the night went his cry of alarm
 To every Middlesex village and farm,
 A cry of defiance and not of fear,
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
 And a word that shall echo for evermore !
 For, borne on the night-wind of the past,
 Through all our history, to the last,
 In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
 The people will waken and listen to hear
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
 And the midnight message of Paul Revere."

LIGHTS, BEACONS, AND BUOYS.



THE Corporation of the Trinity House is the chief of the three British Boards, the other two being those possessing jurisdiction in Scotland and Ireland, whose duty it is, in the words of the Act of Parliament, "to preserve ancient sea marks, and to erect beacons, marks, and signs of the sea." It is an antiquated association, having been formed in the reign of Henry VII., and incorporated by Royal charter in the reign of that King's bluff successor. Its Board is composed of retired commanders in the royal navy and merchant service; its working members, or "Elder Brethren," being elected from its honorary members, or "Younger Brethren." It provides and maintains, out of dues levied on passing ships, all the lights, beacons, and buoys in England, Wales, the Channel Islands, Gibraltar, and Heligoland; and accounts to the Board of Trade, of which department it may now be considered an integral part, for its receipts and expenditure, any profits arising from its transactions being placed to the credit of the Mercantile Marine Fund.

The idea of a lighthouse is, of course, old. The Colossus of Rhodes, erected about 300 B.C., is supposed to have been used as a beacon for guiding the mariner; and in "Josephus" there is a reference to the fires that were shown in the famous Pharos of Alexandria, completed 285 B.C. The first lighthouse erected in this country appears to have been that—built before A.D. 53—which may still be seen adjoining the ancient church at Dover Castle. It is only, however, within the last century that the illumination of lighthouses has assumed anything like scientific proportions. The lights previously shown from them were

usually wood, pitch, or coal fires; and it was but in 1822 that the last coal beacon fire, viz., that at St. Bees Lighthouse, was extinguished. Even Smeaton's noble tower on the Eddystone, which may be looked upon as the model of all subsequent rock lighthouses, was, when completed in 1759, merely illuminated by twenty-four tallow candles which required snuffing, and were devoid of any optical appliance for concentrating their rays upon the sea, and thus preventing waste of light.

The earliest known reflector used in lighthouses was invented in 1763, by one William Hutchinson, a master mariner of Liverpool. The surface of this reflector was nearly parabolic in form, and was covered with small facets of glass. The reflector was furnished with a rude oil lamp having a flat wick about $1\frac{1}{8}$ inch wide, and is estimated to have augmented the initial intensity of the flame about thirty-six times. But seventeen years later a more important step in lighthouse illumination was the invention of the cylindrical wick lamp of Argand, after whom it was named; and this lamp, in combination with silvered parabolic repeaters, was soon afterwards adopted in several of our lighthouses.

The system thus established is still in force under the name of the catoptric, or reflecting system. It consists in a number of argand lamps—averaging for the full arc of 360 degrees, from 24 to 27—fitted with 21-inch diameter silvered parabolic reflectors, arranged, close to each other, round a column in the centre of the lantern. The 24 large tallow candles employed, as before mentioned, in Smeaton's tower gave a light equivalent to about 67 standard sperm candles or units of the present day. The value of the catoptric system will appear from the fact that when in 1810 it was applied to the Eddystone Lighthouse, the intensity of the light thereat was in-

creased to 1,125 of these candles or units. But the grandest step of all in lighthouse illumination was the invention, in 1819, of the dioptric, or refracting system of Fresnel. This system consists of a lamp, having from one to six concentric wicks placed in the centre of an elaborate and beautiful series of glass lenses, so formed as to refract the beams issuing from the lamp, and concentrate them with vastly multiplied intensity upon the sea. The importance of Fresnel's invention will be apparent when it is stated that, on its application in 1845 to the Eddystone Lighthouse, the light thereat was increased from 1,125 to 3,216 standard candles, which power was augmented in 1872, by the introduction of a larger lamp, to about 7,325 candles. Owing to the limited dimensions of Smeaton's building, it has not been practicable to instal in its lantern the most perfect specimen of a dioptric apparatus. The tower by which Smeaton's famous lighthouse is shortly to be superseded, in consequence of the rock upon which it is founded being undermined by the sea, will, however, be large enough to accommodate a first order dioptric apparatus, embodying all the modern improvements, and capable of giving a light immeasurably superior to that attainable with the present optical instrument. Indeed, dioptric apparatus, in combination with a six-wick oil lamp, have recently been constructed for producing flashes of an intensity of about 126,000 candles.

By the introduction of the electric light for lighthouse purposes—first accomplished at Dungeness in 1862—vastly greater intensity than even this is available for the mariner. Thus, the Souter Point magneto-electric Lighthouse, established on the coast of Durham in 1871, shows flashes of the enormous power of 700,000 candles. From 67 candles in 1780 to 700,000 candles in 1871 is a prodigious stride. What further advances in the same direction may not be confidently anticipated before another nine-tenths of a century has elapsed!

At a shore station there are generally two light-keepers employed, who, with

their families, are lodged in dwellings at the base of the tower; but to an isolated rock station four keepers are attached, three being always at the lighthouse and one on shore. The men are relieved, weather permitting, monthly. Each of them is, therefore, three months at the rock and one month on shore with his family, who cannot, of course, be housed in the necessarily contracted limits of a rock tower. The lights are exhibited from sunset to sunrise, and a constant watch in the light-room is maintained throughout the night by each of the keepers successively, no single watch being allowed to exceed five hours' duration, and the watches being changed every night, so that the same keeper shall not have the same watch on two consecutive nights. The keeper whose watch is about to end sees that the light is burning satisfactorily before quitting the light-room to call his relief; and, having roused his comrade, he returns to the light-room, where he remains until such time as he is actually relieved. The keeper who has the morning watch extinguishes the lamp or lamps at sunrise, and at once prepares for the exhibition of the light at the ensuing sunset.

A light-keeper, on his first appointment to the Trinity House service, is placed on probation for several months, during which time he is carefully disciplined in the various duties of his office; and, on his efficiency being proved, is usually sent as assistant keeper to a rock station. After a term of years he is transferred as assistant to a shore station; and, on his promotion to be a principal keeper, is again banished to a rock station, from which he is lastly removed to a shore station, where, as a principal keeper, he completes his service, and qualifies for a pension.

The life of a keeper at a rock station, such as the Eddystone, the Wolf, the Smalls, or the Bishop, is anything but an enviable one. He is separated from his family and friends, and from all human society save that of his two colleagues, and is deprived of the pleasures of communication with, or

intelligence of, the great outer world, excepting when the long-wished-for monthly relief comes round. But during the winter months his lot is rendered increasingly irksome by his being prevented, often for days and weeks together, from quitting his dwelling and venturing down to the rock on which his house stands. Confined within the straitened dimensions of his prison, which trembles with each shock of the monster waves that dash themselves against its massive walls, and break in foam over its lantern—the wild sky above, the wilder waste of waters around—the man has need to be upborne by at least the occasional thought of the benevolent mission in which he is engaged in order not to sink into the lowest depths of gloom and despair. At a shore station, such as Beachy Head, St. Catherine's, the North Foreland, or Trevoze, the keeper is by no means badly off. Comfortably housed on *terra firma*, his duties easy, his family around him, accessible to friends, and to visitors who not unfrequently signify their appreciation of his civility and attention by those tangible tokens of approbation which the coinage system is so well adapted to express—the man is, or ought to be, fairly contented.

In regard to light-vessels, these are substitutes for lighthouses in positions where, owing to inadequate foundation or otherwise, it would not be practicable to rear a building to mark a local danger. They are strongly-built wooden or iron craft, in size of about 160 tons, moored by massive chains to mushroom anchors, in depths of from two to forty fathoms at low water of spring tides. They exhibit at night one or two lights, each produced by a series of argand lamps and silvered parabolic reflectors, arranged in lanterns suspended at the mast-heads. The crew of a light-vessel consists of a master and mate—both of whom are never absent from sea duty together—three lamplighters, and six seamen. Seven of these eleven men are always on board and four on shore, the reliefs taking place monthly.

Beacons and buoys are mere day marks.

The former are erected on rocks, banks, and coasts, where lighthouses can be dispensed with, and the latter mark local dangers, submerged wrecks, etc., and also indicate the fairway of a channel. Beacons are constructed of wood, iron, stone, and brick; buoys of wood and iron.

During the prevalence of fog sound-signals are employed both at lighthouses and on board light-vessels. These signals were, until within the past few years, principally bells, gongs, and guns; but since 1872 the Trinity House has established at most of its fixed and floating light stations powerful syrens or horns, sounded by caloric, which instruments appear to have given great satisfaction; the most efficient of them having a minimum range of two miles in any atmosphere and against a strong wind. At isolated rock stations, where there is not sufficient covered-in space available for the syren signal machinery, explosive gun-cotton rockets have recently been employed with excellent results. Seeing that on an average there occur 360 hours of fog per annum on the English coast, the importance of these auxiliaries to beacon lights for guiding the bewildered mariner cannot easily be overrated.

The oil that was used until a few years ago for producing the lights, both fixed and floating, was colza, but lately a large proportion of the lamps have been adapted for burning paraffin, which, owing to its comparative cheapness but not inferior illuminating qualities, is now consumed at all shore stations where adequate accommodation can be provided for the safe storage of that combustible material.

The coast, for Trinity House purposes, is divided into geographical districts, each placed under the charge of an official, who transacts the general business devolving upon him as a local agent of the Trinity House. For the efficient execution of his duties he has a vessel—usually a steam tender—placed under his control, by means of which he relieves the lighthouses and light-vessels, keeps them supplied with stores and provisions, lays and relays

buoys, etc. The head district is at Black-wall, where, in addition to the usual spare buoys, stores, etc., being warehoused, the Trinity House workshops are situated. In these shops the repairs of lamps, machinery, etc., for the entire service are effected, and a trained staff of mechanics is reserved for immediate despatch to out-stations whenever—by night or by day—their assistance is needed at such places.

A few words as to the process of erecting lighthouses. Those on shore, and those on islands contiguous to the mainland—not being works of peculiar difficulty and danger—are generally built by contract. But isolated rock towers, demanding as they do for their construction very special qualifications in their executive engineer, are always erected by Trinity House officers. The material of which such towers are constructed is granite, the blocks of which are so dove-tailed one into the other as to form, when set in cement, one homogeneous mass, weighing sometimes more than 3,000 tons. The diameter of these towers at the base is usually about forty feet, and their height about one hundred and fifteen feet. The stones are all dressed, and temporarily built up, in the work-yard on shore; so that, when brought to the rock, they require no alteration whatever, but fit, each in its proper place, with perfect accuracy.

During the summer months, when only the rock operations can, as a rule, be safely carried on, the executive officer and his working party, composed of forty or fifty artificers, seamen, and labourers, reside on board a sailing barrack which is moored at a short distance from the rock, and from there they row to the rock in boats as early every morning as the state of the sea, or of the tide, will permit of their landing—often at daybreak—returning to the vessel when the rock no longer affords the men a safe footing, or when approaching night renders further work until the morrow impracticable. In the meantime a steam tender plies between the work-yard and the rock, bringing with her the materials of the tower, and at once returning for another cargo.

When the weather becomes tempestuous, and the executive engineer sees little chance of resuming the rock operations for several days, the vessels, with all hands on board, return to the work-yard—situated probably a score of miles distant—where the men proceed with the preparation of further work for the rock until an improvement in the weather renders possible the resumption of their labours at sea. That those labours are exhausting will appear from the fact that at the erection of the present lighthouse on the Smalls Rock, which rises above high water in fine weather, the men worked on the rock during one week an average net time of sixteen and a half hours per day, and frequently worked seventeen and eighteen hours on single days. That they are difficult will be seen when it is stated that during the eight years which the lighthouse on the Wolf Rock, which is submerged for one-half the tide in all weathers, occupied in building, only 266 landings, representing 1,810 hours of work, were possible altogether. And that they are dangerous will be evident from the fact that each man is compelled to wear a life-belt at his work; that eye-bolts, with ropes attached, have to be fixed in the rocks as “holdfasts” for the executive party in case of the sea suddenly rushing upon them; and that the surf often rises so rapidly round the rock that the landing-boats cannot approach sufficiently near to take off the men, who then have to jump into the seething water, with a rope fastened to their waist, and be hauled to the far-distant boats by the seamen who form the crews. In all these scenes of hardship and of peril the executive engineer is the tried and trusted leader. When in the building of Eddystone Lighthouse there was a duty to perform of an exceptionally hazardous nature, Smeaton always placed himself in the most dangerous positions, which he called “the post of honour.” And to the fact that these brave men have in the cause of humanity not counted their own lives dear, the lives of multitudes of their fellow-men in far distant ages will owe their preservation.



ELIHU BURRITT.

THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

THE name of Elihu Burritt once had a powerful charm for the young, on account of the example his life afforded of singular energy and perseverance in the acquisition of knowledge. Indeed, the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties received, at that time, a most striking illustration from the story of his life, which was widely circulated in British and American journals. The news of his extraordinary mental earnestness and vigour stirred the minds of thoughtful aspirants after wisdom and understanding, in a manner which cannot now be forgotten by any who experienced

its influence. Almost at the same time Mr. Burritt became known also as a devoted moral reformer, the main purpose of whose life was to excite attention to certain great public evils—especially that of war—and to suggest and promote efforts for their amelioration and extinction. As he first of all paid a lengthened visit to this country, and afterwards settled amongst us as the United States Consul at Birmingham for some years, we had an opportunity of making his fuller acquaintance, and of satisfying ourselves that he was a true and singularly able man, full of zeal for the welfare of humanity.

The story has often been told concerning the way in which Elihu Burritt, who was a

working blacksmith, managed to acquire a knowledge of many languages, and learned to express himself with singular felicity in his own tongue, as well as to achieve universal repute in the matter of moral reform. He was the youngest son in a family of ten children, numbering five sons and five daughters, and was born on December the 8th, 1810. The earliest traceable ancestor of his family, William Burritt, went from Glamorganshire to America, and settled down in Stratford, Connecticut, in the seventeenth century, dying in that place in 1651. The family of the Burritts, at the time of the Revolution in America, were divided as to their political sympathies; but we find that both the grandfather and father of Elihu shouldered muskets in the long war. Elihu's father was a farmer-mechanic, working at the business of a shoemaker with hammer and awl during the winter months and rainy days, and with the hoe and sickle in summer.

After the death of his father, in 1828, Elihu apprenticed himself to a blacksmith in New Britain, Connecticut, and followed that occupation for several years. From early life he had a great love for mental improvement, and took every opportunity of advancing this object. So strong was his desire for it that he gave up three months to study when he was twenty-one years of age, devoting himself almost entirely to mathematics, and certain spare moments to Latin and Greek. When the three months were over, he returned again to the anvil, and worked harder than ever to make up for lost time and money. Evening, noon, and morning hours were given to Latin and French, and his interest in the acquirement of languages was intense and resolute. He determined to make another attempt in the same direction, and went to New Haven merely to reside and study in the atmosphere of Yale College, thinking that that alone, without teachers, would impart an ability which he could not acquire at home. Besides, being then naturally timid, and also half ashamed to ask instruction in the rudiments of Greek and

Hebrew at twenty-two years of age, he determined to work his way without consulting any college professor or tutor. So the first morning in New Haven he sat down to Homer's "Iliad," without note or comment, and with a Greek lexicon with Latin definitions.

He had not as yet read a line in the book, and he resolved if he could make out two by hard study through the whole day, he would never ask help of any man thereafter in mastering the Greek language. By the middle of the afternoon he had won a victory which made him feel strong and proud, and which greatly affected his subsequent life and pursuits. He mastered the first fifteen lines of the book, and committed the original to memory, and walked out among the classic trees of "the Elm City," and looked up at the colleges, which once had half awed him, with a kind of defiant feeling. He now divided the hours of each day between Greek and other languages, including Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, German, and Hebrew, giving to Homer about half the time.

After this time, for about a year, he accepted a position in an academy near to New Britain, his native town; but as his health was seriously affected by close application, he eventually accepted the occupation of a commercial traveller, ultimately deciding, however, to settle down to a permanent occupation in business in his native village. There he set up a grocery and provision store, which, when a serious and widespread commercial crash affected the country, was broken up.

Going to Boston, he was brought into contact with people of distinction, and while his natural modesty was greatly affected by the fame which dogged his steps, he gave himself so far to the public wish as to become a lecturer, and, in due time, a writer in various ways. In the winter of 1841 he frequently delivered a lecture on "Application and Genius," in which he argued that "there was no such thing as native genius, but that all attainments were the result of persistent will and applica-

tion." Although he drew this argument from his own experience seemingly, never was reasoning more fallacious. It has often been pointed out that genius cannot dispense with application, but to confound one with another is in our judgment wellnigh absurd. It was in this lecture that Mr. Burritt employed, as an illustration of intellectual achievements under pressure of strong motives, the story of the boy climbing the Natural Bridge in Virginia. The lecture was delivered sixty times; but after the season he returned to his anvil again, and went on working and studying in his old way, writing a new lecture in the intervals for the following winter. Then he started one or two journals, and began to cherish a warm interest in great public questions, especially the promotion of peace and harmony amongst the nations. Having been brought into contact with some of the leading moral reformers in America, who had also close associations with such people in England, he was led to visit our country in May, 1846. He delivered his first lecture before a London audience at the Hall of Commerce, on November the 24th of that year.

It was not long before he gave considerable attention to the subject of penny postage, with a view of accomplishing the result that the single service of transporting a letter across the ocean in any direction, or to any distance, should be performed for one penny; this charge to be added to the inland rate on each side. In a memorial volume published in America, many touching details are given of Mr. Burritt's visit to Ireland in 1847, during the terrible famine which affected the country at the time; and the history of the Peace Congress at Brussels, which carries one back to a time and to circumstances connected with the memories of men who were the prime leaders in the moral and social movements of that period. Those who mingled in this work will recall these reminiscences with touching interest and a younger generation may turn to them with advantage.

In the summer of 1838, Governor Everett,

of Massachusetts, in an address to an association of mechanics in Boston, took occasion to mention that a blacksmith of that state had, by his unaided industry, made himself acquainted with FIFTY LANGUAGES. "In July of the following year," says Mr. Nelson, "I was passing through Worcester, the place of his present residence, and gratified my curiosity by calling to see him. Like any other son of Vulcan, Mr. Burritt was at his anvil. I introduced myself to him, observing that I had read with great pleasure, and with unfeigned astonishment, an account of him by the Governor of his State, which had induced me to take the liberty of paying him a visit. He very modestly replied, that the Governor had done him more than justice. It was true, he said, that he could read about fifty languages, but he had not studied them all critically. Yankee curiosity had induced him to look at the Latin Grammar; he became interested in it, persevered, and finally acquired a thorough knowledge of that language. He then studied the Greek with equal care. An acquaintance with these languages had enabled him to read with facility the Italian, the French, the Spanish, and Portuguese. The Russian, to which he was then devoting his 'odd moments,' he said was the most difficult of any he had undertaken.

I expressed my surprise at his youthful appearance. He informed me he was but twenty-seven years of age (to which statement I gave ready credence); that he had been constantly engaged at his trade from boyhood to that hour, and that his education, previous to his apprenticeship, had been very slender."

It would be well that the present generation of our youth and young men should not forget how it was that a working blacksmith, by dint of energy and perseverance, developed his natural gifts to such an extent that they became a blessing to the world, and made his name known wherever English-speaking people are found upon the whole earth.

"The Natural Bridge or, One Niche

the Highest," previously referred to, well illustrates Elihu Burritt's power in prose writing :—

"The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments 'when the morning stars sang together.' The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel.

The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. 'What man has done, man can do,' is their watchword, while they draw themselves up and carve their names, a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except *one*, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that *there is no royal road to intellectual eminence.* This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field *he* had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. If was a glorious thought of the boy to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his

knife with a firmer hand; and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a gain into the limestone about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album.

His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions he cuts and climbs again. The graduations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker till their words are finally lost on his ear.

He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that 'freeze their young blood.' He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds

down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair, 'William! William! Don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet are all here, praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!'

The boy didn't look *down*. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economises his physical powers! resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half-way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are

leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts.

That niche is his last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and, ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there!—one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity!

Hark!—a shout falls on his ears from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God!" and "Mother!" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such leaping and weeping for joy—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity."

The following extract, entitled, "Why I left the Anvil," is worth giving here:—

"You ask me what I have to say for myself for dropping the hammer and taking up the quill. I will tell you the whole story. I was transposed from the anvil to the editor's chair by the genius of machinery. Don't smile, friends, it was even so. I had stood and looked for hours on those iron

fingered automatons as they caught up a bale of cotton and twirled it into a whirlwind of whizzing shreds, and laid it at my feet in folds of snow-white cloth. They were wonderful things, those looms and spindles; but they could not spin thoughts. I admired them, nothing more. They were excessively curious, but I could estimate the whole compass of their doings and destiny in finger power; so I turned away and left them spinning—cotton.

One day I was tuning my anvil beneath a hot iron, and busy with the thought, that there was as much philosophy in my hammer as in any of the enginery going in modern times, when a most unearthly screaming pierced my ears; I stepped to the door, and there it was, the great Iron Horse! I saw the giant move with a power that made the earth tremble. I saw an army of human beings gliding with the velocity of the wind over the iron track, and droves of cattle travelling in their stables at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It was wonderful. The machinery of the cotton factory dwindled into insignificance before it. Monstrous beast of passage and burden! it devoured the intervening distance, and welded the cities together! But yet it was nothing but a beast, an enormous aggregation of horse power. And I went back to the forge with unimpaired reverence for my hammer.

Passing along the street one afternoon I heard a noise in an old building, as of some one puffing a pair of bellows. So I stepped in, and there I saw the master-piece of all the machinery that has ever been invented since the birth of Tubal Cain. In its construction it was as simple as a cheese-press.

'It is a printing press,' said a boy standing by the ink trough with a turban of brown paper on his head.

'A printing press!' I queried musingly to myself. 'A printing press? what do you print?' I asked.

'Print?' said the boy, staring at me doubtfully, 'why we print thoughts.'

'Print thoughts!' I slowly repeated after

him; and we stood looking for a moment at each other in mutual admiration.

'Why, yes,' he repeated, 'we print thoughts to be sure. And with these letters we can take the exact impression of every thought that ever went out of the heart of a human man; and we can print it too,' giving the inked type a blow of triumph with his fist, 'we can print it too, give us paper and ink enough, till the earth is covered round with thoughts.'

Ezekiel seemed to grow an inch at every word, and the brawny pressman looked first at him and then at the press with evident astonishment. 'Talk about the mind's living for ever!' exclaimed the boy, 'why the world is brimful of live thoughts which would have been dead, as dead as a stone, if it hadn't been for boys like me who have run the ink rollers. Immortality, indeed! why we are the chaps what manufacture immortality for dead men,' he subjoined, slapping the pressman graciously on the shoulder. The latter took it as if dubbed a knight of the legion of honour. 'Give us one good healthy mind,' resumed Ezekiel, 'to think for us, and we will furnish a dozen worlds as big as this with thoughts to order. Give us such a man and we will insure his life; we will keep him alive for ever among the living. He can't die, no way you can fix it, when once we have touched him with these here bits of inky pewter. He shan't die nor sleep. We will keep his mind at work on all the minds that live on the earth, and all the minds that shall come to live here as long as the world stands.'

'Ezekiel,' I asked, in a subdued tone of reverence, 'will you print my thoughts too?'

'Yes, that I will,' he replied, 'if you will think some of the right kind.'

'Yes, that we will,' echoed the pressman.

And I went home and thought, and Ezekiel has printed my thoughts ever since."

Two little works by Mr. Burritt, "Sparks from the Anvil" and "Voices from the Forge," are recommended to our readers.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.



SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, for upwards of a quarter of a century Bishop successively of Oxford and Winchester, was born at Broomefield House, near Clapham Common, on the 7th of September, 1805; he had not, therefore, completed his 68th year at the time of his death. He was the third son of William Wilberforce, celebrated for the share he had in the abolition of the Slave Trade, and the author of the well-known and ever-popular "Practical View of Christianity," who, after representing Hull and his native county, Yorkshire, in Parliament for many years, died in July, 1833, full of days, and was honoured by a public funeral and a monument in Westminster Abbey. By his wife, Barbara Anne, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Isaac Spooner, of Elmdon Hall, Warwickshire, he had, together with two daughters, four sons, all of whom rose to eminence. The eldest, William, who still survives, represented Hull in Parliament for a short time in 1837-38; the second was Robert Isaac Wilberforce, some time Archdeacon of the East Riding of Yorkshire, who died in Italy in 1857. The third son, Samuel, was the Prelate whose death we have just announced.

Half a century and more ago our public schools were not what now they are; and the Evangelical party had imbibed from the writings of Cowper and from other sources a mistrust of them as seminaries of Christian education. In fact, as a rule, "religious" persons kept aloof from them; and the elder Wilberforce, who tells us in his diary, that he looked forward to no prospect more hopefully than to his sons becoming good and worthy ministers of

the English Church, formed no exception to the rule. Accordingly, he sent his son Samuel to Edgbaston, near Birmingham, to receive his early education under the late Archdeacon Hodson. In due course of time, having completed his studies, he was entered as a commoner at Oriel College, Oxford, then at the height of its reputation under Copleston, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff. As an undergraduate, as we learn from Mr. Trench's "Notes from Past Life," if not a very distinguished scholar, in the limited and Oxford sense of the word, young Wilberforce was a constant and very fluent speaker at the Union Debating Society. In Michaelmas term, 1826, he brought his undergraduate career to a close by taking his bachelor's degree, when he obtained a second class in classics and a first in mathematics, his name standing in the class-list side by side with Bishop Trower, the late Dr. Mortimer, Archdeacon Denison, Lord Henry Bentinck, and the late Lord Newark.

He did not gain any of the University or other Oxford prizes, either as an undergraduate or a bachelor; and we believe that from the time of taking his degree he began to prepare himself for the ministry, to which his father had always hoped that he would "prove his calling." Accordingly, in 1828, he was ordained by the late Dr. C. Lloyd, then Bishop of Oxford, his "title" for orders being the curacy of Checkendon, a remote country parish about midway between Henley, Wallingford, and Reading, where, long after he returned into those parts as a Bishop, his name was remembered with affection by the aged poor. A short time before his ordination he had married Miss Emily Sargent, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the late Rev. John Sargent, of Lavington, Sussex, who died in 1841.

At the end of the customary period of

probation for curates, Mr. Wilberforce was appointed, in 1830, to the great delight of his aged father, to the living of Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, a benefice in the gift of his old friend Bishop Sumner, of Winchester, to whose see he afterwards succeeded in Dr. Sumner's lifetime. In 1841 he was promoted to the Rectory of Alverstoke, near Gosport, an important and populous parish, where he had at one time as his curate Dr. Trench, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin. He had already been nominated by Bishop Sumner to the Archdeaconry of Surrey, attached to which was a canonry in Winchester Cathedral, and in the year of which we speak he was chosen by the authorities of Oxford to deliver the Bampton Lectures. The delivery of these was, however, prevented by the death of Mrs. Wilberforce. Preferments were now showered thickly on Archdeacon Wilberforce. In 1843 he was nominated one of the chaplains to his Royal Highness the late Prince Consort. In the year 1844 he was appointed by the then Archbishop of York Sub-Almoner to the Queen, and early in 1845 was promoted to the Deanery of Westminster, which had become vacant by the death of Dr. Ireland. About this time he proceeded to his degrees in divinity, as bachelor and doctor.

He was not, however, destined to stay long at the Deanery of Westminster. Before the close of 1845 the see of Bath and Wells had become vacant by the death of Dr. Law; and Dr. Bagot having been translated from Oxford to fill the vacancy, the see of Oxford was offered to his acceptance. He was consecrated in Lambeth Chapel by Dr. Howley, at that time Archbishop of Canterbury, on St. Andrew's Day, 1845, the consecration sermon being preached by his elder brother, Robert, Archdeacon of the East Riding of Yorkshire. As Bishop of Oxford he became also Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, for under the ecclesiastical arrangements of a few years previously Windsor Castle and St. George's Chapel were included in the diocese of Oxford instead of in that of

Salisbury, to which they had belonged. In 1847 Bishop Wilberforce received also the appointment of Lord High Almoner to Her Majesty. Joined with the see of Oxford at that time was the Rectory of Cuddesden, near Oxford, and, as at Alverstoke, Dr. Wilberforce had one future Archbishop as his curate, so here he had Dr. Thomson, the present Archbishop of York.

As a Bishop, Dr. Wilberforce lost no time in showing himself earnest, zealous, and indefatigable, confirming not only in the larger towns, but in the village churches, mixing personally with his clergy, and stirring up their dormant energies by taking part in "special services" at Lent, at Advent, and other sacred seasons. He was active, also, in preaching on behalf of new and old religious societies, which he regarded as useful handmaids of the Church, and in promoting all well-considered measures of school improvement, of Church extension, and of Church restoration. He also established, almost under his own eye, at Cuddesden, a Training College for clergymen, in order to bridge over the years which young men who intended to "take orders" too often wasted after taking their degree at Oxford and Cambridge, while not yet of canonical age for ordination as deacons.

He had not long taken his seat on the Bishops' bench in the House of Lords before he began to make his presence felt there, speaking frequently on subjects in which the Church was more or less directly interested, such as the religious education of the young, the admission of Jews into Parliament, the Bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and the revival of the active powers of Convocation, which, as we need scarcely remind our readers, had been long dormant at the time of his consecration to the Episcopate. In 1848 some bitter controversy was excited by the part he took in reference to the nomination of Dr. Hampden to the Bishopric of Hereford, and it is worthy of note that, sixteen or seventeen years ago, he was one of the most active opponents of the Bill passed

at the instance of Lord Palmerston to enable the late Bishops Blomfield and Maltby to resign respectively the sees of London and Durham. Four years before his death he accepted the see of Winchester upon Dr. Sumner's resignation. But before that time he had already changed his views upon the subject of clerical resignations, and was the most active promoter, if not the author, of the Act passed to enable aged incumbents to resign their livings and retire on a pension when incapacitated for further work.

In the Upper House of Convocation it would be more easy to give a list of the subjects on which Bishop Wilberforce was silent than to mention one-half of those on which he spoke. Enough to remember that seldom or never did he open his lips on subjects connected with the Church except with energy and fervour. It was in 1869, after twenty-four years of constant labour in the diocese of Oxford, Bishop Wilberforce was translated to the great see of Winchester, upon Bishop Sumner's resignation.

On Saturday, July 19th, 1873, the Bishop, accompanied by Lord Granville, left London by the South-Western Railway, with the intention of paying a short visit to the Hon. Edward Frederick Leveson Gower, of Holmbury, near Dorking, where Mr. Gladstone had arrived to meet them. At Leatherhead they were met by a groom with horses. The Bishop mounted one which, on account of its quietness, was a special favourite of Lord Granville's. The distance of Holmbury from Leatherhead is about seven miles, and the route lies through the most picturesque parts of Surrey. After passing the Burford-bridge Hotel they left the high road, and, leaving Dorking in the valley, made their way over Ranmoor Common. From this point they pursued the bridle road towards Leith Hill, where the scenery is especially attractive. Beyond the Ackhurst Downs Lord Granville, being very familiar with this part of the country, led the way down the hill towards Abinger, and arrived on a piece of moorland locally known as "Eversheds Rough." A wagon road here

being very full of ruts, they left it for the turf, which is very light and springy, but is not good galloping ground. The Bishop and Lord Granville were in conversation, when the Bishop's horse stumbled, it is believed, over a stone, and threw its rider on his head. After a slight convulsive movement the Bishop became motionless. The accident happened opposite a range of farm buildings, the only houses in the neighbourhood. Lord Granville at once dismounted, and, seeing no signs of life, despatched the groom for assistance to Abinger Hall, which was the nearest house. Death appears to have been instantaneous, as the Bishop fell on his head, and, turning completely over, dislocated his neck. The body was conveyed to Abinger Hall, the seat of Mr. Farrer, the Secretary of the Board of Trade, Lord Granville assisting to carry the body. Expresses were sent to Dorking and Shere for medical aid, and Dr. Clark and Mr. Furnivall were soon on the spot, but the Bishop was beyond all assistance. From the moment he fell he showed no signs of life. His hat was completely crushed in, but on the body there were no marks whatever, though afterwards there appeared a slight extravasation of blood under the left ear. The face was as placid as in life.

The intelligence of the melancholy event was at once telegraphed to the members of his Lordship's family. His youngest son visited the scene of the accident, and caused a cross to be cut in the turf where his father fell. On an examination of the ground, it was ascertained that there is a slight declivity at the place where the accident occurred. The hoof-marks plainly showed where the horse stumbled, and a few feet farther on where it recovered its footing.

Of a man who lived so much and so long in public as the late Bishop, it sounds tame and trite to say that he was most popular in society, and beloved, both as Archdeacon and Bishop, by all his clergy, except the extreme men of either side and party. Whatever he undertook he did with grace and ease, and, above

all, with a heartiness which proved contagious. As a platform orator he has rarely been equalled; an anecdote from his lips gained a point which its author could not give it. He was indeed, in its best sense, a "many-sided" man; and into his active career many careers, so to speak, were crowded together. He was indefatigable in work, and never knew what it was to be fatigued, scarcely what it was to take rest. In the management of two very important dioceses he showed administrative ability, and an energy of personal character which does not often display itself on the episcopal bench.

His was an eloquence which never

failed. It shone equally in his pastoral charges, in his confirmation addresses, whether to the Eton boys or to the boys and girls of country village schools, and in those spirit-stirring appeals which he would deliver in Cuddesden Chapel to the candidates for Holy Orders. Regarded as a Parliamentary orator, there was much of truth in the observation of a statesman now deceased, that, "although the late Lord Derby was *facile princeps* among debaters, and the late Lord Ellenborough probably the next best debater in the House of Lords, still in Parliamentary eloquence no one so nearly approached either the one or the other as Bishop Wilberforce.

THE MIGHTY SALADIN.

NEARLY eight hundred years ago Egypt was one of the most wealthy and powerful nations upon the globe. One of the most renowned of earthly monarchs, a man by the name of Saladin, occupied the throne. Swaying the sceptre of the ancient Pharaohs, and placing himself at the head of invincible armies, he rolled back the surges of European invasion with which the Crusaders, in almost locust legions, were then invading the Holy Land.

He was one of those extraordinary men alike great in forming the most grand and comprehensive plans and in attending to the most minute details. His legislative genius and executive ability constituted him the glory of his own country, while his military prowess inspired Christendom with the terror of his name. The resources of nearly all the Orient were in his hands, the fate of millions hung upon his lips, and one half of the world was at his disposal. He

was known throughout the world as "The Mighty Saladin."

At last death, the conqueror of all, came to wrest the crown from the brow, and to smite the sceptre from the hand of this illustrious monarch. As Saladin, surrounded by the splendours of his palace, lay prostrate, helpless, gasping on a dying bed, looking back upon the visions of earthly glory fast fading away, and looking forward into the impenetrable obscurity of the future into which he was about to be plunged, his soul was overwhelmed with those emotions, which must, under such circumstances, agitate the bosom of every thinking man. For some time there was entire silence in the death-chamber. The soul of Saladin was evidently entirely absorbed in the sublime contemplation of the eternal world into which he was about to enter. Suddenly rousing himself from his reverie, he exclaimed, in that voice which was ever accustomed to be obeyed,—

"Prepare immediately the winding sheet for my burial and bring it to me."

It was done as commanded; and the

winding sheet of richest silk, such as was suitable to shroud the remains of a king, was unfolded before him. The dying sultan gazed upon it long and silently. He then added,—

“Bring to me the banner beneath whose folds my chosen guards have rallied in so many victories.”

The banner of embroidered satin and gold was immediately brought to the royal couch. The courtiers in silence stood around the bed awaiting the further directions of their monarch. Saladin gazed long and with repressed emotion upon the flag which he had followed upon many a bloody field, and then said,—

“Remove those silken folds and attach to the flag-staff in their stead this my shroud, my winding sheet.”

It was done with the promptitude with which the directions of the sultan were ever obeyed. Saladin gazed, with the dimmed eye of the dying, upon this strange banner, the mournful emblem of his own mortality, as it supplanted the embroidered flag which had so often led his legions to victory, and then said,—

“Let the crier, accompanied by the royal band of trumpeters, pass through all the streets of Damascus. At every corner let the trumpeters perform a funeral dirge. Then let the crier wave this banner and proclaim, ‘This is all that remains to the Mighty Saladin.’”

Then was seen such a procession as the imperial city had never witnessed before. The royal musicians were immediately assembled before the portals of the palace. An imposing military escort bore the strange banner. The crier himself was the standard-bearer. Silence pervaded the thronged city, as the procession commenced the funeral march, and the wailings of the dirge floated mournfully through its long avenues. Vast crowds gathered in silent awe at the corner of the streets.

Suddenly the dirge dies away and all is

still. The hearts of the multitude almost cease to beat, as the sepulchral robe, soon to enshroud their monarch's limbs, is waved before them. Then in a clear and ringing voice, which reverberated through the streets, the crier proclaimed, “This is all that remains to the Mighty Saladin.”

Again the soul-moving strains of the



KNIGHT TEMPLAR.

requiem vibrate through the air, and the procession moves onward along its melancholy way. Not a sound of mirth was heard in Damascus as that day's sun went down; and tears dimmed many eyes all unused to weep. As the stars came out in the sky that night, the spirit of the monarch took its flight to the throne of judgment,

and the winding sheet enshrouded the royal limbs cold in death. Nearly eight hundred years have since that hour passed

away. And what now remains to the great monarch of the East? Not even a handful of dust can tell where was his sepulchre.

PASTOR HARMS AND HIS PARISH.



LOUIS HARMS was born May 5th, 1808. His father was the pastor of the lonely parish of Hermannsburg on the Lüneburg heath. He was a clergyman because his father — Louis's grandfather — so willed it. He was a minister of the kind those days saw many of—preaching because it was his business, jealous of

change, afraid of being earnest lest he should be taken for a hypocrite, and so permitting neither family prayer nor grace before a meal. His way of dealing with his family is illustrated in his saying to his boys, "If you climb trees your bones are your own, and if you break them that is your business; but your trousers are mine, and it will be better for you not to tear them."

Louis had all his father's spirit and fearlessness, coupled with brilliant gifts of mind. He became a leader among his boyish companions, and at the same time a great reader. He entered upon a course of study; at the University of Göttingen learning became his passion, and his career was one of singular distinction. He delighted at the same time in manly exercises, but kept himself free from the vices common among the students of his day.

* But he was an unbeliever, and in this spirit was approaching the ministry. At last he unburdened his scepticism at home, declaring that he could never be a pastor, for he had lost faith in the Bible and in God. His father rose up to his full height, his grey eyes sparkled, and his wrath poured out in mighty volume. "My son, I have lived long, you are young and inexperienced. Do you presume to doubt, what I have

always believed, that the Bible is the word of God? You know how I have wanted to see you in the ministry. Do you mean to say that you will not be a minister; that you will put up with these foolish speculations?"

It was certainly not argument; it was a kind of general order to have faith, very characteristic of the man; but filial obedience ran in the blood of the Harms, and the son never spoke on the subject again. One night, however, at college, while he was studying the 17th chapter of the Gospel of St. John, the scales fell from his eyes; it was like a clear light, he said, shining into the room; and when the morning broke, he had given his heart to God.

The ardour of his soul was turned at once from the old studies to the new knowledge of Christ. He became private tutor in a family at Lauenberg, and for nine years, in visiting the sick and the prisoners and holding neighbourhood meetings, he was ripening for the work God had prepared for him. When the nine years were over, he took a similar post at Lüneburg, and busied himself in the same way, visited the lanes and garrets, filled the churches, rallied the Christians, and stirred the baser sort.

In a year more he returned to his father's house, and occupied himself as before. He was now six-and-thirty, a scholar of brilliant repute, a man of unblemished and noble character, a preacher of intense earnestness, and, after thirteen years, the church had no place for him. So he lived on in the old parish, and when he preached, the people began to say, "Ah! if he could only stay, we would see he wanted for nothing!" and on the Sunday evenings one and another whom his words had reached would come

up to the parsonage to have a quiet word with him, till the room was full, and, almost unawares, he was holding another service, a conventicle under his father's roof. The old man walked up and down outside. "So you want to speak with my son? go in, then. I like that," he would say, and walk on, his hands behind his back, wondering, quietly pleased.

One day he applied to have his son for his assistant; so that at last, in November, 1844, Louis Harms found a pastorate. The parish was wide, the people scattered over it in little knots, a population of 3,000 in all, and more than a third of it in the village of Hermannsburg. They are mostly farmers, a manly, honest, independent race, cut off by their heath and their dialect from the rest of the world, conservative of old habits and traditions, superstitious, with something of the old heathenism yet in their blood, and with no pretence to religious earnestness. Their morals and decorum were improved since the elder Harms came, for they used then to bring their brandy-flasks to church and pass them freely; but the reformation never got deeper.

The son had not preached long till all was changed. His words fell upon the congregation like fire-flakes; the old, lazy, respectable church-going was at an end; the people crowded to hear him, and trembled while they heard. The fire spread from house to house, till there was not a distant hamlet where men were not awestricken by the sense of sin and bowed under this new burden, crying to God for mercy. The church was enlarged, and even then the people were packed so tight it was scarcely possible to move. Early on the Sunday morning every path would be dotted over with the coming throng; the morning service began at half-past nine, and was seldom over ~~all~~ ^{two}; after a short interval, the afternoon service was begun, and lasted till six or seven. Those who believed came again in the evening, and held a service for themselves; but every one, he insisted, must be home by ten. It was literally a day of worship. Meetings sprang

up all over the parish. There was family prayer; morning and evening it was like one burst of song as the melodies streamed forth from every house of God. In the fields one might hear the ploughman singing Luther's hymns in place of the old coarse ballads. The Bible was daily read, lives were changed, and people began to be known as Hermannsburg folk at markets and fairs. Morning, noon, and evening, when the bell pealed from the ancient wooden belfry, the labour was stopped in every field, heads were bowed at prayer, from groups of haymakers or reapers the cadence of a psalm would float upon the wind.

Harms was the centre of all the parish work, and he never wearied. He preached four and sometimes five times every Sunday, and at first he wrote out every sermon. The intervals between the sermons were filled up with visitors, and to each he listened patiently and had something to say, while the last would probably walk with him across the churchyard, and into the vestry; and when the final service was over, little knots would gather round the parsonage door and crowd into the rooms, and there, seated in his arm-chair, in most uncanonical robes of dressing-gown, and pipe in hand, he would talk for an hour in the Low German brogue that he and they loved so well.

His preaching was simple and biblical. Whether walking up and down before the communion-table or in the pulpit, he would begin low, with sometimes hesitating words; but as he went on, the voice would ring out like a trumpet, and the blue eyes would flash fire. A quiet humour would break out in his discourse, and the ripple of it unconsciously flow over the faces of the people. He would clench his point with a happy anecdote or a simile from the farm. The elder people were full of stories of his power as a preacher.

One day as he was expounding the eighth commandment, and denouncing those who broke it, he fixed his gaze upon the gallery, and with outstretched finger cried: "And

you have dared to come here into the house of God, you who robbed yesterday the master who trusted you;" on which a loud shriek rose from the spot on which his finger lingered, and, flinging his hands above his head, a stranger whom no one knew rushed out, crying, "I did, but the devil tempted me," and was seen no more.

Yet the secret of his power was not very visible. The low voice, the absence of gesture, the apparent tameness disappointed some; and others were offended by his movements when excited. But before the service was over, the most obstinate critic had surrendered to him. Some said it was his simple faith, some his insight into the heart; some did not feel his power till he prayed; others were overcome by his directness; his brother said it was his truth and thoroughness. A visitor once observed, "We preachers leave mouse-holes behind us into which a soul may creep; but Harms stops them all up."

He began the morning with correspondence, which grew to be a large work before he died, and also to be broken in upon by visitors from the parish and from every part of North Germany. He was then ready for a walk, and sallied out into the parish about the afternoon, never riding, but carrying a black stick, which got to be as well-known as himself, and with which he kept off the dogs, and always going straight to his destination, right across the flooded fields, if the river was up, over bog and ditches without a moment's hesitation or halt. It was evening when he returned to find his study full of visitors, whom he patiently received and dealt with each; and there was then his desk work to be overtaken, at which he wrought till well on into the night, "burning long candles," as the people there say, and, it must be confessed, rising by consequence very late in the mornings and after poor sleep. If, as oftentimes happened, he lost his meals, he never murmured and at

the best ate little; if he came in with wet clothes, and the folk waited to speak with him, he would make no change.

Those who sought him found he was searching them through and through; and he could bear nothing so ill as sentiment. A young pupil, of whom he was fond came to him one day in concern about spitting of blood; he was just the man to bring it on by thinking of it; so Harms broke out, "What! spitting blood! You have cost so much money, and, after all, in your fifth year, begin to spit blood! Have you no conscience? Don't let me hear you say that again. If I find you attempting it, you will deserve a thorough good beating." And they both began to laugh.

Harms loved a joke, but, as may be imagined, it was often dry. If his town visitors burdened him, he would ask them to finish their conversation while on his rounds in the parish, push on with his quick step through bush and brier, and over the wet treacherous bog; and when they grew desperate over unwonted struggles to keep pace with him, his face lighted up with a grim joy. Yet he had a keen sense of humour and fun, and delighted in it with the hearty laugh of a child. "I hold with Luther," he used to say; "if they don't understand a joke in heaven, I would rather not be there." And so a wedding came to be a sorry thing if he were not at the feast. Young and old would gather round to listen to his stories, yet everything was in keeping with a religious festival, and with the prayer and frequent hymn. The relation between him and his parish was entirely of a father in his household. Every incident in it concerned them all; and every church custom and service borrowed a certain homeliness and beautiful simplicity from the idea, which was carried out so fittingly at death that there was a common saying, "It was worth while dying at Hermannsburg to be buried there."



SIR ROBERT PEEL.

SIR ROBERT PEEL was born in a cottage near the family residence of Chamber Hall, in the neighbourhood of Bury, in Lancashire, on the 5th of July, 1788. His father, the first Sir Robert Peel, by the union of integrity and industry, ability and sense, rendered good service to his country, and realized for his family a splendid inheritance. By his first wife, Ellen, daughter of Mr. Yates, partner in his extensive cotton

factories in Lancashire, he left, with other issue, an eldest son, the eminent statesman.

Two years after the birth of Sir Robert Peel, his father, who had by that time acquired an immense fortune, was returned to Parliament for Bury, and having previously published a pamphlet entitled the "National Debt productive of National Prosperity," he quickly became intimate with Mr. Pitt, who used to consult him on all questions connected with manufactures and commerce. From this intimacy sprang the ambition that his son should be Pitt's

successor, and he therefore sent him at a very early age to Harrow, where we find him on the upper fifth form in the list of 1803; and on the lower fifth, Lord Byron, who says of him: "There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all, masters and scholars. As a scholar, he was greatly my superior. As a schoolboy, out of school I was always in scrapes, and he never; and in school he always knew his lesson, and I rarely."

In 1804 Peel left Harrow, and entered Christ Church, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner. At the University he was a diligent and laborious student; and in 1808, on taking his degree, obtained what is called a double first-class, or highest honours, in both classics and mathematics. Amongst his competitors were Mr. Gilbert, afterwards Vice-Chancellor of the University; Mr. Hampden, Professor of Divinity; and Whately, the present Archbishop of Dublin. A boy from Tunbridge School, writing to one of his former class-fellows an account of this examination, speaks with enthusiasm of the spirit of Peel's translations, and especially of his beautiful rendering of the opening of the second book of Lucretius, beginning—

*Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora venis
E terga magni alterius spectare laborem,*

and ending with the picture of the philosopher gazing from the calm mental rest on the disturbed, self-wearying, ignorant, erring world. "Often of late," said one of those to whom this letter at the time was read, "have I been struck with the fitness of the passage to Peel himself, who, having achieved so much amidst all the strife of party, could, free from its entanglements, see men of all parties gathering the ripening fruit of his measures."

In 1809 Peel came of age; and that he might as early as possible enter the arena of statesmanship, his father bought him the representation of Cashel. He came into the House, avowedly to work his way to the highest office in the State. His father had made no secret of his belief that his son

would follow in the path and attain the position of Pitt. Burke, Pitt, and Fox were gone; Sheridan so broken down that but rarely could he give even faint evidence of his former brilliance: but still the House was not devoid of men of talent and power. There came into Parliament about the same time Lord Palmerston, Brougham, and Frederick Robinson. These were the men amongst whom Peel must rise. Circumstances favoured him:—Canning and Castlereagh had fought their famous duel, and resigned their offices; the Duke of Portland had also resigned; Perceval became Premier; the Marquis of Wellesley, the Earl of Liverpool, and Lord Palmerston took office with him; Parliament was about to meet, and at its very opening there was the Walcheren disaster to be defended, so that the address might be got through; and to Peel, but just entered the House, and not yet two-and-twenty—possibly under the idea that the result might be a practical rebuke to his ambition—was entrusted the seconding of the address. His speech—and it was his first—was spirited and effective, and led the way to an animated debate, and a large majority for the Government. This was on the 10th of January, 1810. Peel shortly after spoke on the bringing up of the report of Lord Porchester's committee, condemnatory of the expedition to the Scheldt, and again for the rejection of the Livery of London petition as to the committal of Sir Francis Burdett. Neither of these speeches, however, equalled the promise of his first effort; but it was surpassed by his speech of March 18th, 1811, upon the Peninsular War, in which he defended the Duke of Wellington, and said: "He could not help reminding the House that at this very hour Lord Wellington might be preparing for action to-morrow; and, when he reflected on the venal abuse which had been disseminated against that illustrious character, he cherished sanguine expectations that the day would soon arrive when another transcendent victory would silence the tongue of envy and the cavils of party ani-

mosity ; when the British commander would be hailed by the unanimous voice of his country with the sentiment addressed on a memorable occasion to another illustrious character—'Invidiam gloria superasti.'

This speech brought Peel for the first time into office. Perceval was so pleased with it, that he forthwith appointed him Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies ; and in this office his diligence, regularity, and constant attention to business so far further gained upon the Premier, that it was understood he only waited an opportunity to raise him to the Cabinet. Time, however, was not left Perceval to carry his intentions into effect : on the 11th of May, 1812, he was shot dead in the lobby of the House of Commons. On the 1st of June the Marquis of Wellesley was sent for ; but failing to form an Administration, Lord Liverpool was made Premier ; and, amongst other changes, Peel was appointed to the Chief-Secretaryship for Ireland. He found the business of his new office in extreme disorder, which he forthwith corrected, and gained by his courtesy and attention to business, and manifest desire to improve the trade of Ireland, the good opinion of all merchants and manufacturers who had interviews with him.

But the Catholic question was the great difficulty of the day ; even then the agitation against political oppression of religious belief had assumed a bold front in Ireland. O'Connell, in all the strength of his youth, was rousing the country to the justice of the claim for emancipation.

In 1814 the south of Ireland was in a state bordering upon social disorganization. The Catholic Board was suppressed by proclamation of the Lord-Lieutenant. Peel, defending the proclamation, charged the condition of the country upon the agitators for emancipation ; and at the same time he proposed, to secure the better obedience to the laws and preservation of peace, the appointment of superintending stipendiary magistrates and a properly organized police force. This system was, in 1822, so extended, that the constabulary of Ireland

now constitutes a complete addition to the standing army.

On first coming into Parliament, Peel went with his father on the subject of currency ; and, in 1811, voted with Mr. Vansittart in favour of a paper resolution. On the 3rd of February, 1819, he was appointed on a committee to consider the state of the Bank of England with reference to the expediency of the resumption of cash payments. On the 24th of May he brought forward the report recommending a short extension of the period of restriction, a gradual resumption of cash payments, and the repeal of prohibitions against export and melting of coin, the resumption to be entire on May 1st, 1823. The Bank resumed cash payments two years before the specified time. One of the ablest of Peel's speeches was a defence of this much-abused resumption of cash payments, in reply to a joint attack by William Cobbett and John Fielden, on the 16th of May, 1833. This measure of Peel for the resumption of cash payments gained the Ministry such credit with the commercial world as enabled Lord Liverpool to keep his party for some time in office. Peel, however, continued out of office. In 1819 throughout the manufacturing districts there was general distress, and loud demands from the people for parliamentary reform and abolition of the bread-tax. On the 30th of July a proclamation was issued against seditious meetings. On the 16th of August the people gathered from all the neighbouring places on Peterloo Field, the site of the present Free-Trade Hall, in Manchester. The result of the meeting was the Peterloo massacre. Peel defended the conduct of the Manchester magistrates on this occasion, upon the ground of the long growth of discontent, the secret societies amongst the people, and the dangers that might have followed had the meeting been allowed to pass.

In June, 1820, on the arrival of Queen Caroline in England, a Bill of Pains and Penalties was introduced by Ministers to

deprive her of her legal rank and privileges. In this measure Peel took no part; but on the 5th of February, 1821, he defended Ministers against the Marquis of Tavistock's motion, condemning their conduct towards the Queen, but he, at the same time, lamented the exclusion of her name from the Liturgy, and the refusals as to the palace and ship-of-war.

At the end of 1821, important changes were made in the Ministry; and on the retirement of Lord Sidmouth Peel again took office—this time as Secretary of State for the Home Department—in which he soon gained some popularity by the avoidance of harsh language and a generally conciliatory tone to opponents.

On the 18th of February, 1827, Lord Liverpool was found senseless on the floor of his breakfast-room, in an apoplectic fit. Peel carried the news to the King at Brighton. In April, Canning undertook to form an Administration; Peel refused to retain office with any one at the head of affairs favourable to Catholic claims. Lord Eldon and the Duke of Wellington resigned. The Ministry was, however, formed, but on the 8th of August Canning died. The Ministry, patched up for a while under Lord Goderich, broke up on the 8th of January, 1828, when the Duke of Wellington was sent for, and under him Peel again became Secretary for the Home Department.

In the following year he succeeded his father in the baronetage, and from the property bequeathed him became one of the richest commoners in England. He succeeded, also, to the representation of Tamworth. In April, the Wellington Administration came to a close. It was clear that Reform could not much longer be resisted. Of the speeches against Reform, Sir Robert Peel's was the most spirited and best. The measure carried, he at once accepted it as irrevocable; called upon his party to fight the battle of the Constitution in the Registration Courts; and with all diligence set himself to work to form a powerful party. In November, 1834, the Whigs

were left without a leader in the Commons. King William IV. dismissed the Ministry, and sent with all speed to Rome for Peel. Pending his arrival, the Duke of Wellington held place for him, and did well nigh all the business of the State.

The general election of 1834 gave no majority to Peel; he was beaten, on the election of Speaker, the Tithe Question and Appropriation Clause; his Ministry was, from first to last, a mere struggle for existence, and on the 8th of April he resigned, and Lord Melbourne returned to office.

In 1836 Sir Robert was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and in 1837 the Conservatives entertained him at a banquet, to which upwards of three thousand sat down, and at which his speech was the most eloquent he had ever delivered. In 1839, the Whigs, after various minimum majorities and little defeats, were fairly beaten on the Jamaica Bill, and resigned. Peel was again sent for, this time by the present Queen. He required, however, that her Majesty should dismiss the ladies of the household; which the Queen declining, the Ministry was not formed. Lord Melbourne again returned to office; but on the 27th May Sir Robert moved a vote of want of confidence in Ministers, which was carried after eight nights of debate, in one of the fullest Houses on record, by a majority of 1, the numbers being—for Ministers 311; against, 312. A general election on the question of Free Trade followed this defeat. The new Parliament met on the 19th of August; on the 24th an amendment to the address, expressive of a total want of confidence, was carried by a majority of 91. On the 30th, the announcement was made of the resignation of the Melbourne Ministry. Sir Robert was sent for, and forthwith an Administration. His advice had been taken, the registries had been looked to, and he found himself at the head of his party with the largest majority in Parliament since that of the Whigs on the election after the Reform Bill. But there



THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

had been a succession of bad harvests; trade was stagnant; the bitterest distress, and with but doubtful prospects of any alleviation, was spread over the manufacturing districts. Sir Robert Peel refused, on the immediate assemblage of the new Parliament, to state any of his plans. The distress increased. The winter was one of the severest suffering ever known amongst the manufacturing operatives. On the 9th of February, 1842, Sir Robert

brought forward his new Corn-Law, which lowered the sliding scale, and introduced the new principle of rests. On that occasion he gave up the defence of "Protection," on the ground of advantage to any particular class, stating that he thought "Protection could not be vindicated on that principle, and that the only protection which could be vindicated was that which consisted with the welfare of all classes of the community." At the same time re-



SIR ROBERT PEELE'S BIRTHPLACE.

ductions were made in the duties upon seeds, timber, copper, oils, preserved and cured meats, lard, live cattle, and various manufactures; and the income-tax was proposed as a three years' measure to supply the deficit of revenue.

Boldest of all the late Sir Robert Peel's speeches were those in defence of his policy of 1845. In them he threw off all his studied caution, all restraint, all trammels of party. He was the Minister of the nation, not of any section of the House.

The Queen, not any party, had called him to office, and he was answerable for its best exercise, but to his own conscience and to the country. On resigning office, on the 29th of June, 1845, he spoke with memorable force:—"In relinquishing power, I shall leave a name severely censured, I fear, by many, who, on public grounds, deeply regret the severance of party ties—deeply regret the severance, not from interested or personal motives, but from the firm conviction that fidelity to

party engagements, the existence and maintenance of a great party, constitutes a powerful instrument of Government. I shall surrender power censured by others who, from no interested motives, adhere to the principle of Protection, considering the maintenance of it to be essential to the welfare and interest of the country. I shall leave a name execrated by every monopolist, who, from less honourable motives, clamours for Protection because it conduces to his own individual benefit; but it may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labour, and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food; the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with the sense of injustice."

Far and wide throughout the country there was heartfelt sorrow at this great man's death. His power in Parliament was not the power of oratory, but his knowledge of men within the walls, and of the progress of public opinion without. He was himself slow to learn; every circumstance, every fact was weighed and measured in his mind: and he was slower still to teach; but prompt in rendering the taught will of the people into action, when he himself had reached the same amount of knowledge, and shared their convictions. His currency measures were the result of conviction: Emancipation he yielded to necessity: Free Trade was the result, also, of conviction; and, though he opposed the Reform Bill, he, more than the most zealous of its advocates, taught the people its true practical value, when he said, "The battle of the Constitution must be fought, in the Registration Courts."

The suddenness of his death from accident took the people so by surprise that they could scarcely recall the labours of his long life, or realize the loss of so able and experienced a statesman. Everywhere there was the utmost anxiety for his recovery and sincere sorrow at his death.

The accident that led to his death is thus recorded: "The scene of the disastrous occurrence was on Constitution Hill, in St. James's Park, along which the right hon. baronet was riding shortly after five o'clock, at a slow pace, from Buckingham Palace, where he had just made a call, and entered his name in her Majesty's visiting-book. He had arrived nearly opposite the wicket-gate leading into the Green Park, when he met Miss Ellis, one of Lady Dover's daughters, on horseback, attended by a groom. Sir Robert had scarcely exchanged salutes with this young lady when his horse became slightly restive. He was observed for a moment to sit very unsteadily, rolling from side to side, and the next instant the horse turned sharply round and threw Sir Robert over its head upon his face. Two gentlemen (Mr. Fowle, of Chesham Place; and Mr. Barker, connected with the firm of Savory & Moore, Bond Street), who were close to the spot, ran forward and raised the right hon. baronet holding him in a sitting posture. Mr. Barker then ran with all speed to St. George's Hospital for surgical aid. Dr. Foucart, a medical gentleman residing in Glasgow, who happened to be passing at the moment, was the third gentleman to render assistance. He saw the accident from a distance of one hundred and fifty yards, and hastening forwards reached the spot just as Sir Robert had been raised by the other two gentlemen. Sir James Clarke also came up a few moments afterwards. Sir Robert, on being raised, groaned very heavily, and in reply to Dr. Foucart's question as to whether he was much hurt, he replied, "Yes—very much."

Mrs. Lucas, a lady resident in Bryanston Square, happened to be passing shortly after the accident, and at once made a spontaneous offer (which was immediately accepted) to give up her carriage, in order to convey the right hon. baronet to his residence. During the few moments which elapsed before a carriage was procured, Sir Robert became unconscious, in which state he remained until after he had been assisted into the carriage. He then slightly

revived, and again in reply to Dr. Foucart, said, "I feel better." The carriage was then ordered to drive slowly through the park to Whitehall Gardens, Sir Robert being supported by Dr. Foucart and the two gentlemen who had first raised him from the ground. Sir James Clarke also accompanied him in the carriage to Whitehall.

In a few minutes after he had entered the carriage Sir Robert became much excited, and endeavoured to raise himself up, which it was thought necessary to prevent. The right hon. baronet then again sank into a state of half-unconsciousness, in which he remained until his arrival in Whitehall Gardens. On being lifted out of the carriage he revived, and walked, with assistance into the house. On entering the mansion, Sir Robert was met by Lady Peel and the members of his family, who had been awaiting his arrival in painful anxiety after having received intelligence of the accident.

Poor Lady Peel was overwhelmed with emotion. The effect of the meeting upon Sir Robert was extremely painful. The right hon. baronet swooned in the arms of Dr. Foucart, and was placed upon a sofa in the nearest apartment (the dining-room). From this apartment Sir Robert was never removed, and so extremely sensitive to pain did he speedily become, that it was only after very considerable difficulty that he could be removed from the sofa to a patent hydraulic bed which had been procured for his use. An examination was immediately made, with the view of ascertaining what description of injury the right hon. baronet had sustained. It was found that there was severe injury of one shoulder, with a fracture of the left collar-bone.

The fracture was a comminuted one, and the symptoms that soon began to present themselves were of the most serious character, though, at times, up to Tuesday, the right hon. baronet's case did not appear quite hopeless. From two o'clock to six o'clock in the afternoon of that day the change for the worse in the right hon.

baronet's symptoms was progressive, the pulse increasing to 130, and becoming gradually weaker. Stimulants were administered, but had no apparent effect, and the stertorous breathing became more and more painful. The relatives were now informed that all the relief medical science could afford was exhausted, and that no hope whatever existed of being able to prolong Sir Robert's life twenty-four hours. The Bishop of Gibraltar (the Rev. Dr. Tomlinson), a very old friend of Sir Robert, was sent for, and administered the last offices of the Church; and then the last painful parting scene took place between the dying statesman and the members of his family. He identified the features of those beloved ones surrounding his couch—towards whom he at length extended his faltering hand, and in an attitude bespeaking the intensity of his feelings, whispered in a scarcely audible voice, "God bless you!"

Sir Robert ceased to exist at nine minutes after eleven o'clock on Tuesday night. There were present at his decease his three brothers—the Dean of Worcester, Colonel Peel, and Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Peel; three of his sons—Mr. F. Peel, M.P., Captain W. Peel, R.N., and Mr. Arthur Peel; his son-in-law, Lord Villiers; his old political friends, Lord Hardinge and Sir James Graham; and the medical gentlemen in attendance. Sensibility to pain had ceased some time before death, and the last moments of the right hon. baronet were not disturbed by any physical suffering.

After death an examination of the body was made, when a most important fact was for the first time discovered, viz. that the fifth rib on the left side was fractured. This was the region where Sir Robert complained of the greatest pain, and there is much reason to fear that it was the seat of mortal injury. The broken rib pressing on the left lung, and producing what is technically known as effusion and pulmonary engorgement.

With respect to the horse from which the right hon. baronet was thrown, it appears

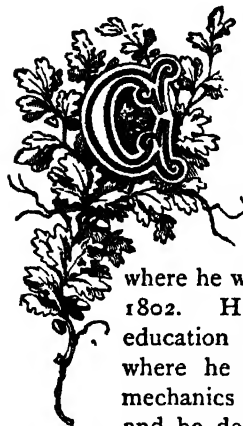
that Sir Robert for many years past had ridden a favourite bay mare. This animal having become very old, Sir Robert was advised to obtain a more sure-footed horse; and the animal from which he was thrown was bought at Tattersall's, by Mr. Beckett Denison, and intended to be offered to Sir Robert Peel. Mr. Denison rode him daily for a week. He met the troops with their bands playing, as well as omnibuses and carriages in Piccadilly—all which the horse

passed without showing the smallest disposition to shy. Mr. Denison insisted upon Sir Robert riding him for a week before he decided on keeping him. He did so, and then requested he might have him. The horse had been regularly hunted, was eight years old, and had been ridden by Lord Villiers, who thought he would suit his father-in-law exceedingly well. For the previous two months Sir Robert had ridden this horse regularly at evening.



TAMWORTH CASTLE.

SIR CHARLES WHEATSTONE.



CHARLES WHEATSTONE, one of the greatest of modern inventors, was the son of Mr. W. Wheatstone, a citizen of Gloucester,

where he was born in the year 1802. He received his early education at a private school, where he imbibed a taste for mechanics and physical science, and he devoted his youth and

early manhood to the manufacture of musical instruments. Entering into business on his own account in London when he was scarcely as yet of age, he soon showed a capacity for higher and more philosophical studies, his mental powers being concentrated not so much on the actual manufacture of the instruments themselves as upon the principles which underlay their construction. In 1823 he first attracted attention by the publication of a work entitled "New Experiments in Sound." He now devoted his attention to a study of the close analogy he found existing between the phenomena of light and of sound, and proceeded to illustrate the subject by numerous models and an apparatus of his own contrivance.

After numerous investigations in this double field of inquiry, many of which were published in the "Journals" of the Royal Institution and in the *Philosophical Magazine*, some ten years after the date of his above-mentioned work, he was led to communicate, through Professor Faraday, a paper on acoustic figures, and another on certain experiments made to measure the velocity of electricity and the duration of electric light. In 1834 he was appointed Professor of Experimental Philosophy at King's College, London, which had been founded some five years

previously, and two years later he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, when he read before its meeting a paper entitled "Contributions to the Physiology of Vision." The first part of this paper treated of some remarkable and as yet unnoticed phenomena of binocular sight, and it is remarkable as containing the first mention *totidem verbis* of the stereoscope, now the constant companion of our drawing-room tables.

It would take long to enumerate all the inventions which proceeded from that fertile brain, but it was as a pioneer in the invention and application of the electric telegraph that the name of Charles Wheatstone will be remembered. We do not forget the claims of Sir William Fothergill Cooke to equal recognition in regard to this discovery when we state that as far back as June, 1836, in his lectures as Professor at King's College, Wheatstone had exhibited certain experiments on the velocity of electricity with a lengthened circuit of nearly four miles of copper wire, which he then and there proposed to convert into an electric telegraph. In the following month of February (1837), he made, through the intervention of Roget and Faraday, the acquaintance of Mr. W. F. Cooke, who had lately become acquainted abroad with the electric experiments of Baron Schilling and other German philosophers. In the month of May in the same year Wheatstone and Cooke took out their first patent "for improvements in giving signals and sounding alarms in distant places by means of electric currents transmitted through metallic circuits." The various improvements which, by the joint discoveries of Messrs. Wheatstone and Cooke, were successively introduced into the telegraph we need not describe at length; but we may as well record here the fact that the first line of electric telegraph

actually laid down for public purposes was constructed on the Blackwall Railway in 1838. The terms of partnership were afterwards more exactly defined and confirmed in the November of the same year, when a deed expressly vested in Mr. Cooke the exclusive management of the invention in Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies, with the exclusive management of the engineering department, while, as partners standing on a footing of perfect equality, they were to divide equally all proceeds arising from the granting of patent rights and licences, a percentage being first payable to Mr. Cooke as manager.

We quote from an award formally made by the late Sir Mark Isambard Brunel and Professor Daniel on the subject, a few sentences which will serve to show how the honours of having discovered or invented the electric telegraph are to be divided between the two claimants. The arbitrators write, under date 1841:—

“While Mr. William Fothergill Cooke is entitled to stand alone as the gentleman to whom this country is indebted for having practically introduced and carried out the

electric telegraph as a most useful undertaking, promising to be of national importance, and Professor Wheatstone is acknowledged on all hands as the scientific man whose profound and successful researches had already prepared the public to receive it as a project capable of practical application, it is to the united labours of the two gentlemen, so well qualified for mutual assistance, that we must attribute the rapid progress which this important invention has made during the five years since they first became associated.”

Professor Wheatstone was one of the jurors of the Universal Exhibition at Paris in 1855 in the class for “heat, light, and electricity,” on which occasion he was appointed by the late Emperor a Knight of the Legion of Honour, on account of his “application of the electric telegraph.” He was also chosen a correspondent of the French Imperial Institute of Sciences, and an honorary member of the principal academies of science in Europe.

Sir Charles Wheatstone received the honour of knighthood in 1868, in recognition of his scientific services.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE CANOE CLUB.



JOHN MACGREGOR began his education at the King's School, Canterbury; and afterwards, moving with his father's regiment, he was at no fewer than eight different schools in a period of four years. At Trinity College, Dublin, he gained three first prizes; and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he received his further University education, was a Wrangler, and took two first classes. In

1845, at the age of twenty, Mr. MacGregor first began to write and sketch for *Punch*; and has done so at intervals for many years, giving the proceeds to the police-office poor-boxes. In 1847 he entered at the Inner Temple, and took the degree of M.A. of Cambridge; and in January, 1851, was called to the Bar. It was also in 1847 that he joined the Ragged School Union, and from that time he has taken an active and prominent part in various efforts to improve the temporal and spiritual condition of the poorest and most neglected of our London juvenile population. In a lecture on ragged schools he

gave a sketch of their rise, progress, and results, defining a ragged school to be "a school in which the most squalid, ignorant, and degraded criminal classes receive free instruction in the Scriptures from a body of unpaid voluntary teachers of all evangelical denominations." Mr. MacGregor visited Paris during the Revolution of 1848; and in 1849-50 made a long tour in Europe and the Levant, ending with Palestine and Egypt. Soon after this he published "Three Days in the East," a little book designed to illustrate the terms and allusions of Scripture. The profits the author devoted to ragged schools.

In 1865 Mr. MacGregor made his first canoe voyage, the log of which, entitled "A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe on Rivers and Lakes of Europe," was published in the following year. The book became speedily popular, and is now in its eighth edition. In making long excursions with a small boat with double paddle and sails, our author had the merit of originality. The *Water Lily*, some years before, had floated on the Rhine and the Danube, but it was rowed by four men; and the *Water Witch*, also, in like manner, had laboured up French rivers, and on a hundred tedious locks on the Bâle Canal. The covered canoe and the paddle were new as a means of foreign travel, the advantages of which over the row-boat are thus succinctly stated by the captain of the *Rob Roy* :—

"The voyager looks forward, not backward. As he sits in his little bark, he sees all his course and the scenery besides. With one powerful sweep of his paddle he can instantly turn the canoe. He can steer within an inch in a narrow place, or press through reeds and weeds, branches and grass; can hoist and lower his sail without changing his seat; can shove with his paddle when aground, or jump out in good time to prevent a smash. He can wade and haul the light craft over shallows or on dry ground, through fields and hedges, over dykes, barriers, and walls; can carry it by hand up ladders and stairs, and can transport his boat over high mountains, and

broad plains in a cart drawn by a horse, a bullock, or a cow."

The first cruise of one thousand miles embraced the rivers Thames, Sambre, Meuse, Rhine, Main, Danube, Reuss, Aar, Ill, Moselle, Meurthe, Marne, and Seine, besides six canals in Belgium and France, and the lakes Titisee, Constance, Unter See, Zurich, Zug, and Lucerne, together with two expeditions in the open sea of the British Channel. In the first part of this excursion *Rob Roy* was accompanied by the late Earl of Aberdeen, in his canoe. In this kind of travelling Mr. MacGregor is an enthusiast. He speaks exultingly of the feeling attendant on the rapid motion of his boat, of the sense of freedom, of the joy of difficulties overcome, and of the grand panorama of river beauties unrolled for days and days together. The pleasures of canoeing he ranks far above those of all other modes of locomotion; and his opinion is of value because it is that of an experienced traveller. Before he had "paddled his own canoe" he had visited many lands, had climbed glaciers and volcanoes, dived into caves and catacombs, trotted in the Norway carriage, and galloped on the Russian steppes. He had known the charms of a Nile boat and a sail in the Ægean; he had ridden a mule in Spain, swung on a camel in the East, and glided on a sleigh in northern regions. It is exhilarating to peruse Mr. MacGregor's pages. His affection for his boat is charming. There is a dash and light-hearted buoyancy in his descriptions of persons, places, scenes, and incidents, touched at times with an odd humour, not the less taking because it is allied to much freshness of feeling and to an under-current of grave thoughtfulness. Nor are the records of these holiday recreations without occasional reflections which arrest attention. For instance, in regard to the lack of Sabbath-keeping on the Continent, our author says, "There is a feeling of dull sameness about life in those countries and places where the week is not steadied and centred round a solid day on which lofty and deep things, pure and last-

ing things, may have at least some hours of our attention."

So exceedingly pleasant and successful had been the "Thousand miles" cruise, that Mr. MacGregor determined on another expedition for the following year. A new canoe was built, shorter, narrower, shallower, lighter, and stronger than the old *Rob Roy*, and with every other improvement suggested by experience. The little volume describing the first cruise created something like a canoe furore. Canoes were speedily built, and the Royal Canoe Club was organized, the Commodore of which is the Prince of Wales. The professed objects of the Club are to improve canoes, promote canoeing, and unite canoeists. The Club also arranges matches, and records the cruising of the members, ladies and gentlemen, to the number of three hundred and fifty, who have joined since the commencement. It has also branches connected with the Oxford and Cambridge Universities. Of late, foreign canoeists have sought alliance with it. Mr. MacGregor was the founder of the Club, and takes rank as Captain.

The new *Rob Roy*, in length fourteen feet, and with all its apparatus, complete, weighing not more than seventy-one pounds, was turned northwards; and a cruise through Sweden, Denmark, Schleswig-Holstein, the North Sea, and the Baltic was chronicled in a second volume, "*The Rob Roy on the Baltic*." Referring to Mr. MacGregor's trip among the Scandinavians, a writer has remarked: "He was just the man to go among a merry-hearted and religious people. His gaiety was akin to their hearty mirth, and they respected the jolly navigator who came among them with the heaviest part of the freight in tracts, and with no article so thoroughly used on board as his pocket Testament. We cannot wonder at his welcome, for, with the frankness and straightforwardness, he seems to have respected all prejudices, adapted himself to all circumstances, and to have won golden opinions from all." None of Mr. MacGregor's trips by land or sea, but combined,

with adventure and relaxation, efforts to benefit others. He carried with him a freight of small illustrated books and tracts printed in the language of the people among whom he travelled; and when unable to hold intelligible conversation, he could at least give away the leaflets, which bore the Gospel message, and spoke a word about another life.

The *Rob Roy* canoe had several other cruises at home and abroad. She sailed over the Zuider Zee among the Dutchmen, and then on the rivers of Friesland. She was paddled among the Scilly Isles, at one end of Britain; and then through the Shetland Isles and the Orkneys, at the farther north of Scotland,—where also for two days, at Dunrobin Castle, another canoe rocked on the waves alongside, which was paddled by one of the twelve lady members of the club, Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland.

In the canoe voyages the supply of literature was limited; but in the cruise of the yawl *Rob Roy*, along the coast of France and in the British Channel, several boxes were filled with books of various sorts. "Thousands of seamen can read," says Mr. MacGregor, "and have time, but no books. Bargees lolling about, or prone in the sun, eagerly began a 'Pilgrim's Progress' when thus presented, and sometimes went on reading for hours. Fishermen came off in boats to ask for them; policemen and soldiers, too, begged for a book, and then asked for another for a child at school. Smart yachtsmen were most grateful of all, and some even offered to pay for them; the navvies, lock-keepers, ferrymen, watermen, porters, dockmen, and guardsmen of light-houses, piers, and hulks, as well as many a Royal Navy blue-jacket, gratefully accepted these little souvenirs with every appearance of gratitude. . . . Truly there is a mission yet to be worked. Good news was told on the water long ago, and by the Great Preacher from a boat."

The profits from the first edition of "*The Voyage alone in the Yawl Rob Roy*" were devoted towards founding prizes for boys

in training ships. Mr. Macgregor naturally takes a deep interest in the various industrial training-ships stationed in different localities. The prizes consist of a sovereign and a medal, given annually to each of twenty of the most deserving boys on

leaving the ship for sea. It must be remembered that the boys received into these ships are rescued from a career of actual or probable crime, and are trained, reformed, and fitted for a seafaring life

The most lengthened and eventful of



ON THE JORDAN.

Mr MacGregor's excursions was his canoe cruise in Palestine, Egypt, and the waters of Damascus, the account of which in "*The Rob Roy on the Jordan*" has been well received by the public. The work is dedicated to the Prince of Wales, the Commodore

of the Canoe Club, and soon reached a third edition. The reader accompanies with unabated interest the enterprising traveller in his progress through lands and scenes renowned in Bible story. To one whose helping hand had been stretched out

for many years to the juvenile outcasts of London, there was much to excite sympathetic appreciation in the schools of Cairo and Beyrout, as also in the efforts made by the American mission in Syria. "Coming so recently from Egypt," he says, "with its vast plains, to Syria, with its lofty mountains, it was natural to compare the countries and the people of the two ; also to regard together the ragged school at Cairo with the training school at Beyrout, and to consider the separate fields occupied by Miss Whately and Mrs. Thompson, working in the same vineyard. In Cairo the degradation of the ignorant is deeper ; the bonds of women are more cruelly slavish ; the position of the Christian teacher is more isolated ; the lack of sympathy and companionship is more depressing. Nothing, in fact, but positive heroism could attack such a difficult post as that, or win it, or hold it when a footing was secured. In Beyrout there is an atmosphere more free, and the brighter faces of the pupils are more gladdening to the teacher's eye ; but yet in each place, Cairo and Syria, there is a most signal evidence of the constraining power of Christian love for souls, one more proof of the influence of women in the world when patient, persevering work is to be done, and one more sign that of all women British ladies are the best for noble deeds."

Leaving the Suez Canal, the waters of Egypt, and the Red Sea, the *Rob Roy* crossed the Lebanon, and navigated Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus. Some of Mr. MacGregor's descriptions have the sternly realistic features of a photograph. Here is his uncoloured picture of Damascus.

"In vain the traveller tries to feel an admiration which he cannot support by the appearance of the place. It may be the oldest, but in wet weather it surely is the filthiest of towns. It may be rich, but the mud walls are what you see, and not the wealth. Damascus is a disappointment ; its situation is its chief beauty ; and once inside it you cannot realize that, outside these dirty lanes, tumbling-down walls, gloomy shops, and crooked bazaars, are the lovely groves, the gushing fountains, the teeming gardens, and the glorious hills. For the fourth time, then, I leave Damascus, and without the least regret." The *Rob Roy* emerged on the Upper Jordan. In the opinion of our traveller, the course of the river is for ten miles almost unknown, and three miles of this interval had most probably never been seen before. As on the Danube, where it is entirely inaccessible by land, and on large portions of rivers in Norway, so on these waters of the Jordan, the *Rob Roy* was the first visitor. No slight honour, certainly, for the canoe and its enterprising captain to trace out and unveil to the world even one reach of the renowned and sacred river. For a full account of this and other discoveries, we must refer our readers to Mr. MacGregor's interesting pages. He has minutely recorded his observations made during twelve days' canoeing on the Sea of Galilee, and has given some graphic sketches of what there met his eye. On the Jordan the *Rob Roy* was captured by the Arabs.

At length, from its voyages in Eastern waters, its adventures, and its perils by land and sea, the little craft on March, 1869, returned to the shores of England.



PRINTER AND PRESIDENT.



THE career we are now about to describe is perhaps one of the most distinguished in the annals of those who have raised themselves to eminence by their own genius and industry. Benjamin Franklin rose from a humble station to one of the highest in his own country, and achieved a world-wide renown. He has himself told us the story of his early years, and from his works the following particulars are gleaned.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, in North America, January 17th, 1706, the youngest but two of a family of seventeen children. His father was an Englishman who had emigrated from England, and followed the occupation of a soap boiler and tallow chandler, a business to which he had not been bred, and by which he with difficulty lived. At first it was proposed to make Benjamin a clergyman, but the expense of the education was a drawback, and at ten years of age he was put to his father's business. He showed so much dislike, however, to it, that his father, afraid he would break loose and go to sea, as one of his brothers had done, found it advisable, after two years' trial, to seek another occupation for him. He then was put to a cutler, and finally to a printer. To his brother James, who had been bred a printer, and who had just set up on his own account at Boston, he was apprenticed, when he was only in his twelfth year, with the understanding that he should remain with him in that capacity till he reached the age of twenty-one.

The chief reason which induced his father to put him to this business was his love of books. In their purchase all his money was spent, and his new occupation enabled him considerably to extend his

acquaintance with them, by frequently borrowing a volume in the evening, which he sat up reading the greater part of the night, lest it should be missed in the morning. He soon began to write as well as to read. "About this time," says he, "I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*; I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and determined, if possible, to imitate it. With that view I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by for a few days; and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the paper again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should occur to me. Then I compared my 'Spectator' with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. This encouraged me to think that in time I might come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious."

Even at this early age nothing could exceed his perseverance and self-denial. When only sixteen he adopted a vegetable diet, from its greater cheapness, and having taken this resolution, he proposed to his brother, that he would give him weekly only half of what it had hitherto cost, to board himself, an offer which was immediately accepted. He found that he could save still half what his brother allowed him. His dinner was often no more than a biscuit, a slice of bread, a handful of raisins, or a tart, and a glass of water, and this being quickly despatched, he spent the rest of his meal-times in study. He now made himself master of arithmetic and geometry, logic, and rhetoric.

A few years before this his brother had begun to publish a newspaper, the second that had appeared in America. This

brought most of the literary people of Boston to the office, and young Franklin often heard them talking about the articles that had appeared in the paper, and the approbation which particular ones received. This set his mind on the same sort of thing, and at last he sent an article in a feigned hand, which he heard favourably mentioned as he stood at his work. The paper was inserted, and he continued his contributions, till, as he says, "his fund of sense for such performances was exhausted." He then discovered himself, and found that he began to be looked upon as a person of some consequence.

Soon after this he quarrelled with his brother, and finding it impossible to get work in Boston, he started for New York, the nearest place at which there was a printer. In three days, Franklin found himself at the end of his voyage, with little money, and with no knowledge of any one in the place. He had sold his books, it should be said, to pay his passage. Upon applying to the only printer likely to give him employment, he found that he had nothing to offer, and his only resource was to proceed to Philadelphia, a hundred miles farther on, where there was another printer.

After concluding the account of his voyage to Philadelphia, "I have been the more particular," says Franklin, "in this description of my condition, that you may compare it with what I have become since then. I was in my working dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty from my being so long in the boat; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings; and I knew no one, nor where to look for lodgings. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatman for my passage. I walked towards the top of the street, and gazing about till near Market Street, where I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and, inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he

directed me to. The baker gave me three penny rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street, as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Head, my future wife's father, when he, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance."

Next morning he found the person to whom he had been directed, but who was not able to give him employment, but upon applying to another printer, of the name of Keimer, he was set to put an old press to rights, and then taken into regular work.

Franklin had been nine months in Philadelphia without any of his relatives knowing what had become of him, when a brother-in-law, master of a trading sloop, happening to hear of him in one of his voyages, wrote to him to come home. The letter he sent in reply was shown to Sir William Keith, the Governor, who asked the age of the writer, and said that if he would set up on his own account in Philadelphia, where the printers were wretched ones, he had no doubt he would succeed; for his part he would promise him the public business, and do him every service in his power. Sir William followed up this offer with a personal visit to the printing office, much to the astonishment of Franklin's master.

Sir William, however, was an odd sort of person, and led Franklin into great difficulty. He proposed that he should go to England, to purchase types and other things necessary for the business, for which the Governor was to give him letters of credit to the extent of one hundred pounds. After repeated applications for these letters, Franklin was at last sent on board the vessel, which was on the point of sailing, when a gentleman brought the letters. They proved, however, to be utterly worthless! The Governor had deceived him—he had "given letters of credit, while he had no credit to give!"

Young Franklin, by this cruel blow, now

found himself a stranger in London, without money and without credit. He, however, obtained work with a printer named Palmer, with whom he remained nearly a year. He employed his leisure hours in assiduous reading, the books being obtained from a second-hand dealer.

In this employment, and subsequently, he gave very striking evidence of those habits of self-command and temperance which raised him so much in life. While the other workmen spent a great part of their wages in beer, he drank only water, and found himself a good deal stronger, as well as much more clear-headed, on his light beverage, than they on their strong potations. "From my example," says he, "a great many of them left off their muddling breakfast of beer, bread, and cheese, finding they could with me be supplied from a neighbouring house with a large porringer of hot water gruel sprinkled with pepper, crumbled with bread, and a bit of butter in it, for the price of a pint of beer, viz., three-halfpence. This was a more comfortable as well as a cheaper breakfast, and it kept their heads clearer. Those who continued sopping with their beer all day, were often, by not paying, out of credit at the alehouse, and used to make interest with me to get beer—their *light*, as they phrased it, *being out*. I watched the payable on Saturday night, and collected what I stood engaged for them, having to pay sometimes near thirty shillings a week on their account. This, and my being esteemed a pretty good *riggite*, that is, a jocular verbal satirist, supported my consequence in the society. My constant attendance (I never making a *Saint Monday*) recommended me to the master; and my uncommon quickness at composing occasioned my being put upon works of despatch, which are generally better paid; so I went on now very agreeably."

He worked about eighteen months in England, till an opportunity arose of his going back to Philadelphia as clerk in a store at fifty pounds a year. He arrived again in Philadelphia, on October 11th,

1726. His master soon died, and Franklin was once more on the world. He now engaged again with his old master, Keimer, the printer, who had got a better house, but was quite ignorant of his business. Here Franklin showed the native ingenuity of his mind. He cast types—very rough affairs, probably; he also, as he says, "engraved several things, on occasion; made the ink; I was warehouseman; and in short, quite a factotum."

He did not, however, remain long with Keimer, who had engaged him only that he might have his other workmen taught through his means, and discharged him when he had attained that end. He then entered into partnership with one Meredith, and commenced business. He started a paper, and would have become very prosperous, had his partner not been a drunken, dissolute man. Fortunately, however, he was able to get quit of him, and at twenty-four was on the high road to prosperity.

He now married, and began to take a part in public life. Keimer died, and the business increased to such an extent that Franklin was able to start a circulating library, the first in America. In 1737 he published his celebrated almanack, under the name of "Richard Saunders," but which was commonly known by the name of "Poor Richard's Almanack."

In 1736 he was chosen clerk of the General Assembly, and soon afterwards deputy-postmaster, and turned his thoughts to public matters. He began by improving the city watch; then he suggested and promoted the establishment of a fire-insurance company, a philosophical society, an academy, and a militia. He was put in the commission of the peace, made an alderman, and a Burgess to represent the city in the Assembly.

We must just glance for a moment at Franklin's scientific labours. In electricity, then a matter of recent discovery in Europe, he took great interest, and became a proficient. His inquiries were particularly directed towards the source of this mysterious agent, and he constructed a theory

of his own, which experience has shown to be correct, and which resulted in the making of an "electrical battery," as he named it, which is now a familiar word to all scientific men. His researches in electricity led him to study the cause of lightning, and this again resulted in the discovery of the lightning conductor. He received great honours in consequence from the scientific societies of England, being awarded the gold medal of the Royal Society for his electrical researches.

Were we to pursue at length the remainder of Franklin's history, we should find the fame of the patriot vying with that of the philosopher in casting a splendour over it, and the originally poor and unknown tradesman standing before kings, associating as an equal with the most eminent statesmen of his time, and arrang-

ing along with them the wars and treaties of mighty nations. When the struggle of American independence commenced, he was sent as ambassador from the United States to the Court of France, where he soon brought about an alliance between the two countries, which produced an immediate war between France and England. In 1783 came the crowning triumph of his life: he signed, on the part of the United States, the treaty of peace with England which recognised their independence. Two years after this he returned to his native country, where he was received with acclamation by his grateful and admiring fellow-citizens, and immediately elected President of the Supreme Executive Council.

Franklin closed his useful and honourable life on the 17th of April, 1790, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

SIR HENRY BESSEMER.



THE career of this famous inventor supplies a striking contrast to that of the great majority of toilers whose work has exercised a marked influence on their time. Far more representative of the race of inventors are the lives of those to whom mankind is indebted for the spinning-mule, the employment of pit-coal in smelting iron, and the art of puddling applied to the same material. All of these fared hardly enough. Scant reward, either in pence or praise, came in their way; and their lives, richly fruitful for others, were spent in sorrowing suspense by those upon whom the burden of them was laid. Poor Cort, the inventor of puddled iron, had a specially miserable life, which appears still more squalid by contrast with that of Sir Henry Bessemer. The latter enjoyed, when he brought his invention before the world, two

great advantages over the suffering army of inventors. Instead of being a humble working man, feeling his way in the dark, he was already well trained in science, a skilful mechanical engineer, and possessed of considerable capital. Previous to his discovery of the process which promises to change the world of iron into one of steel, he had made his mark as an inventor.

Sir Henry is the clever son of a clever father, who was by turns an engineer, a type-founder, and an optician. Young Henry Bessemer, named after Henry Casson, was at first trained as a mechanical engineer, and his first essay in invention was a machine for making Utrecht velvet. Then he made a pair of cutting dies for preventing the frauds practised upon the revenue by transferring stamps from old to new documents. He increased his reputation, but added nothing to his wealth by this discovery; but was far more successful with his improvements in bank-note engraving. Still he was only faring moderately.

in the world when he plumped almost by accident,—accident, by the way, which only happens to skilful people ready to take advantage of it,—upon a considerable fortune. He was one day asked by his sister to buy her some gold at an artists' colour-man's. The price asked for the gold powder astonished him. It was at once too little and too much; too little if the material were gold, too much if it were an alloy of copper. He paid seven shillings for an ounce of it, and then went home and inspected it. Investigation proved that not a single atom of gold entered into its composition, and that its high price arose entirely from the labour of hammering the alloy known as "Dutch metal" into very thin sheets and then grinding these into powder. It occurred at once to his agile mind that this work might be more advantageously done by machinery. Swiftly and silently he went to work to make this gold powder, and failed—failed absolutely. His alloy was perfect, his powder impalpable; but the particles would not reflect light, and the product was useless. Disappointed, he put his project aside for a year, and then, certain of being right this second time, made the working drawings himself for five self-acting machines, and so distributed the work in various towns that no engineer could tell what apparatus his part of it was intended for. When the machines were ready, Mr. Bessemer, with the assistance of two members of his own family, put them together, and at once began to make gold and bronze paint at prices which drove the hand-made material out of the market.

It was the capital accumulated by this industry which enabled Mr. Bessemer to carry on his experiments in steel-making. His discovery can hardly be described as the addition of manganese, or the manganese-iron known as "spiegeleisen" to the molten pig metal. That had been done in India for centuries, and in Sheffield ever since Mr. Marshall Heath, an unfortunate inventor, or rather adapter, introduced it there. Mr. Bessemer's idea was more strictly that of burning out the carbon in

pig iron by exposing it to a tremendous blast, and thus producing a degree of heat deemed at that time impossible. This was the great difficulty of the process, and the sanguine inventor was told over and over again that he was striving in vain against Nature. But he strove nevertheless, and at last solved the beautiful problem of first expelling the carbon from molten pig-iron, and then replacing just sufficient to convert it into steel. This discovery, which has opened new fields to the constructor and enriched the world beyond all computation, has happily brought a substantial reward to the inventor. From the royalties, first of forty, then of twenty shillings, and lastly of half-a-crown per ton, Mr. Bessemer and his partners, who held one-fifth share between them, realised more than a million sterling, besides the profit of their business at Sheffield.

The author of the most important invention of the last quarter of a century has not been overwhelmed with dignities in his native country. Foreigners, both imperial, royal, and scientific, have been anxious to do him justice. It was at one time intended to give him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour; but as the permission to wear it in this country, twice demanded, was twice refused, the late Emperor of the French did not confer the decoration. He was resolved, however, to show his appreciation of Mr. Bessemer in some way, and sent him a magnificent gold medal. The King of Würtemberg also presented him with a medal, and learned societies have showered distinctions upon him. Among these are the Telford Gold Medal awarded by the Institution of Civil Engineers, and the Albert Gold Medal of the Society of Arts. Sir Henry Bessemer is a Knight Commander of the Order of Francis Joseph, the insignia of which were accompanied by a complimentary letter from the Emperor of Austria; and the Americans have called a town after him. The sole recognition of his important services by the Government of his own country, has been the slender honour of knighthood.

AN ITALIAN PATRIOT.



JOSEPH—or, to give him his Italian name, Giuseppe—Mazzini, was born at Genoa, where his father was a physician of note and of good private means. The year of his birth is variously given as 1806, 1808, and 1809. Be this as it may, he was an only son, and his early education was conducted with great care and pains by his parents, who sent him to one of the public schools, and afterwards to the University of his native city. In youth he was noted for the warmth of his friendships, the strength and determination of his will, and the susceptibility of his feelings. From childhood, it is said, sentiments of social equality were fostered in him by his parents. As a youth he was intended for the legal profession; but the strong Liberal opinions he had imbibed as a child, and his conviction that the oppressed condition of his country called for men of action and public spirit, and that a noble course lay open before any one who would give himself up, heart and soul, to the work of reforming her, led him to devote himself to a political career. In his ardent aspirations, for the national unity of Italy, it seemed to him that her deliverance from foreign tyranny was to be achieved only by a return to the Republican glories of ancient times. His patriotic enthusiasm in this direction was fostered by his early studies, which developed in him a passionate idea of the glories of a Republic, and by the success which he had achieved in literature while still little more than a youth. In 1827 appeared his maiden essay, "Dell' Amor Patrio di Dante," which was published in the *Subalpino* and other Liberal journals. But the authorities, perceiving that the periodical literature of Italy was becoming far too strongly tainted with advanced Liberal opinions, suppressed these

journals, and hoped, no doubt, thereby to have silenced their writers also.

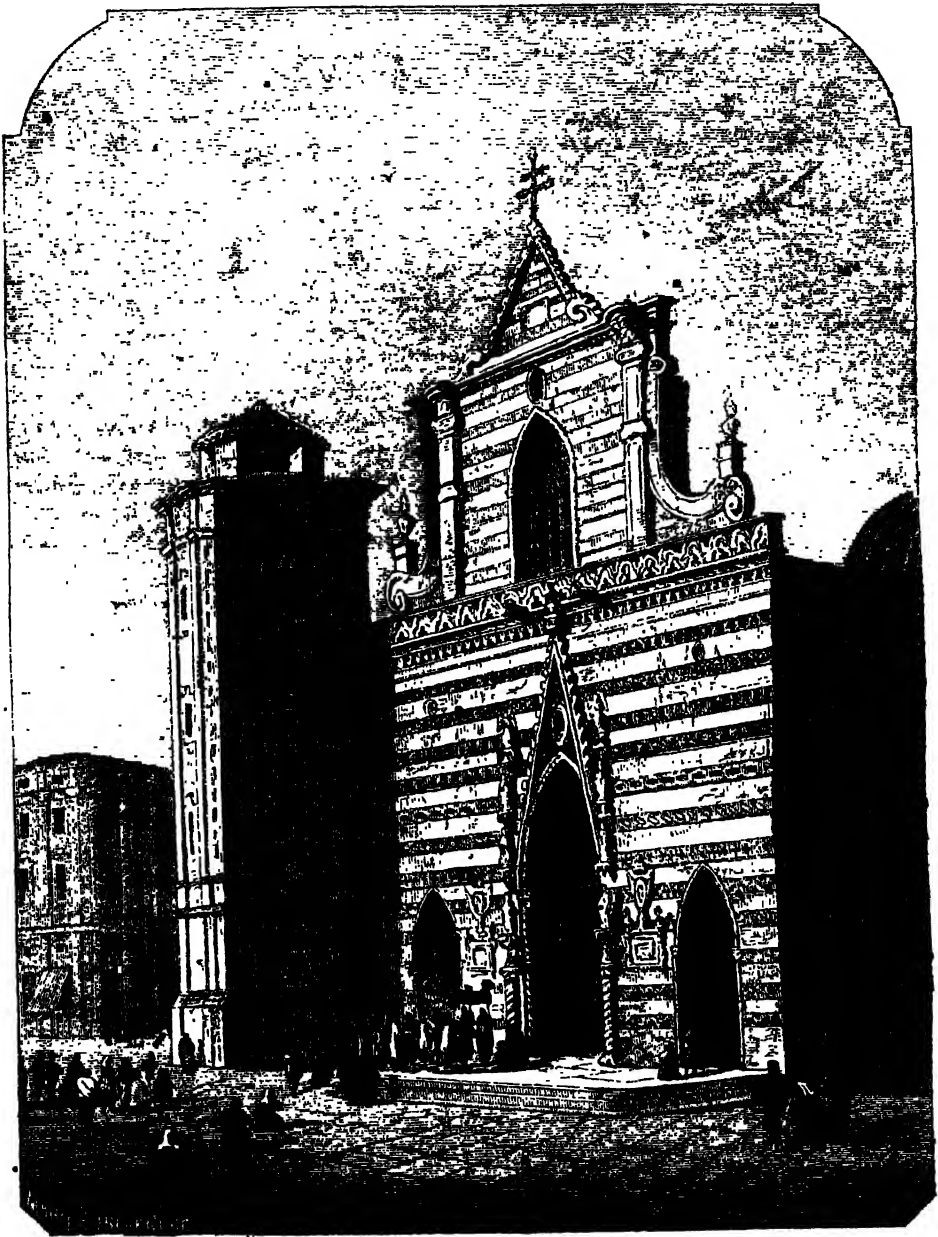
This result, however, by no means followed; they were gagged for the moment, but their voice was left to find an utterance elsewhere. About the year 1830, Mazzini was affiliated to the secret society of the Carbonari, and this affiliation was the introductory step to his subsequent political life; he was active, able, bold, and impetuous, and he soon rose into a position which gave him great influence in the councils of that great body. At one time it appeared as if his career was likely to be cut short, for he was betrayed by a Piedmontese spy, arrested, and detained for six months as a prisoner in the fortress of Savona. He was set free at the end of that time only on condition of quitting Italy, and he came out of captivity to begin a life of "exile and apostleship," as he termed it, by founding the association of *La Giovine Italia*, and starting at the same time, and under that same title, at Marseilles, a monthly journal, the chief end and aim of which was the "regeneration" of Italy. It was about this time, too, that he addressed to Charles Albert the celebrated letter which drew down on him a sentence of perpetual banishment from his native country.

It must be owned, however, that "Young Italy" was an improvement on the Carbonarism which it superseded; at all events, it was more humanitarian—more catholic in its scope. In addition to the Republican union of all Italy under one common system of law, and the extinction of all foreign rule, the general principles of this new League enforced on its members the duty of working for the common "moral regeneration" of Italy and the establishment of political equality, not in the Italian Peninsula only, but throughout Europe and the world. Its watchword was "Liberty, Equality, and Humanity"; its motto: "God

and the People ;" the white, red, and green were adopted as their tricolour ; and it was said that henceforth education and insur-

rection were to supersede assassination as their arms of attack.

Mazzini was the life, soul, and centre of



THE CATHEDRAL OF MESSINA.

this formidable League, which soon spread through the capitals of Europe a network of similar associations, each modified so as

to suit the requirements of the several nations. Mazzini found himself speedily banished from Marseilles, and for several

months he was forced to live in concealment. Still the "Giovine Italia" was not without its effects. Its first fruit was a revolutionary expedition into Savoy, which was organized at Geneva, but defeated by the royal troops. For his own ascertained share in the affair Mazzini was sentenced to death in the Sardinian courts, but he managed to keep his head on his shoulders, and to live to recommence his revolutionary enterprise with renewed vigour and with enlarged aims. His "Young Italy" having been suppressed—at all events for a time—he now founded in Switzerland another association, which he called "New Europe," based on the principles of European rights and the widest enfranchisement of the people. In 1837 he quitted Switzerland and took up his abode in London, which subsequently, for many a long year, he made, for the most part, his head-quarters of operations in the Italian cause. He took, it is almost needless to say, a very prominent part in the great European crisis of 1848—a crisis which, no doubt, he helped as largely as any other man to bring about. In February, 1849, he was elected a member of the Tuscan Provisional Government, and in the following month he was chosen one of the Triumvirate of Rome amid the rejoicings of Italy. His presence at Rome was the more welcome because his ideas had long preceded him, thither, and, indeed, may be said to have aided in that revolution of which Rome was then the triumphant scene.

It has been the fashion to consider Mazzini as a simple destructive, as a man able and willing to pull down, but not to build up. It deserves, however, to be remembered in his favour that, true to the best part of the principles propounded in the literature of his "Young Italy," Mazzini's tenure of the supreme authority at Rome was marked by such wisdom and moderation, and attended with such consequent success, as to elicit a public tribute of admiration from the lips of so conservative a statesman as Lord Palmerston. He was the mainspring of the de-

fence of Rome against the French; and on the surrender of that city Mazzini quitted Italy and took up his abode at Lausanne, in Switzerland.

At this period he made his name famous in France by addressing to M. de Tocqueville and other French statesmen some most bitter and reproachful letters on the high-handed policy pursued in that country; and finding his continental residence too hot to hold him, he returned to London, not, however, with any idea of abandoning his long-cherished hopes for Italian unity. It was at his instigation that the insurrections at Milan in 1853, and in Piedmont some three or four years later, were attempted. In 1859, while lending the whole weight of his influence to the revolutionary movements in Italy, he opposed with vigilance and foresight the threatened predominance of France in the south of Europe, and refused to place faith in the Liberal programme of the French Emperor. The Sicilian expedition of 1860 owed perhaps as much to the subtle prudence and secret organization of Mazzini as to the personal heroism of Garibaldi, with whom at one time, shortly after the return of the Austrians to Milan, he wandered about as a volunteer.

During the latter years of his life Mazzini's health was such as to help to keep him in comparative seclusion, although he still contrived to exercise a considerable, though silent, influence on the affairs of the Continent. Once, at least, he was elected by Messina as its representative, but he declined or neglected to take his seat, and the election, consequently, was declared informal. Early in 1872 he took up his residence at Geneva, where he might occasionally have been seen, shattered in health, and able to walk about on bright sunny days only by the help of a stick.

Mazzini was a copious writer. The list of his works fills nearly ten pages of the catalogue of the British Museum. A perfect master not only of Italian but of French and of English literature, he became years ago a commentator upon

Dante, the author of works on philosophy, and a constant contributor to some of the most thoughtful periodical literature in Paris and in London. He could spare time from his philosophic study to provide for the relief and education of the poor Italian organ-boys who wander about the streets of London; and he would turn from the warfare of politics to write in his *Apostolato Popolare*, for the benefit of Italian workmen, sermons "on the duties of man."

In private life Giuseppe Mazzini was accomplished and courteous, and gifted

with a genial manner, which won regard almost instantly, at least unconsciously. In London he lived in the humblest manner, occupying often only a single room, and generously bestowing the earnings of his pen on the cause which ever lay nearest to his heart. His tall, gaunt form, long face, and high, narrow forehead must be familiar to many; and, whatever we may think of his political opinions, few will be disposed to question the sincerity, even to fanaticism, of his devotion to one idea—the cause of Italian unity.

HUGH MILLER AND HIS WORKS.



HE enduring nature of the fame of Hugh Miller is attested by the fact that new editions of his works have been repeatedly issued, and have been eagerly received by the public. Whoever wishes to become acquainted with one of the most important and at the same time fascinating of the sciences through the instructions of one of the most

accurately observant and luminously eloquent men that ever cultivated geology, cannot do better than possess himself of the *Life and Works of Hugh Miller*.

The career of Hugh Miller repays study perhaps as well as that of any man of the present century. Born in humble circumstances, he seemed at first to throw away what advantages he had. He was a trifter and a truant at school, and grew up a turbulent, headstrong, wilful youth. But the bent of nature towards letters might have been detected by a keen and intelligent eye even in the schoolmaster-defying schoolboy. Reading was from his infancy a passion with him. He began to write soon after he began to read; and all kinds of scribbling—rhyme and prose—were as delightful to him as the most exciting sport.

He was also initiated, from the time when he could "toddle," in the mysteries of the sea-shore, and loved to trot beside his Uncle Sandy while that ardent student of nature—unread in books but rich in knowledge, which he had himself deciphered in nature's volume—taught him to hunt for crabs, to tell the varieties of sea-weed, to note the habits of the cuttle-fish. At seventeen he exhibited the extraordinary spectacle of a youth who, from having utterly neglected his school education, was unfit for anything but a trade or handicraft, but who nevertheless was familiar with a very considerable portion of English literature, had begun to observe in science, had written great quantities of rhyme and prose, and thought that if only, amid intervals of toil, he could find leisure for his beloved writing, he would be as happy as possible. At this period he had never dreamed of seeking a wider sphere of life than his native Cromarty. That village, where he was born in the second year of the century, is now associated in every civilized country with his name.

Bound apprentice to a mason, Hugh Miller found that the discipline of toil could do for him what the formal discipline of a school had totally failed to do. He became steady, docile, thoughtful; and the affection

which, beneath all his turbulence, had always lurked in his nature, showed itself in a deep and winning gentleness which characterized him during the whole remaining portion of his life. He had been for a good many years a journeyman mason when he printed a small volume of verse with the humble title—"Poems by a Journeyman Mason." A few of the pieces in this volume, the lines, for example, to a dial in an old churchyard, have become classical, and are likely to live in collections of English poetry. The general level of the book, however, was not high, and Miller, who had trained himself by reading to be an accomplished critic, decided that he was no poet. Turning his attention more steadily to prose, he published in the *Inverness Courier* a series of letters on the herring fishery, which attracted much notice, and were republished. He set about the composition also of a work, partly historical, partly legendary, on Cromarty. Meanwhile his verses and letters made him known, and procured him many friends. In 1835 he finally threw down the hammer and took up the pen, not yet indeed in capacity of author, but in that of clerk in a bank. In the same year his "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland" was published in Edinburgh. The work received high applause, but was not a striking success from the bookseller's point of view.

Meanwhile literature was giving place to science as the supreme devotion of Hugh Miller. In the few last years of his residence in Cromarty he studied geology, both in books and in the field, with intense and sustained application. The excitement of the Non-Intrusion Controversy, which issued in the formation of the Free Church of Scotland, was but an episode in Hugh Miller's pursuit of science. He felt most strongly upon the Church question. His whole heart was with the Evangelical party. His letter to Lord Brougham, on his speech unfavourable to the claims of that party, was most effective in arousing the people of Scotland to side with the Non-Intrusionists. He fought heart and soul for his Church

in the editorial chair of the *Witness* newspaper. But whenever he found breathing time he returned to his fossils; and he had not been a year in Edinburgh before he had made a reputation among the eminent geologists of his time.

As a geological writer he blended observation of fact with brilliancy of imagination more than any writer had done before him, or than any writer has done since his death. While other men gave catalogues he painted pictures, and yet his pictures were as accurate as their catalogues. The following passage, entitled "A Geological Voyage," was suggested to him by his discovery of fossil wood of a high type in the Old Red Sandstone. Mr. Miller presumes the tree of which it formed a part to have stood on the first land that appeared in our planet. All geologists now believe that dry land existed in the Silurian period, which preceded the Old Red Sandstone.

"We sail upwards into the high geologic zones, passing from ancient to still more ancient scenes of being; and as we voyage along, find ever in the surrounding prospect, as in the existing scene from which we set out, a graceful intermixture of land and water, continent, river, and sea. We first coast along the land of the Tertiary, inhabited by the strange quadrupeds of Cuvier, and waving with the reeds and palms of the Paris Basin; the land of the Wealden, with its gigantic iguanodon rustling amid its tree-ferns and its cycadeæ, comes next; then comes the green land of the Oolite, with its little pouched insectivorous quadruped, its flying reptiles, its vast jungles of the Brora equisetum, and its forests of the Helensdale pine; and then, dimly, as through a haze, we mark, as we speed on, the thinly scattered islands of the New Red Sandstone, and pick up in our course a large floating leaf, veined like that of a cabbage, which not a little puzzles the botanists of the expedition. And now we near the vast Carboniferous continent, and see, along the undulating outline between us and the sky, the strange forms of a vegetation, compared with which that of every

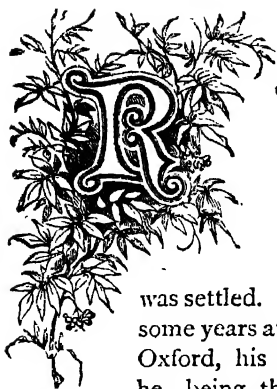
previously seen land seems stunted and poor. We speed day after day along endless forests, in which gigantic club-mosses wave in air a hundred feet over head, and skirt interminable marshes, in which thickets of reeds overtop the mast-head. And, where mighty rivers come rolling to the sea, we mark, through the "long-retiring vistas which they open into the interior, the higher grounds of the country covered with coniferous trees, and see doddered trunks of vast size, like those of Granton and Craigleith, reclining under the banks in deep muddy reaches, with their decaying tops turned adown the current. At length the furthestmost promontory of this long range of coast comes full in view; we near it—we have come up abreast of it; we see the shells of the Mountain Limestone glittering white along its farther shore, and the green depths under our keel lightened by the flush of innumerable corals; and then, bidding farewell to the land for ever,"—for so the geologists of but five years ago would have advised,—“we launch into the unmeasured ocean of the Old Red, with its three consecutive zones of animal life. Not a single patch of land more do those geologic charts exhibit which we still regard as new. The zones of the Silurian and Cambrian succeed the zones of the Old Red; and, darkly fringed by an obscure bank of cloud ranged along the last zone in the series, a night that never dissipates settles down upon the deep. Our voyage, like that of the old fabulous navigators of five centuries ago, terminates on the sea in a thick darkness, beyond which there lies no shore and there dawns no light. And it is in the middle of this vast ocean, just where the last zone of the Old Red leans against the first zone of the Silurian, that we have succeeded in discovering a solitary island unseen before—a shrub-bearing land, much enveloped in fog, but with hills that at least

look like green in the distance. There are patches of floating sea-weed much comminuted by the surf all around it; and on one projecting headland we see clear through our glasses a cone-bearing tree.”

Hugh Miller may be pronounced the ablest and most successful of those who have endeavoured to prove that harmony exists between the Bible and modern science. Having done his own Church yeoman's service in her struggle for spiritual freedom, he stepped into a wider arena, and contended, on behalf of the whole Church of Christ, for the truth and integrity of the Revelation made by God in His word.

We have not space to describe and characterise all the valuable works which Hugh Miller gave to the world: the “Old Red Sandstone,” a book which placed him at once in the most illustrious company as a man of science and a popular writer; “First Impressions of England and its People,” being the reminiscences of a tour, and containing some of the finest descriptive passages in our language; the “Footprints of the Creator,” an eloquent and triumphant antidote to that pernicious volume, “The Vestiges of Creation;” and his last, but perhaps his best, work “The Testimony of the Rocks.”

In the act of writing Hugh Miller was slow, every word having been wrung from his brain with dire difficulty. Yet how beautiful and captivating the result! His style has all the charm of Goldsmith's sweetness, with the infusion of a rich vigour that stamps it with an air of originality. He is one of the few writers who have successfully conjoined the graces of literature with the formal details of science; and, greater praise than all, his works were consecrated to the cause of revealed truth and the best interests of humanity. He “lived as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye.”



"THE HAMMER OF THE DUTCH."

ROBERT BLAKE was born in 1599, at Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, where his father, who had been a Spanish merchant, was settled. After he had spent some years at Wadham College, Oxford, his father died; and he, being the eldest son, returned to Bridgewater and lived in a retired manner on the estate which he inherited. Although known for his attachment to Puritan principles, he took no part in public affairs till 1640, when he was returned for Bridgewater to the Parliament which met for a few weeks in the early part of that year. But he failed in being re-elected for the one by which it was followed—the celebrated Long Parliament, which was destined to act so memorable a part. He was employed, however, in the war between the King and the nation which soon after broke out, and distinguished himself by his military talent on various occasions.

But it was on another element that his fame was to be chiefly gathered. It was in 1649, when he was fifty years of age, that he was first invested with a command at sea. The expedition on which he was sent was directed against Prince Rupert, whom he pursued from Kinsale, in Ireland, to the Tagus, and thence to Malaga, on the southern coast of Spain, where he scattered or destroyed nearly the whole of his fleet. On his return to England after this victory, which he had achieved in spite of the opposition of both Spain and Portugal, he was appointed to the honourable office of Warden of the Cinque Ports.

In the beginning of the year 1652, when the nation was preparing for war with Holland, Blake was the man who was chosen to be invested with the chief command of

the fleet. Hostilities soon commenced, and Blake found himself opposed by the most celebrated admiral of the age, Van Tromp, at the head of one of the finest equipments that had ever been sent out by the first naval power in the world.

In the beginning of May, Van Tromp appeared in the Channel with forty-five fine men of war; and, by way of defiance, took up his station in Dover Roads. The fleet under Blake's command consisted of only twenty-six sail; but on the 9th he boldly advanced against the enemy, who weighed anchor at his approach, and in reply to three successive guns, which he fired without ball, as a signal for them to strike their flag, ranged themselves in order of battle. A desperate fight ensued, which lasted from four in the afternoon till night, and the result was that the Dutch, after losing two of their ships, beat a retreat.

The next great affair with the enemy, in which Blake was engaged, took place on the 29th of November. On that day he was again met in the Channel by Van Tromp, now, at the head of a fleet of seventy men-of-war, and six fire-ships. Blake's force scarcely exceeded half that of his opponent's; but, scorning to run away, he determined to try once more what the gallantry of the English sailors could do under the conduct of a captain who had before led them on to victory through so unequal a strife. And perhaps his courage might have been again crowned with success; but, besides being obliged to contend throughout the engagement with an adverse wind, he himself unfortunately received a wound which partially disabled him, and threw a part of his forces into disorder. The consequence was, that after a conflict which lasted from eight in the morning till night, the English found themselves obliged to retreat, and to take refuge partly in the Downs and partly in the

Thames. Although the circumstances were such as to remove from it all disgrace, Blake probably felt this defeat severely, especially as it was followed by the most arrogant and insulting conduct on the part of the Dutch admiral, who immediately made his way through the Channel, bearing the ensign of a broom fastened to his main-topmast, as if to signify that he had swept the seas of English ships.

But in the February following, the English hero, having employed the interval with admirable diligence in repairing his ships, again put to sea with a fleet of sixty sail, and soon after encountered his old adversary at the head of seventy men-of-war, and having three hundred merchantmen under convoy.

The battle this time was far more obstinate than any that had yet been fought between them. For three days the two armaments, running up the Channel together, scarcely interrupted their furious fire; when at last, on the fourth morning, the Dutch, having lost eleven of their ships of war and thirty merchantmen, while only one of the English vessels was destroyed, took flight for the coast of Holland.

Having thus asserted the dominion of his countrymen over the surrounding seas, Blake returned to England, and was received both by the Protector and the people with all respect and honour. Some time before this, Cromwell had dismissed the Long Parliament, and openly assumed arbitrary power; but Blake, being at sea when the change took place, grieved and indignant as his spirit must have felt, restrained himself from giving expression to his sentiments; and calling his officers together, merely remarked to them, that, with the enemy yet unsubdued, they had clearly in the meantime only one duty to perform. "It is not for us," said he, "to mind state affairs, but to keep the foreigners from fooling us."

In the Parliament which assembled in September, 1654, Blake was returned for Bridgewater; and he sat in the House till 1656, when he was despatched with a fleet

to the Mediterranean, to chastise Spain for certain insults which that Power had offered to the English flag. He acquitted himself in this expedition with his usual ability, but after having done great injury to the marine of the enemy, and taken many rich prizes, he was attacked by an illness which rapidly enfeebled him, and from which indeed he soon felt he could not recover. He exerted himself, however, as long as his strength would allow, and even engaged in a new enterprise against Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe, which was attended with splendid success, after it had become evident that this would be his last service of gallantry to his country.

He then set sail for England; and as life was fast ebbing, the only and constant wish he expressed was, that he might once more rest his eyes, for however short a space, on the shores of his native land before closing them for ever. His wish, and no more, was granted. He expired as the fleet was entering Plymouth Sound, on the 27th of August, 1657.

A true model in all things of a British sailor, Blake had been during his life as prodigal of his money among his comrades as of his personal exertions in the service of his country; and notwithstanding the ample opportunities he had had of enriching himself, it was found that he had not increased his paternal fortune by so much as £500. A magnificent public funeral, and the interment of his body in Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey, testified the grief of England for the loss of her gallant defender; but among the many outrages which disgraced the triumph of the Restoration, it was one of the very meanest that Blake's mouldering remains were removed from the honourable resting-place thus assigned to them, and deposited in the neighbouring churchyard of St. Margaret. They could not, however, remove his glory from the page of the national history, nor bury among common and forgotten things the name and actions of one who deserves to be regarded as the founder of the naval greatness of England.

THE "CAPTAIN" TURRET SHIP.



HE ill-fated *Captain*, designed and built by Messrs. Laird Brothers on Captain Cowper Coles' turret principle, was named after the old *Captain*, 74 guns, which was commanded by Nelson, at the battle of Cape St. Vincent, from which he boarded and took the *San Joseph*, 112 guns, and the *Nicholas*, 84 guns.

The old *Captain* was what was called a 74 gun 24-pounder ship, of 1880 tons burden, carrying four 32-pounder carronades on the upper deck, the rest of her guns being 24, 18, and 9-pounders; whilst its later namesake carried only 6 guns, four of which were 600-pounders, weighing 25 tons each, from which it may be gathered that one of her 600-lb. shot weighed as much as one broadside thrown by the old *Captain*. In number of men, however, the old ship had the advantage, her complement being 674, against the new *Captain's* 500 men.

In April, 1866, the Admiralty having submitted the names of seven ship-building firms to Captain Coles, that gentleman selected Messrs. Laird Brothers, and, in conjunction with them, prepared the drawings, which were approved by the Admiralty, for a seagoing turret cruiser, showing the application of his invention to this class of vessel, and after these designs the new *Captain* was constructed, the contract having been signed in February, 1867.

The vessel was built in five water-tight compartments, each turret, of which there were two, having a compartment to itself, containing its engine, magazine, and shot and shell complete. The hull itself was plated with 7 inches of armour, on a 12-inch backing of East Indian teak, and an inner skin of $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch iron; for about 40 ft. abreast of each turret the armour plating

was 8 inches thick. The main deck was also protected, having a plating of 1-inch and $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch iron, covered with 6-inch oak planking.

The turrets, the most important part of the vessel, measured 27 ft. in diameter externally, 22 ft. 6 in. internally, and were plated with thicknesses of 9 and 10 inches of iron. Each turret carried two 600-pounder 25-ton guns, and the armament was completed by two 7-inch $6\frac{1}{2}$ -ton chase guns, mounted respectively in the poop and forecastle. The turret guns were mounted on iron carriages and slides made on Captain Coles' plan, with the addition of Col. Clerk's hydraulic compressor. The slides, which were also of iron, on the lowering and raising system invented by Captain Coles, for giving extreme elevation, with a minimum porthole, were constructed by Messrs. Laird Brothers, and were worked by a neat arrangement of two hydraulic rams.

The turrets were supported by a strong girder on the lower deck, and revolved on a series of rollers, being kept in position by a solid wrought-iron central spindle, securely fixed in the lower deck, and passing down to the orlop-deck; both steam and hand gear were fitted to the turrets, the former could be worked either by the captain of the turret when taking aim, or by a lever on the orlop-deck, the turret making a complete revolution in half a minute, thus enabling the guns to be brought to bear with great rapidity, or the port turned away from the enemy's fire when loading.

A spar or upper deck, 24 feet broad, connected the poop and forecastle, so that the whole of the ropes were worked, boats stowed, anchors catted and fished, and all work connected with navigating and sailing the ship carried on upon this deck without in any way interfering with the working and fighting of the turrets.



CAPTAIN COWPER PHIPPS COLES.

The ship was fully rigged with Captain Coles' tripod masts, spreading a large area of canvas, 33,000 square feet under all plain sail, being as much as any first-rate three-decker. The ship's company and general accommodation was on the lower deck, very similar to that of an old frigate, with the exception of the captain's cabin and those of the superior officers, which were under the poop. The forecabin was utilised for working the cables, sick-bay, seamen's berths, wash-places, etc., and all had the appearance of good ventilation and great comfort. She had a roomy pilot-house coming above the spar deck, from which a good view was obtained, so that the ship could be conned from it and taken into very close action, the fighting-wheel

being underneath it, and there being a complete system for communicating orders to all parts of the ship both from the pilot-house and bridge by means of the atmospheric telegraph.

In addition to her heavy gun armament, the *Captain* was armed with a formidable wrought-iron stem, which did not, however, attain the proportions of a "beak," although it was prolonged quite far enough to do effective service. In place of the hinged bulwarks that were fitted to previously built turret ships, the *Captain* had simple iron stanchions, with ridge ropes, which were allowed to fall into a gutter on the main deck on going into action. On the upper deck, however, there were standing bulwarks where the hammocks were stowed,

making a rampart for riflemen ; and on this deck also were rocket tubes and stands.

The following were the dimensions of the vessel :—Length over all, 335 ft. ; between perpendiculars, 320 ft. ; breadth extreme, 53 ft. 3 in. ; tonnage, 4,272 tons. The engines were two separate pairs of 900 collective horse power, driving twin screws, working up to 5,400 indicated horse power. They were double trunk engines, each pair driving a separate two-bladed screw propeller 17 ft. in diameter.

Captain Cowper Phipps Coles entered the navy in 1831, and obtained his captain's commission in 1856. Having served through the Crimean war, and received both his commander's and captain's commissions for war services, he was complimented for gallant conduct at the attacks on Sebastopol and Taganrog, and received the thanks of the Admiralty for designing and constructing a raft to carry a 32-pounder called the *Lady Nancy*, which was used with great

effect in the sea of Azoff. It was the steadiness of this raft as a gun platform that suggested to Captain Coles his invention of the turret and low freeboard, and since that time he gave up his whole time and attention to elaborating what is known as the "turret system," and its adaptation both for coast defence and sea-going cruisers.

The terrible disaster that befel the *Captain* will long be remembered. On the morning of the 7th of September, 1870, while on a cruise in the Bay of Biscay, she foundered in a gale off Cape Finisterre. When the day broke the squadron was somewhat scattered, and only ten ships instead of eleven could be discerned. Search was made in all directions by the ships of the squadron, but nothing was seen of the missing ship. Afterwards portions of wreckage belonging to the *Captain* were picked up, and the body of a seaman. Captain Coles, Captain Burgoyne, and the son of Mr. Childers were amongst those lost.

MILES STANDISH.

THIS remarkable man, so renowned in the early history of New England, emigrated from Lancashire, where he was born about the year 1584. He was by birth a gentleman, and the heir to a large estate. The family could boast an illustrious line of ancestors. In the conflict between Catholicism and Protestantism, there was a division in the family. The Catholic portion resided at Standish Hall ; the Protestants at Duxbury Hall. The united annual income of the two amounted to about £100,000.

Miles was probably the legal heir of all this property. By gross injustice he was defrauded of it. It is supposed that, in consequence of this, he enlisted in a British regiment, which was garrisoned in a town in the Netherlands. Here he attached himself to the English exiles, who in Leyden had

found refuge from ecclesiastical oppression. He joined the first company of pilgrims who sailed from Delft Haven for England, and thence for America, and was their unanimously recognised military leader. His sagacity and courage contributed much to the success of their enterprise.

When the *Mayflower*, on Saturday morning, November 11, 1620, entered the dreary harbour of Cape Cod, the chill winds of winter swept the frozen plains. Captain Standish, with a party of sixteen, was immediately sent on shore to explore the region. They were all strongly armed, as it was apprehended that they might encounter hostile Indians. In the evening they returned with a very discouraging report. They could find no good harbour, no timber but stunted oaks and pines, no fertile soil, no fresh water.

The next Wednesday, Captain Standish.

was sent with a party of fifteen men, well armed and provisioned for a more extended tour. It was deemed a hazardous enterprise, as they might meet hundreds, perhaps thousands of savage warriors. Every man was armed with musket, sword, and corslet. Cautiously they followed down the inner or western coast of the cape. They had proceeded but about a mile, when they came upon seven Indians. The savages fled into the woods. The pilgrims, anxious to open friendly relations with them, vigorously pursued. Night came. The pilgrims constructed a rude camp, which should be also a fort, established their sentinels, built a rousing fire, wrapped themselves in their blankets, and slept soundly, though it was severely cold. They were gone three days on this expedition. Having encountered many strange adventures and much hardship, they again returned with a disheartening report—no harbour, no timber, no fertile soil, no fresh water.

The next Monday the shallop was fitted out, and twenty-four of the colonists and ten of the seamen set out for a tour of observation, which it was hoped they would extend till they found a suitable spot for the establishment of their colony. Captain Standish was the military commander. It was one of the most dismal of winter days, with dark clouds, a rough sea, freezing gales, and flurries of rain and sleet. Their sufferings were great, and their adventures, into the details of which we cannot here enter, were very wonderful.

At length they entered Plymouth Bay.

Miles Standish led the party, which explored the shore up and down. It was decided, that, all things considered, it was best to accept the bay, which they named Plymouth, as their location. The pilgrims landed there and commenced their little village. The savages were lurking around them. The ever-increasing light of their fires illumining the distant horizon, indicated their increasing numbers. Miles Standish took four men and plunged into the forest to find them. The savages avoided him. Not long after two men

were lost in the woods. It was feared they had been captured by the Indians. Captain Standish took twelve men to seek their rescue. No traces of them could be found. They subsequently returned emaciated and worn, having been lost.

Sickness and death were making terrible ravages. One of the first victims was Rose, the beautiful wife of Miles Standish. There were but seven men left capable of bearing arms. A hundred, or even a thousand armed savages might at any moment rush upon them. Captain Standish assigned to every man his post of duty. On the 21st of March, two savages again appeared on the hill. They were thoroughly armed, and brandished their weapons. Again Standish with one companion advanced to meet them. Again they fled. Not long after this, Massasoit, king of the Wampanoags, came to visit the pilgrims. He came with a powerful retinue. Captain Standish with six men advanced to meet him, and escorted him to an unfinished log-house in the village.

In August it was ascertained that an Indian tribe, under their chief Corbitante, was meditating an attack upon the colony. Miles Standish took ten men and set out for Namasket to arrest the chief. Guided by a friendly Indian, at black midnight, in a storm of wind and rain, they reached the little Indian village. Surrounding the lodge where Corbitante was supposed to live, Captain Standish with four men rushed into the hut sword in hand. By the dim light of the embers they saw the floor to be covered with sleeping Indians, men, women, and children. A scene of consternation ensued. The door was guarded that none could escape. A bright fire was kindled and the hut carefully searched. Corbitante was not there. But the hostile Indians were appalled; the friendly ones were encouraged. Standish returned with his triumphant band to Plymouth. Corbitante himself was so affrighted, that he sent in a messenger to make in his name a treaty of friendship.

The blue hills of Milton, forty miles from

Plymouth, were then called Mount Massachusetts. Rumours reached the pilgrims that a powerful tribe there was preparing for hostile measures. Captain Standish was sent to establish, if possible, friendly relations. There were many hundred warriors in this tribe. Captain Standish took with him nine colonists, and three Indians as interpreters. To take advantage of the tide they sailed in the shallop at midnight. A voyage of sixty miles was before them. After many strange adventures they reached the lodge of the chief. The Indians were won by the gentle carriage of the colonists and their protestations of friendship. Eagerly they exchanged their furs for the valuable commodities which Standish brought with him.

Standish returned from his mission of peace, greatly delighted with what he had seen. "The country of Massachusetts," said he, "is the paradise of all these parts."

A few weeks passed away when rumours came that Canonicus, the powerful chief of the Narragansets, was plotting hostilities. He could lead five thousand warriors into the field. The savage chief had some sense of honour. He sent a challenge. It consisted of a bundle of arrows wrapped in the skin of a rattlesnake. Standish understood it, and while directing the messenger to say to Canonicus that they wished to live at peace with him, to show the absence of all fear, they sent back as their defiant reply, the skin filled with powder and bullets. The colonists were, however, much alarmed. Though they had increased in numbers, there were but fifty men capable of bearing arms. The village was immediately palisaded. Four companies were organized, of twelve men each. These preparations, and other vigorous measures adopted by Standish, so alarmed Canonicus, that he did not venture upon an attack.

A sudden increase of the colony found them in want of corn. It was then midwinter. Icy gales swept the ocean, dashing the surge upon the snow-drifted beach. Captain Standish sailed in the shallop with six men for Sandwich harbour. They

succeeded in entering, but were immediately frozen in. The villainous conduct of the Weymouth colonists had exasperated the savages. Captain Standish found himself encountering only angry looks. The cold was so severe that they were compelled to accept a shelter of the Indian wigwams. In the night the boat was robbed. Captain Standish marched his six well-armed men to the lodge of the chief. He found him in company with many of his warriors. Leaving his guard at the door, he entered and said to the chief:

"I shall not inflict the slightest injustice upon the Indians; I shall not tolerate any from them. Unless the goods are immediately restored I shall hold the chief responsible." They were all brought back. A south wind drove out the ice, and the boat returned to Plymouth laden with corn.

Ten years had now passed away. The colony at Plymouth was widely expanded, and other colonies were established. Captain Standish selected a very attractive spot in Duxbury, where he laid out a farm and built him a house.

Standish was chosen one of the seven assistants of the governor. About this time occurred the celebrated event which Longfellow has immortalized in his beautiful poem of the "Courtship of Miles Standish." Upon his pleasant farm he spent the remainder of his days. Whenever troubles of a military or a civil nature arose, the sagacity and energy of Miles Standish were called into requisition. The distinguished and beloved clergyman, William Brewster, was the life-long friend of Standish, and their farms were side by side.

This distinguished man died on the 3rd of October, 1656. His name has ever since, and ever will be, prominent in the early annals of America. Upon the farm he cultivated there is a pleasant eminence, called the Captain's Hill. On the 17th of August, 1871, a very large gathering of his descendants met to consecrate this spot, for a monument to be reared to his memory.

AN ASCENT OF VESUVIUS BY RAIL.



THE following graphic account of a night ascent of Vesuvius, June, 1880, by the recently opened railway will be read with interest :

"It is half-past seven in the evening. We have just reached the Observatory half-way up Vesuvius. We left Naples nearly three hours ago, having first procured tickets at the office of

the Funicular Railway, as it is officially called. They cost twenty francs each, and for this sum the company is bound to take us from Naples to the top of the railway and back again. We are a party of ten, and have been provided with two large carriages, each drawn by three horses. We have traversed the often described route from Naples to the Observatory, and are just entering the new road made by the company to the foot of the cone. Close to the Observatory is a little house for the carabinieri who guard this road. Its walls are built of lava, and faced half-way up by slabs of lava-scum, which is the upper surface of a lava stream, and with its fantastic markings and corrugations, and almost black colour, forms an agreeable contrast to the red wash of the upper part of the little tenement. The walls which support or border the road in precipitous parts are also made of rough blocks of lava. Soon after passing this house, we come to a gate and ticket office, where we have to show the tickets we bought at Naples. Two carabinieri accompany us part of the way to the station. We had left Naples blazing in scorching sunlight, but now, as we look back, the west is streaked with clouds, and before us the mists are trailing their white skirts along the black and ragged lava fields, often hiding the cone of Vesuvius from sight. At intervals it appears between the

rents, glorified in the rays of the setting sun till it looks like gold ; while light and shadow play in a wonderful manner over the desert wastes around us, rendering it now black, now a rich brown colour. All the way, as we ascended, the changes of colour in the landscape were like those of an opal.

No photograph can give, beyond the mere outline, any idea of Vesuvius. Seen even from Naples, no one would imagine the diversity of hill and ravine, of cave and hollow, the dense blackness of the scoria, the vivid colour of the wild flowers amongst it, and the rich green of the trees wherever a little damp has been able to collect in some undisturbed valley. Little oases nestle between the cruel streams which from time to time have devastated this fertile land. But now we have passed all traces of the least vegetation, and we enter the cloud which has been so long curling before us. As we look back we see the curve of the shore at Naples, the sea and the city gleaming in a mist of gold from below the now grey fringes of this cloud. The scenery around us is very wild, and reminds us of some mountain pass in northern countries. The cloud becomes so dense that we fear we are fated to see nothing more. The air is damp and chill, and we are glad to draw our plaids around us. We traverse the well-made though desolate road, which is about two miles and a half long, gradually ascending as it winds, in about half an hour ; and reach the station at the foot of the cone, 2,650 feet above the level of the sea, just after eight o'clock.

It is now nearly dark, but we have already issued from the cloud, which lies scattered and melting away at our feet, permitting us to see the sea, flecked with similar vapours, and to follow the dark line of coast far below to where the lights of Naples begin to cluster at the curve of the

bay. But we have no time to loiter now. We are in a hurry to examine the famous railway. Groups of picturesquely dressed workmen stand about and soon direct us to the station close at hand. Imagine yourself at the foot of a steep staircase, which, however, is no staircase but a smooth inclined plane. Where the lowest steps of the stairs would have been, stands, or rather hangs, a pretty little carriage divided into two equal compartments, and built of light polished wood in the style of a tramway carriage. The roof and bottom run parallel with the inclined plane upon which it stands, but the floors and seats are horizontal, and naturally the floor of the upper compartment is nearly a yard above that of the lower compartment, for the inclined plane is at an angle of about forty-five degrees. To reach these different levels a platform runs round the station at the height of the door of the upper compartment, and a few steps lead down to the little landing place from which you enter the lower one. Where the inclined plane ends there is a cross beam with four buffers, but the plane becomes a level, running under the station. You look down and see some ropes disappearing under a wall. You look out at the back of the station and see the inclined plane going up and up, seemingly perpendicularly, till it disappears in the darkness. A small star of light is all you can see of the upper station.

The inclined plane, 2,400 feet in length, is formed of strong beams of wood, firmly fixed together, across and diagonally, and forming a compact mass from top to bottom. On it again are fixed two long oak beams, each twenty-six centimetres broad and forty-seven deep, with one rail on the top, and another running along the bottom of each side. These form the two lines of a single top rail for the two carriages. The top rail is the one on which the carriage runs. The carriage is mounted on two wheels placed one in front and one behind, like a bicycle. Beneath the carriage, one on each side, are two other wheels placed diagonally, which run along the two rails at the sides of the

long oak beam, and thus preserve the equilibrium of the carriage. But these wheels are not used as brakes, as is the case in some other systems of mountain railways. Each carriage has a strong brake in front, with a seat above for the conductor. This brake is provided with diamond points, which, in case of accident, would so grasp and penetrate the oak beam as to stop the carriage, even on such a steep incline, almost instantaneously.

The ropes which drag the carriages are about three inches in diameter, and composed of forty-nine steel wires, with a hempen centre cord. They are attached to the front of the carriage, and run on rollers at each side of the line, which keep them in place. They are always in a state of tension, for the carriages ascend and descend alternately, one always being at the top while the other is at the bottom, each on its own line. There are two ropes, and as each is capable of sustaining a weight of 25,000 kilogrammes, while the weight they have to pull is only 5,000, it is clear that if one broke the other would be quite sufficient to sustain the weight of the carriages. Under the station are the immense wheels round which the ropes run, three for each rope, one placed horizontally and two perpendicularly. Three other wheels communicate the motive power from the engine, which, with the boiler, is in a separate part of the building. At the upper station there are only two horizontal wheels to guide the ropes. All friction is carefully prevented by various ingenious means. On entering the carriage you feel it slightly sway from side to side, but while in motion it is very steady, only creaking and jerking a little as it passes over the joints of the rails. There is scarcely any noise, the loudest proceeding from the rollers at each side of the line. If you do not look out of the window you have no other sensation than that of moving forward, not up or down.

After inspecting the line and the carriages, we went to the pretty restaurant close by. It is decorated in Pompeian

style; has an open portico, supported by two columns and paved with tiles, in the centre a mosaic with the inscription "Salve." At one side a tragic mask on the wall forms the letter-box, for there are both post-office and telegraph-office here. There are a large centre room with many tables, three private dining-rooms, a bureau, and a kitchen, all lighted with gasoline. We were provided with a very good dinner, which we had ordered by telegraph from Naples. This dinner, with wines and coffee after, cost us eighty francs, but it was a dinner of seven courses; and if one considers that everything has to be transported to this height, it will not be thought too much. Simple refreshments can be had at a much cheaper rate. It is just ten o'clock when we enter our carriage, the *Vesuvius*. While dining, we had seen the *Etna* ascend and the *Vesuvius* come down, and it awaited our pleasure, ready to start when we pleased. We are five in each compartment, which can contain six. Horn signals are exchanged with the upper station and the signal stations, of which there are two along the line; a whistle is sounded, and we begin the ascent. The angle of inclination is at first forty degrees, increases to sixty-three degrees, and has decreased again to forty-eight degrees when we enter the upper station, just eight minutes after starting. The outline of the mountain edge runs parallel with our course.

Swiftly and smoothly we go up, and as we lean out of the window we forget the mountain, and feel as if we were in a balloon far above the glimmering world below us. Nothing is yet to be seen of the crater of eruption. The mighty shoulder up which we are gliding hides it from us; but we see its shadow, and that of the smoke projected on the side of the mountain to our left, for the moon is rising above the edge on our right. Flaring torches receive us at the upper station, 3,540 feet above the level of the sea. It is still unfinished, and looks like a mass of scaffolding. This was the most difficult part of the undertaking, for here the very little firm founda-

tion to be found anywhere failed entirely—nothing but loose lapilli and ashes. We leave the station, and, going up some little wooden steps and through a gate in an immense wall of lava, which is one of three built to protect the line from possible streams of the glowing matter, we enter the narrow path which has been made in zig-zags up to the edge of the old crater, about a quarter of an hour's walk. It is heavy work, because of the deep loose ashes which form its pavement; but this is nothing, compared with the fatigue formerly undergone in ascending the mountain. Still the ladies of the party are very glad to be relieved of part of their own weight, and to be pushed and pulled up even that brief space, taking advantage of the dozen guides who are waiting to be employed. As the railway gains the confidence of the public more and more people will ascend it, and the guides will earn enough; for it is unwise in the weak to refuse the aid of their strong arms, and foolhardy in the strong to venture over the still hot and crumbling lava in the newly filled-up crater without the guidance of one accustomed to the place and aware of the changes which constantly take place.

Till now the edge of the old crater has intervened between us and the new eruptive cone, but as we leave the little pathway and begin to cross the jagged lava, a glow of red light bursts upon us, and rivets us to the spot. The new cone, some hundred and fifty feet high, and perhaps five times that number in diameter at its base, is in a state of violent eruption. Preceded by a sound which I scarcely know how to describe—something like a sudden blast of wind in the naked branches of a winter forest, or the fall of a crested wave on a shingly coast—millions of glowing particles, from the size of a cannon ball down to a tiny spark, shoot high into the air and fall slowly and gracefully upon the sides of the cone, sliding down it with a crackling sound, and sprinkling it all over with a fretwork of fire. The larger masses fell back into the crater, or, if projected far

enough, with a dull thud on to the gigantic cinder-heap.

A few seconds' interval, during which the column of whirling smoke looks very beautiful, its lower part glowing in the red light from the crater below, its upper part bluish white in the moonbeams—and another fierce s—s—sh, s—s—sh announces another shower. The smaller sparks seem to serpentine in fiery streaks as they rise and fall, and in ascending to be flattened at the top. Whether this is really the fact, as would be possible if still liquid lava was hurled up against the air, or whether it was an optical illusion, I could not make out with the closest attention, and it was impossible to approach the cone and pick up one of the smaller stones as it cooled to see if it was of oblong form and really flattened at one end. All at once there is a stronger eruption, and the glowing masses are hurled to a greater distance, one falling not far from us. Our guide fetches it on the end of a stick. It is rapidly cooling and growing black, and like a piece of ragged sponge, so perforated is it with holes.

What use to describe how we staggered about on the torn and crumbling surface of the lava which now fills the once deep crater of 1872, until we got to the newest stream, which issued from the foot of the new cone only three days ago, and was red hot only a few inches beneath the crust on which we stood? The acid and sulphureous fumes issuing from cracks all about, and the increasing heat of the lava beneath our feet, drove us back again. It was not pleasant to think that a fiery abyss might open under our very footsteps. We retreated to the lava blocks at the edge of the old crater, which made a pleasant seat, and felt comparatively cool, though if you stretched your foot into one of the many cracks it was found too hot to let it remain there. We sat for a long time admiring nature's fireworks, of which one could never tire. A black and lofty crag rose to our right hand, and above it shone the silver shield of the moon in exquisite contrast to the lurid glare from the volcano.

Returning to the upper station, we had a taste of old times in such descents; for the guides took a short cut instead of following the little path, and ran with us straight down in the ashes, which mode of proceeding, though fatal to one's boots, is productive of a sense of being provided with a seven-leagued pair, and also of much laughter. As to the new triumph of science and machinery ever being able to extinguish the poetry of the mountain, that is impossible. The whole railway, stations and adjuncts, seem a pigmy work on the mighty bosom of Vesuvius; and formerly, I am sure, no one had time or strength during the painful toil of the ascent to admire the steep outline of the mountain, the effect of the moon rising behind its edge, or the beauty of the landscape below. Now, as we gently glide down in our tiny carriage, and see beneath us, as in a well, the lights of the principal station, we have time to observe everything. The most curious effect is produced by seeing the ascending carriage slip past us, as it were, up to heaven, in spite of all the laws of gravity.

This new plaything is indeed very delightful, and no one can spend a moonlight night better than in such an unfatiguing ascent of Vesuvius, ready, on arriving at the top, to enjoy the sublime spectacle. How long the tiny railway will last is another thing. In itself it is as strong and safe as one as can be found; but if ever the volcano again exerts its whole strength, a new crater might open, and a stream of lava issue, on the very spot where people now ascend and descend as easily as in the lift of a modern hotel. The expense of the whole work was, we were told, 170 millions of francs. It was begun on the 1st of August last year, and was often interrupted by the excessive cold and high winds of last winter. The foundation of a little hotel is already laid, so that by next winter one can spend a night comfortably on the mountain, and stay to see the sun rise. The air is perfectly delicious; one longs to escape the heat of Naples, and pass the dog days at this elevation. In a short time

the railway will be lighted by electricity. We saw a machine, by Siemens and Halske, in readiness. Since the 6th of this month, June, there have been on an average thirty-five passengers daily, but about fifty are wanted to make a fair profit. Just now it is the empty season, so the company has not done badly. With further success it may become possible to reduce the fares, and thus secure all classes of visitors. At

present it is by far the best plan to take tickets from Naples, for if you go in your own carriage or on horseback to the beginning of the new road, you have still to pay four francs toll, and fifteen for the ascent and descent on the railway.

At midnight we again stood beneath the flagstaff on the broad platform, in front of the Pompeian restaurant, and looked towards the west. A sea of clouds, bathed



STREET SCENE IN NAPLES.

in moonlight, lay at our feet; the tops of its soft waves were white as wool, and its farthest masses looked like a chain of mountains. Nothing was to be seen of the real sea or shore, but the striking of a church clock miles below at Resina rose sweetly and faintly in the air, more felt than heard.

At about four o'clock in the morning we reached home; the moon was paling rapidly in the growing daylight, and half Naples seemed awake. Another hot and dusty day had begun, and we seemed to have left behind us a paradise of freshness and beauty at the very gates of a hell of fire and brimstone."

THE HERO OF WATERLOO.



THE great and historical name of Wellington is destined not only to imperishable fame in the history of his country, it is perhaps without a parallel in the later annals of the British nation. Our history contains names which are scarcely entitled to a place in its records, and others which shine brilliantly on its pages ; but when we record the career of Wellington, we are furnishing the materials of our own national history, as well as of the history of other kingdoms in which his influence is felt to this day.

Much interest attaches to the date of "Arthur Wesley's" birth. The year 1769 was the year in which he and his great antagonist, Napoleon Bonaparte, entered into the world which was to prove the scene of their mighty conflicts. That was surely an *Annus Mirabilis* which gave birth to those two infants, of whom one was to usurp dominion over so many civilized countries, and the other to prove the means of his defeat.

The name by which our hero was first known reminds us of the relation existing between him and the founder of Methodism—John Wesley. The father of this great man and of Charles Wesley, when the latter was a boy in Westminster School, received a communication from an Irish gentleman offering to adopt Charles as his heir—an offer, strange to say, which was declined.

Like Charles XII. of Sweden, Wellington passed his youth without anything like precocity, and it was only as his country called for his military skill and courage that his worth was discovered.

It is a curious fact that in the military seminary of Angers, in France, the youthful Wellesley received his first lessons in that military science, the resources of which he

was afterwards to direct against the despotic ruler of that Empire. The six years which were spent under the tuition of Pignerol, the eminent military engineer who presided at Angers, though not marked by much distinction, served to lay the foundation of future attainments, and enable the cadet to enter on his military career with better qualifications for his duties than most young gentlemen possess when first they receive their commission, and it was no small advantage to the Eton boy that he acquired by his residence in Angers that knowledge of French which afterwards proved more serviceable than the classical knowledge for which he seems to have had but very little taste. Being now—1787—in his eighteenth year, our young cadet began his military profession as an ensign in the 17th Regiment of Foot. The slow progress of the first four years was soon succeeded by rapid promotion, for he obtained his majority on the 30th of April, 1793, when he entered the 33rd Regiment, of which he became lieutenant-colonel, and colonel, and in which he first had the opportunity of displaying his skill and prowess.

His connection with Ireland, where he was aide-de-camp to the Earl of Westmoreland, the Lord Lieutenant, and member for the borough of Trim, reveals nothing of interest, nor any promise of future greatness.

Colonel Wellesley started on his career of fame when he embarked with his regiment at Cork, in the month of May, 1794, to join the army in Belgium. At that time, war had been carried on for twelve months between England and France, and ten thousand British troops had been sent to aid the operations of the Allied Powers in the Low Countries. It is remarkable that this first achievement should have been accomplished in that country which was afterwards to witness the crowning triumphs of the hero of Waterloo.

Colonel Wellesley had now reached the time when his country needed the services for which his talents and experience had qualified him, and when he found the open path along which he might travel to the highest military renown.

At this time Tippoo had made a hollow truce with the East India Company, and at the same time was in treaty with the French Republic for the purpose of driving us from India, a purpose which was encouraged, if not originated, by the emissaries of the Republic. He had despatched his envoys to the Mauritius, who had returned with troops to India, and who landed at Mangalore at the time when Lord Mornington, the brother of Arthur Wellesley, reached Madras. Although the new Governor-General desired and hoped for peace with the wily and savage Tippoo, it was but too evident that a death struggle with him was near, if our Indian possessions were to be retained, and hence arose the occasion for those services which the Wellesleys were prepared to render, the elder in the seat of government, and the younger on the field of battle.

On his return from Holland, Colonel Wellesley, who had landed with his regiment at Harwich, encamped for some time in its neighbourhood, whence he was directed to embark at Southampton with the outward-bound fleet for the West Indies. A series of accidents, properly described as of "a providential character," prevented the fulfilment of this plan, and reserved the services of Wellesley for the East Indies. He had set sail for the West, but was driven back into Portsmouth by adverse winds, when he found that his services were wanted in the East. Ill health prevented his embarkation with his regiment, which he was not able to join until it reached the Cape of Good Hope, whence he proceeded to Calcutta. This event dates in February, 1797, the true starting-point of his career of fame.

Our recent advantages in India had been gained at an enormous sacrifice, and to add to the discouraging position of our affairs, the British troops in India had to deal with

the alarming fact that Napoleon had just landed his troops in Egypt, and was in communication with Tippoo Sahib.

General, afterwards Lord Harris, the Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Presidency, was furnished with forces very unequal to the strength of the enemy, and but for the talent and energy displayed by Colonel Wellesley, his attempt to grapple with "the Tiger of Mysore" might have proved most disastrous to the interests of England. With a force of not more than fourteen thousand men, of whom only four thousand were Europeans, General Harris had to deal with the seventy thousand well equipped troops of the enemy.

Mallavelley, distant about thirty miles from Seringapatam, the capital of the Sultan Tippoo, was destined, after several manœuvres on his part and counter-movements on ours, to witness the first displays of the skill and intrepidity that marked the whole course of Colonel Wellesley in India. The left wing of our army was placed under the command of the young Colonel, who had to deal with the terrible forces which the enemy had brought to oppose him. The action began by a fire from twelve or fourteen guns on the part of the enemy, at a distance of about two thousand yards; and even at this distance the fire was severely felt, our troops being assailed also by a kind of rocket, peculiar to the natives of India. Against this force Colonel Wellesley now advanced, supported by General Floyd, proceeding with the whole line at a steady pace, and answering the enemy's cannonade by all the available artillery. A desperate attempt was made by Tippoo to move forward two thousand of his men against the 33rd Regiment, which steadily received their fire, and reserved its own until the combatants had neared each other, to give the charge tremendous effect. The enemy's column gave way and was thrown into disorder, which was followed by a terrible slaughter and a pellucid rout.

This spirited action, which took place on the 27th of March, 1799, was immediately

followed up by a march on Seringapatam, before whose ramparts the victorious army arrived on the 4th of the following month.

On the 4th of May, a practicable breach was made in the walls, and the capital of Mysore was secured by Colonel Wellesley and his brave companions in arms.

Tippoo displayed the utmost bravery, until he fell by a musket ball, which shot him through the temples. Three hundred men were killed in the gateway where the Sultan fell, which now became impassable, except over the bodies of the dead and dying. When the corpse of the Sultan was found lying beneath a heap of the slain, it was delivered to his people for interment in the mausoleum of his father Hyder Ali. The conduct of the triumphant army soon gave their commanders as much trouble as they had received from the enemy. The work of pillage proceeded rapidly in the houses of the wealthy, and the whole city during the night was exposed to the brutal licentiousness of forty thousand soldiers.

While negotiating a treaty of peace between the Nizam and the Mahratta princes, Wellesley received a visit from the prime minister of the Court of Hyderabad, who offered him a sum of more than £100,000 in exchange for a piece of information which he professed to think the Colonel might impart with perfect safety and honour. He wished to know beforehand what portions of territory and what advantages were secured to his master in the treaty. The Colonel, with the utmost gravity, having scanned the inquirer for some seconds, said, "It appears, then, that you can keep a secret?" On receiving from his visitor the assurance that he certainly could—"So can I," was the short and unsatisfactory reply of the Colonel, followed by a polite gesture, which taught the inquisitive prince that it was time for him to depart. To the honour of the Colonel, who so nobly rejected this bribe, he continued his successful course without even the suspicion of ever yielding to any temptations of this nature, constantly adding to his fame, but never to his fortune, until the reward came in its legitimate form ;

as it is well observed, "given him in broad daylight, amidst the plaudits of England, by the King and both Houses of Parliament."

Colonel Wellesley, without obtaining military promotion as the reward of these achievements, found himself suddenly in the high position of the Governor, not of Seringapatam only, but of Mysore, the late dominion of Tippoo Sahib.

It was impossible for the British Government in India to look without the utmost concern on the intrigues of French emissaries among the Mahratta princes. It had become necessary to provide for a combined attack on the army of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, under their personal command in the Deccan. The object of the campaign was to secure the stability of the British possessions, to defeat the confederate Mahratta chieftains, to establish our allies—the Peishwa and the Nizam, to secure the final settlement of the Deccan, to deliver the aged Emperor Shah Allum and the house of Timour from degradation and bondage, and to extirpate the remains of French influence from India.

Leaving General Lake to take the field between Delhi and Agra, and carry on his successful campaign, we follow General Wellesley in his triumphant march into the Deccan, which commenced on the 8th of August, 1803. As the fortress of Ahmednugger lay on his track, he afforded the enemy a new idea of the power of the British army, by proceeding in a much more expeditious manner than had been the practice. As the General approached the fortress, he ordered three parties to form and take it by escalade. A feeble resistance was followed with a speedy surrender, and this fortress was in British possession in a few days, together with all the dependent territory. It has been said that the General had ordered this capture and others for the purpose of giving an idea of British prowess ; and if this were his purpose, it was certainly successful, for it led a Mahratta chief to write as follows : "These English are a strange people, and

their General a wonderful man. They came in here this morning, looked at the Pettah wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast. Who can withstand them?"

Discovering that the combined armies of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar were encamped near the village of Assaye, the General immediately determined to attack the enemy, instead of waiting until the morning of the 24th, a resolution which, while it displayed his courage, at the same time was justified on the score of prudence.

Disregarding the inequality of the force arrayed against him, the General gave orders for the attack. The enemy commenced a cannonade, and the British artillery opened on the enemy at a distance of four hundred yards; but the General finding that it produced little effect, and that his guns could not advance on account of the number of men and bullocks which had been disabled, ordered his artillery to be left behind, that the whole line might move on. The British cavalry, under Colonel Maxwell, perceiving their confusion, having crossed the Juah, rushed in among their infantry, and charged the fugitives along the bank with great effect. Colonel Maxwell fell in leading this gallant charge.

Many of the enemy's guns, which General Wellesley left in his rear, were turned on the British force by men who threw themselves on the ground as the British passed, and were supposed to be dead, and who by this artifice, with which they were quite familiar, were able to maintain a heavy fire. As this fire proved troublesome, General Wellesley himself led the 7th Regiment of native infantry and the 78th Regiment to silence it, and, in the charge, his horse was shot under him. In a short time the enemy's infantry gave way, and the whole force retreated, leaving one thousand two hundred dead on the field, and the country around covered with their wounded, while ninety-eight pieces of cannon, seven standards, a great number of bullocks and camels, together with the camp equipage,

the military stores, and ammunition of the enemy, fell into the hands of the victors.

In this, the first pitched battle commanded by Wellesley, he displayed a degree of strategical ability, prudence, and courage which secured for him the admiration of his officers, and infused into his troops a gallant spirit that took the enemy by surprise, while it gained the highest prestige for the hero of Assaye. The victory at Assaye was followed by another at the village of Argâum, in which the victor and his brave companions dispersed the remaining force of Scindiah, and ended the first Mahatta war.

These eminent services were duly acknowledged in the country in which they were rendered, as well as in England. His countrymen resident in Calcutta presented him with a sword, to mark their sense of his services; the native population of Seringapatam received their conqueror with the loudest congratulations; and all ranks and classes delighted to do him honour. Now, for the first time, Napoleon gained some insight into the power of the man by whom he was afterwards to be defeated; and, when he returned to his home, Sir Arthur Major-General Wellesley received the thanks of his King and Parliament.

The three years which succeeded the return of Sir Arthur Wellesley to England, in 1805, must be regarded rather as a time of rest than of action. Some little opportunity for service was afforded when, in 1807, he was despatched to Copenhagen, under Lord Cathcart, to punish the Danes for their attempt to remain neutral in the great struggle in which Napoleon was then involving the nations of Europe.

In his treatment of Portugal, Bonaparte had been careful to give insult and annoyance to England. He had demanded that the Court of Lisbon should shut up the ports of Portugal against England, detain all Englishmen residing in Portugal, and confiscate all English property.

This was followed by a similar treatment of Spain, where, having established his authority in Madrid, Bonaparte made no

secret of his purpose to place his brother Joseph on the throne of the Spanish Bourbons.

It was resolved that assistance should be immediately rendered to Portugal. It was, however, stipulated that Sir Arthur Wellesley was to surrender the command to Sir Harry Burrard, who was to succumb to Sir Hugh Dalrymple; and so by these and other changes it happened that the man who, above all others, was fitted for the command, was subject to the control of six general officers, by whose interference his own plans were completely frustrated.

On the 12th of July, 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley sailed from Cork with about 10,000 men; and, leaving the fleet as soon as he had seen it clear of the coast on its way to Cape Finisterre, he set sail in a frigate for Corunna, where he arrived on the 20th. After a conference with the Junta of Galicia, he sailed for Oporto, ordering the fleet to follow him; and arriving there on the 24th, he held a conference the same night with the bishop and general officers. From them and General Brown he learned that the regular Portuguese troops amounted to only 5,000 men, who were posted at Coimbra, that about 1,200 peasants were in advance, and a corps of 2,500 besides 300 Spanish infantry, all badly equipped, were stationed at Oporto. These accounts differed very seriously from the flattering representations the Portuguese had previously given of themselves, and justified his own complaint, that "it was impossible to learn the truth."

Sir Arthur met his antagonist posted on the heights of Rólica, and where he gained his first victory in Portugal. The march of the British forces was resumed on the day after the battle of Rólica, when it was discovered that General Anstruther had arrived on the coast with a reinforcement. Wellesley, therefore, marched to the village of Vimiero, the most favourable point of junction, and a march in advance. Calms prevented the fleet from standing in till the evening of the 19th, when the brigade was landed in Penicke Bay, on a sandy beach

at the foot of a cliff, the ascent of which was exceedingly steep and difficult. The force of Wellesley was thus augmented to eighteen thousand, and with this adequate force the able commander proposed to turn Junot's position at Torres Vedras, so as to cut him off from Lisbon, or compel him to effect a hasty retreat. Had this plan been carried, it is evident, from facts subsequently revealed, that the French occupation of Portugal would have been brought to a speedy termination. Wellesley could not be permitted to follow the triumphant course now opened before him, as, to meet the notions of the British Government; another general was to have the honour of command, and his arrival was now announced.

Meanwhile, General Junot, anticipating large reinforcements under Sir John Moore, had arrived in the vicinity of Vimiero, where Sir Arthur Wellesley fought his second battle in Portugal.

Though his opponents were the flower of the French army, they, like all the forces arrayed against our troops, were unable to stand against the charge of the British bayonet, and history tells us that "in one moment their foremost rank fell, like a line of grass before the scythes of the mowers." The French immediately gave way, and lost six pieces of cannon in their flight. They were ultimately driven from the valley, with the loss of three thousand men, and nearly all their artillery, and twenty-three ammunition wagons, while the loss on our side was not more than seven hundred and twenty, for during the action no more than half the British army was engaged.

It should be mentioned to the honour of Sir Harry Burrard that, having joined the army on the morning of the battle, but after the dispositions had been made, he declined assuming the command until Sir Arthur Wellesley had reaped the laurels to which he was so well entitled.

Sir Hugh Dalrymple having displaced Sir Harry Burrard, as the latter general had displaced the hero of Rólica and Vimiero,

Sir Arthur Wellesley, instead of remaining under his new superiors, quitted Portugal, but with the admiration of his army, and having received a high testimonial from his field officers; and on his return to England was again honoured with the thanks of the House of Commons.

The error of the English Ministry soon became too apparent in the disasters that followed the departure of Sir Arthur from Portugal. The French army was reinforced to the extent of one hundred and fifty thousand men, who, at the end of November, were commanded by the Emperor in person, and who fought his way to the capital of Spain.

The time had now arrived when the military genius of Sir Arthur Wellesley, already advancing into maturity of development, was to be estimated at something like its real importance, not only by his own countrymen, but also by the great enemy against whom it had to operate. At this period, the Cabinet, the generals, the Parliament, and the people of Great Britain were unequal to the demands made on their political skill, their self-reliance, and courage. Whatever confidence the people may have had in their naval superiority, it became too evident that they were yielding to a sort of fatality as to the power of the French Emperor, to which it was thought useless to offer opposition.

Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to undertake the management of the war in the Peninsula, and for this purpose he landed at Lisbon on the 22nd of March, 1809.

The first object of Wellesley was to drive Soult out of Portugal, for which purpose he marched, with twenty-four thousand troops, on Oporto, which he reached on the 12th of May. The waters of the Douro, three hundred yards in width, rolled between him and the enemy, and it was found that Soult, besides destroying the floating bridge, had collected all the boats on the opposite side of the river, whence he was looking on Wellesley and his army with perfect indifference. It was not long before Colonel

Waters succeeded in obtaining two or three of the enemy's boats, and sending over a company of the Buffs, who established themselves in an unfinished building, which afforded them a temporary shelter, from which the French could not dislodge them. They were soon reinforced by their brave countrymen, and Soult, accompanied by his whole force, was glad to retreat, leaving Wellesley in possession of Oporto and the dinner which had been prepared for the great French marshal, who experienced many privations and losses in his attempt to join Marshal Ney.

Wellesley was now at liberty to proceed to the relief of Spain, where his special object was to defeat Victor in Estremadura.

After the battle of Talavera the Spanish Government expressed its sense of the services of Wellington by nominating him a captain-general, the equivalent of a field-marshal, of the Spanish army, and presenting him, in the name of Ferdinand, with a number of the finest Andalusian horses. Sir Arthur accepted both the title and the present, but declined the pay attached to his new dignity, unwilling to burden the finances of Spain during the contest with France. As soon as the news of the victory reached England, Sir Arthur Wellesley was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Douro of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellesley of Talavera and Wellington in the county of Somerset.

After his victory at Talavera, we have to follow our hero to Badajos, to which he safely effected his retreat, though encompassed by superior forces. Napoleon, instead of thinking contemptuously of the man whom he had designated the "Sepoy General," deemed him too powerful to be effectually defeated and "driven into the sea" by a force of less than two hundred and eighty thousand men, and these under the command of his most famous marshals—Victor, Ney, Soult, Mortier, and Massena, "the darling child of victory."

Wellington next marched to Madrid, of which he took possession, being opposed only by a garrison of fifteen hundred men,

who immediately surrendered themselves to him. Had Spain afforded to her deliverer the support which gratitude and even policy dictated, Wellington might now have established himself in the centre of Spain, and, by a few final strokes, thoroughly extirpated the invader. Such, however, were not the fortunes of Spain or her deliverer, who found it necessary to march against Burgos, whither the enemy had fled, and where he was fortifying himself. Wellington was not

provided with sufficient artillery for the attack, and the enemy was able to defend himself by a heavy fire from the garrison.

Wellington no sooner entered France than he found his moral force greatly impaired by the Spanish soldiery under his command. The men over whom he had with so much difficulty exercised discipline when in their own country, were determined to commit pillage and all manner of excesses among the French, and



DANGAN CASTLE—THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE WESLEYS.

he was compelled to express himself in the following decided language to the Spanish generals:—"I did not lose thousands of men to bring the army under my command into the French territory, in order that the soldiers might plunder and ill-use the French peasantry, in positive disobedience to my orders; and I beg that you and your officers will understand that I prefer to have a small army that will obey my orders and preserve discipline to a large one that is disobedient and undisciplined."

When Wellington found that his orders were disobeyed, and that this rapacity could not be checked by the punishment of death, he decided to send back to Spain all the Spaniards by whom he was followed, consisting of forty thousand men, who had become excellent soldiers under his command. Although he was now the invader of France, instead of the defender of Spain, he had rather lose half his force than suffer the dishonour of commanding troops who were determined to live by plunder.

We may now follow the conqueror of Napoleon in his triumphant return to his native land, where he was to receive those honours which had been accumulating during his successes in Spain and Portugal. His was indeed a rare case, as his patents of nobility as a baron, a viscount, an earl, a marquis, and a duke were read on the same day in the House of Lords, where he took his seat as a peer of the highest rank. This was on the 28th of June, 1814. These tributes of praise were accompanied by enlarged annual grants, and the purchase of an estate—Strathfieldsaye—which, like Blenheim in the case of Marlborough, is an enduring monument of the Duke's exploits and the nation's gratitude.

The little breathing time afforded to the victorious Duke after his Peninsula campaigns was employed in high diplomatic missions in Paris, Madrid, and Vienna, where he found himself associated with the princes and diplomatists of Europe in disposing of the great territories he had been the principal means of rescuing from the hands of the rapacious Bonaparte. But the time of repose for Wellington had not yet arrived, because the restless adversary had not yet been placed at a sufficient distance from the stage of his former exploits. The crowning epoch of victory was not reached until the year 1815, when the banished chief was to escape from his little territory of Elba, and make the continent of Europe the scene of his final disasters.

From the time when Napoleon had landed at Cannes, with his thousand followers, he had found his forces augmenting during his march to Paris. He had received accessions of strength at Grenoble and at Lyons, where Ney had rejoined him, and during his whole progress, until, after the battle of Ligny, where he routed Blucher and the Prussians, he marched on Brussels at the head of 115,000 men, including the Guards.

The commencement of hostilities was announced to the Duke of Wellington while he was assembled with his principal officers at a ball in Brussels, given by the

Duchess of Richmond. The troops were ordered to march immediately, and thus the joyous sounds of festivity were suddenly changed to the din of that war in which many of the gay throng were doomed to fall. The Duke's army proceeded on the 16th of June, 1815, to Quatre Bras, a place which received its name from its being a spot where the road diverges into four branches. On the previous day, the army of Napoleon had attacked the corps of General Ziethen, taking possession of Charleroi, and compelled the Prussians to retreat with considerable loss.

As soon as Wellington's troops reached Quatre Bras, on the afternoon of the 16th, they were furiously attacked by the French under Marshal Ney, and although deficient in artillery and cavalry, they maintained their ground with firmness. While our troops were thus holding their position, the Prussians under Blucher were attacked at Ligny by such superior forces as left no chance of victory. The French were four times repelled, but the Prussians were compelled to retreat, which, however, they did in good order. Our allies were nearly deprived of their veteran commander, whose horse was shot under him. While lying among the dying and wounded, an aide-de-camp stopped to protect and cover him until the enemy had passed, when he was raised from the ground and remounted.

The field of Waterloo, to which Wellington found it necessary to fall back, that he might maintain communication with Blucher, had previously attracted his notice, and been selected as most suitable for the defence of Brussels. It is crossed by the roads leading from that city to Gemappe and Nivelles, is in front of the village of Mont St Jean, and has the little town of Waterloo about a mile and a half in the rear. The ground, which has a gentle acclivity, offered such advantages that the British commander found that it was a scene on which he might meet the enemy, relying on the co-operation of the Prussians.

The 17th of June was a distressing, but not a decisive, day, as it was necessary to keep the imperial army at bay until the Prussians could come up and take their place among the Allies. During the afternoon the rain descended with extreme violence, a circumstance which is considered materially to have diminished the amount of carnage, as the balls and shells rebounded less from the wet and saturated ground. Wellington was waiting for the Prussians and the glorious 18th, and a note written at three o'clock on the morning of that day to Sir Charles Stuart will best show how well the great commander anticipated the grand victory he was to achieve. His directions were: "Pray keep the English quiet if you can. Let them all prepare to move, but neither be in a hurry nor a fright, as all will turn out well."

On the morning of the 18th, Bonaparte drew up his troops on the ridge opposite the English position, placing his centre on the farm of La Belle Alliance, his right towards Planchenoit, and his left towards the road from Nivelles. In front of the British centre was the Chateau Hougomont, which was occupied by a party of English Guards, with the sharpshooters of Nassau—a point which was vigorously attacked by the French, and became the scene of great carnage. In vain the French endeavoured to drive the defenders from their position, and although they set fire to the buildings which they were unable to capture, the British troops maintained this important station to the last.

A tremendous cannonade was kept up against the whole British line, which was attacked with the greatest fury by masses of infantry and cavalry, who found the balls frequently gliding from the polished cuirasses of their adversaries, many of whom were formed into impenetrable squares. An impression indeed was made on the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, on the left of the British centre, where the German troops were all massacred, and the enemy obtained a footing which he retained until his final defeat. The gallant Sir

Thomas Picton, at the head of the Highlanders, was driving the enemy before him after one of the furious attacks made on this post, when a ball passed through his temples and killed him. After the battle had raged for many hours, Napoleon animated his troops with the hope of victory, as he calculated that the Prussians could not arrive in time to assist in his defeat. The Prussians at length were seen to advance under Bulow, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and another charge was made on the British centre, with failure and great loss. Ney's horse fell under him, and his men took to flight. At seven o'clock, Wellington, in person, had to resist another spirited and unsuccessful attack, and it was near nightfall when, wishing for "night or Blucher," he was cheered by the arrival of the great Prussian chief, and the greater portion of the Prussian army. Orders were now given for the Allies to advance, and in a short time the French were driven from every point on the field. Napoleon was the first to fly; his troops did not delay to follow his example, and every man among them fled for his life. Blucher and Wellington met at the farm of La Belle Alliance, when it was agreed that the Prussians only should pursue the flying enemy, as they did during the whole night. It is calculated that not more than 60,000 of the enemy were left after the battle of the day and the flight of this disastrous night. The killed and wounded among the British and Hanoverians amounted to about 13,000.

The battle of Waterloo, which disposed of Napoleon, brought the military career of Wellington to a close, and gave him a solid claim to peaceful and honourable repose during the remaining years of life. Here, however, the history of the Duke of Wellington does not find its termination, for, as it has been well observed, "by a destiny unexampled in history, the hero of these countless conquests survived to give more than one generation of his countrymen the benefit of his civil services." Not to his countrymen and his sovereign only were these services to be rendered by the "Iron

Duke," but to all Europe, for it fell to the man who had achieved its peace to be the principal diplomatist in establishing its order and promoting its future tranquillity.

Wellington, after his final battle, marched into Paris, where he met Blucher, who had gained that capital by a different route.

When Wellington had gained his great victories, and received the most enthusiastic demonstrations of gratitude from all grades of his own countrymen and countrywomen, and the highest honours that could be tendered to him by those great continental powers to whose tranquillity he had been the principal contributor, he entered on his political career.

He became Master-General of the Ordnance and a member of the Cabinet, and from this station he was advanced to the high position of Premier of the British nation, and afterwards to a still higher dignity than rank could confer, that of trusty friend of the people and counsellor of his successive sovereigns as critical and trying times arose during their reigns.

The death of the Duke took place at Walmer Castle, on the 14th of September, 1852, and the announcement of the demise gave a shock to the country throughout its whole extent. England would have been ungrateful to her hero had she allowed his remains to be consigned to the tomb without a solemn recognition of his greatness, and of the love with which his memory was cherished. The Government resolved that his funeral should be conducted at the expense of the nation, and with all the solemnities that could express the sentiments of honour and regret felt by the whole community. His remains lay in state at Chelsea Hospital, and were interred in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral on November the 18th.

Our poet-laureate, Alfred Tennyson, in his "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," imagines Nelson in his tomb aroused from "that sleep that knows no waking," and, as he hears the "volleying cannon thunder his loss," asks:—

"Who is this that cometh like an honoured guest,
With banners and music, with soldier, and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?"

And our poet replies to the great naval hero:—

"Mighty seaman, this is he,
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes,
For this is he,
Was great by land as thou by sea;
His foes were thine; he kept us free;
Oh, give him welcome, this is he,
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun.

This is he that, far away,
Against the myriads of Assaye,
Dash'd with his fiery few and won.
And underneath a nearer sun,
Warring in a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
Where he firmly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew;
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Past the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blaze of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon, and clash of men,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
He withdrew to brief repose.

Again the ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the throne of kings,
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud Sabbath, shook the spoiler down:
A day of onsets of despair!
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Taro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept, and charged, and over-
threw.

So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo."

REPORTING BY TELEPHONE.



THE *Times* publishes the following account of a new method of reporting the late debates of the House of Commons—those, namely, which are continued after midnight—which has been brought into operation in that office :—

“There has for some time been a tendency among the most prominent public men to deliver their Parliamentary speeches at very late hours, and this, together with the despatch of the first morning trains from the London termini an hour earlier than formerly, has placed great difficulties in the way of Parliamentary reporting. After about one o’clock in the morning to produce in time for the early edition a full report of a speech, however important it might be, became a matter of extreme difficulty, and after two o’clock the record of proceedings became necessarily a mere abstract. The inevitable curtailment of the reports has been felt as a grievance by many members of the House, and has been one cause of the efforts recently made, by appointing select committees and otherwise, to get a better provision for the publication of the debates. But the difficulties seem now to be in a fair way to yield—sufficiently, at least, for all practical purposes—to the increased powers of work which have been afforded by the judicious application of modern scientific inventions. The first step in this direction must undoubtedly be ascribed to the increased rapidity of setting up type, which has been due to the employment of a machine as a substitute for the manual labour of the compositor. The most skilful workman setting up type by hand would not exceed a general average of about forty lines per hour, or a maximum rate of fifty lines per hour during short periods of great pressure ;

but the machine, in which the types are brought down and placed in position by striking upon keys something like those of a piano or organ, enables a fair workman to attain an average speed of 100 lines an hour, even when composing from manuscript, which he has to read for himself ; and this speed can be doubled, or nearly so, when the copy is read off to him by another person, and he thus composes from dictation.

The original form of the machine in use at this office was introduced here soon after the Franco-German war, and has ever since been undergoing such modifications in detail as experience has from time to time suggested, until it has now reached a state of very great efficiency. It has for some time been the custom to transmit the foreign intelligence from Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, to this office by means of Hughes’s printing telegraph, and to dictate the contents of the telegraphic slip to a compositor at the machine. By this combination remarkable facilities in dealing with late manuscript have been obtained, and it has been possible to carry on the work of type-setting almost to the time of going to press ; but the copy received from the House was necessarily somewhat delayed while the reporter transcribed his notes and in transmission. The compositor was compelled to lag behind the actual progress of the debate, and precious time thus lost at each step of the process mounted up in the end to a considerable total.

At this stage in the history of the matter the telephone was brought into actual operation as a means of verbal communication between distant points ; and the conductors of the *Times*, having obtained permission from the Metropolitan Board of Works to lay down the necessary wires in the subway of the Embankment, formed a

new connection between the House of Commons and the office, and placed one of Edison's loud-speaking telephones at either end. The immediate result of this arrangement has been to bring the compositor at the machine into direct communication with the Parliamentary reporter at the House, and to enable the debates to be reported, and printed from half to three-quarters of an hour later than had previously been possible. The notes taken by the reporter can be read directly into the telephone-receiver in a room adjoining the gallery, either by the reporter himself when relieved, or by another person employed for the purpose; and the compositor, at his machine in the office, sits with his ears in juxtaposition with the other terminal of the instrument.

The plan which has been found the most efficacious for the purpose of shutting out distracting sounds of other kinds is to place the disc of the telephone above and behind the compositor, and arrange two tubes, each with two trumpet-shaped extremities, in such a manner that these extremities are applied at one end to the two sides of the telephone disc and at the other end to the two ears of the compositor seated at the composing machine.

The compositor is also furnished with a speaking instrument, with a key for ringing a bell, and with a bell which is rung from the House; a simple code of bell signals, consisting of one, two, or three strokes, sufficing for the ordinary requirements of each message. The compositor announces by the bell that he is ready, receives a sentence, strikes the bell to indicate that he understands it, sets up the type with his machine, strikes the bell again for the reader to continue his dictation, and so on until the work is carried as far as time will allow. If there is any doubt or difficulty about the words, a bell signal will cause them to be repeated, or explanations can be sought and received by direct vocal

communication. In this power, indeed, resides one of the chief advantages of the method, and one which ought to lead to greater accuracy than has ever previously been attainable. The names of people, places, etc., can be spelt out letter by letter if there is any doubt about them.

Telephonic reporting is as yet in its infancy, and the present mechanical and personal arrangements will no doubt be modified in many respects. Enough has been done, however, to show the complete practicability of the method, which seems to hold out great possibilities of further development. There are certain impediments still in the way, arising from the difficulty of protecting the telephone wires against the disturbances caused by induced currents, and also from the effect of certain kinds of vibrations in confusing or overpowering the transmitted sounds; but these are matters of detail, which either are, or certainly soon will be, in a fair way to be overcome.

A difficulty of another kind arose by the action of the Post Office, which, in the interests of its real or supposed monopoly, at first placed every possible hindrance in the way of the application of the telephone to reporting purposes. This opposition, however, could not be sustained; and it will not be surprising if, before long, the direct communication between the reporter and compositor, by which, even now, we are able materially to extend the time available for reporting in the House, should be rendered equally applicable to speeches delivered in every part of the kingdom. Our predecessors in former times endeavoured to supply early intelligence by methods which have long been superseded; and it seems not unlikely that the fully-written transcripts of the reporter may be gathered before long to the special steamers and the relays of post-horses which were the instruments of the greatest enterprise of the last generation."



BOSCOBEL HOUSE AND CHARLES II.

BOSCOBEL HOUSE is celebrated in English history as having been the first place of refuge in which King Charles II. took shelter after his defeat at the Battle of Worcester. It is situated near the little town of Madeley, on the confines of Worcestershire and Shropshire, and was at the time referred to the residence of William Penderell, a forester or servant in husbandry to Mr. Giffard, the owner of the surrounding domain. To the fidelity of this man, his wife, his mother, and his four brothers, Richard, Humphrey, John, and George Penderell, was the fugitive king indebted for some days of concealment and safety, when even the noble and gentle who parted from him chose to remain in voluntary ignorance of the exact place of his retreat "as they knew not what they might be forced to confess." The King fled from Worcester field, attended by Lords Derby and Wilmot and others, and arrived early next morning at White Lady's, about three-quarters of a mile from Boscobel House. At this place Charles secreted himself in a wood, and in a tree (from the King's own account a pollard oak), since termed "the royal oak." At night Boscobel was his place of refuge, and that part of the house which rendered him such service is still shown. The account states that the King remained among the branches of the oak concealed while his pursuers actually passed round and under it. But it must be remembered that the day of his flight was September 4, when the tree could scarcely have been in sufficient leaf to conceal him. The custom of wearing oak on the 29th of May was on account of his preservation in the oak; this was the King's birthday, and the day on which Charles entered London, so that the Royalists displayed the branch

of oak, from the tree having been instrumental in the King's restoration.

The oak at Boscobel was, after the Restoration, speedily destroyed by the zeal of the Royalists to possess relics of their sovereign's hiding-place; but another raised from one of its acorns is still flourishing. Charles is related to have planted in Hyde Park, as memorials of the Restoration, two acorns from the Boscobel oak on the north side of the Serpentine; one tree only now remains.

"Few palaces," says a sympathizing writer, "awake more pleasing recollections of human nature in our minds than does this lowly cottage. The inhabitants were of the poorest among the poor, the humblest among the humble. Death, on the one hand, was the certain punishment which attended their fidelity if discovered, while on the other hand riches beyond anything they could have contemplated courted their acceptance, and might have been secured by one single treacherous word. Yet did this virtuous band of brothers retain their fidelity untempted, and their loyalty unshaken." Boscobel House is a half-timbered building of two storeys.

In the year 1869, at Bridgnorth, which is only a few miles from Boscobel, a gentleman came into the possession of an interesting memorial of the history of the latter place, namely, a life-size portrait of an old lady, which, after having been sold at an auction for a few pence, was used as a fire screen. The cleaning of the picture discovered the inscription, "Dame Penderel, Anno Dom. 1662." From the proximity of Bridgnorth and Boscobel there can be no reasonable doubt that the picture is a true portrait of the woman who, with her five faithful and loyal sons, aided the fugitive Charles II., and found him a hiding-place from his pursuers in the branches of an oak. The picture represents her in the ordinary cos-

tume of the period, and holding to her heart a red rose.

The following narrative is extracted from a fuller account, published in 1766, from the Pepys MSS. in Magdalen College, Cambridge, and is professed to be written by Charles II. himself. It is certainly very graphic and minute, and its liveliness is somewhat characteristic of the King in his social hours.

"After that the battle was so absolutely lost as to be beyond hope of recovery, I began to think of the best way of saving myself; and the first thought that came into my head was, that if I could possibly, I would get to London as soon, if not sooner, than the news of our defeat could get thither. And it being near dark I talked with some, especially with my Lord Rochester, who was then Wilmot, about their opinions, which could be the best way for me to escape, it being impossible, as I thought, to get back into Scotland. I found them mightily distracted and their opinions different of the possibility of getting to Scotland, but not one agreeing with mine for going to London, saving my Lord Wilmot; and the truth is, I did not impart my design of going to London to any but my Lord Wilmot. But we had such a number of beaten men with us of the horse, that I strove as soon as ever it was dark to get from them; and though I could not get them to stand by me against the enemy, I could not get rid of them now I had a mind to it.

So we, that is my Lord Duke of Buckingham, Lauderdale, Derby, Wilmot, Tom Blague, Duke Darcey, and several others of my servants, went along northward towards Scotland; and at last we got about sixty that were gentlemen and officers, and slipped away out of the high road that goes to Lancashire, and kept on the right hand, letting all the beaten men go along the great road, and ourselves not knowing very well which way to go, for it was then too late for us to get to London on horseback, riding directly for it, nor could we do it because there were yet many people of quality with us that I could not get rid of.

So we rode through a town short of Wolverhampton, betwixt that and Worcester, and went through, there lying a troop of the enemies there that night. We rode very quietly through the town, they having nobody to watch, nor they suspecting us no more than we did them, which I learned afterwards from a country fellow.

"We went that night about twenty miles to a place called White Lady's, hard by Trong Castle, by the advice of Mr. Giffard, where we stopped, and got some little refreshment of bread and cheese, such as we could get, it being just beginning to be day. This White Lady's was a private house, that Mr. Giffard, who was a Staffordshire man, had told me belonged to honest people that lived thereabouts.

"And just as we came thither, there came in a country fellow that told us there were three thousand of our horse just hard by Trong Castle, upon the heath, all in disorder, under David Leslie, and some of the general officers, upon which there were some of the people of quality that were with me who were very earnest that I should go to him, and endeavour to go into Scotland, which I thought was absolutely impossible, knowing very well that the country would all rise upon us, and that men who had deserted me when they were in good order, would never stand to me when they had been beaten. This made me take the resolution of passing myself into a disguise, and endeavouring to get afoot to London in a country fellow's habit, with a pair of ordinary grey-cloth breeches, a leathern doublet, and a green jerkin, which I took in the house of White Lady's. I also cut my hair very short, and flung my clothes into a privy house that nobody might see that anybody had been stripping themselves. I acquainted none with my resolution of going to London but my Lord Wilmot, they all desiring me not to acquaint them with what I intended to do, because they knew not what they might be forced to confess, on which consideration they with one voice begged of me not to tell them what I intended to do.

So all the persons of quality and officers who were with me (except my Lord Wilmot, with whom a place was agreed upon for our meeting at London, if we escaped, and who endeavoured to go on horseback, in regard, as I think, of his being too big to go on foot), were resolved to go and join with the three thousand disordered horse, thinking to get away with them to Scotland. But, as I did before believe, they were not marched in six miles after they got to them, but they were all routed by a single troop of horse, which shows that my opinion was not wrong in not sticking to men who had run away. As soon as I was disguised, I took with me a country fellow, whose name was Richard Penderell, whom Mr. Giffard had undertaken to answer for to be an honest man. He was a Roman Catholic, and I chose to trust them, because I knew they had hiding-holes for priests that I thought I might make use of in case of need.

I was no sooner gone (being the next morning after the battle, and then broad day) out of the house with this country fellow, but, being in a great wood, I sat myself at the edge of the wood, near the highway that was there, the better to see who came after us, and whether they made any search after the runaways, and I immediately saw a troop of horse coming by which I conceived to be the same troop that beat our three thousand horse; but it did not look like a troop of the army's, but of the militia, for the fellow before it did not look at all like a soldier.

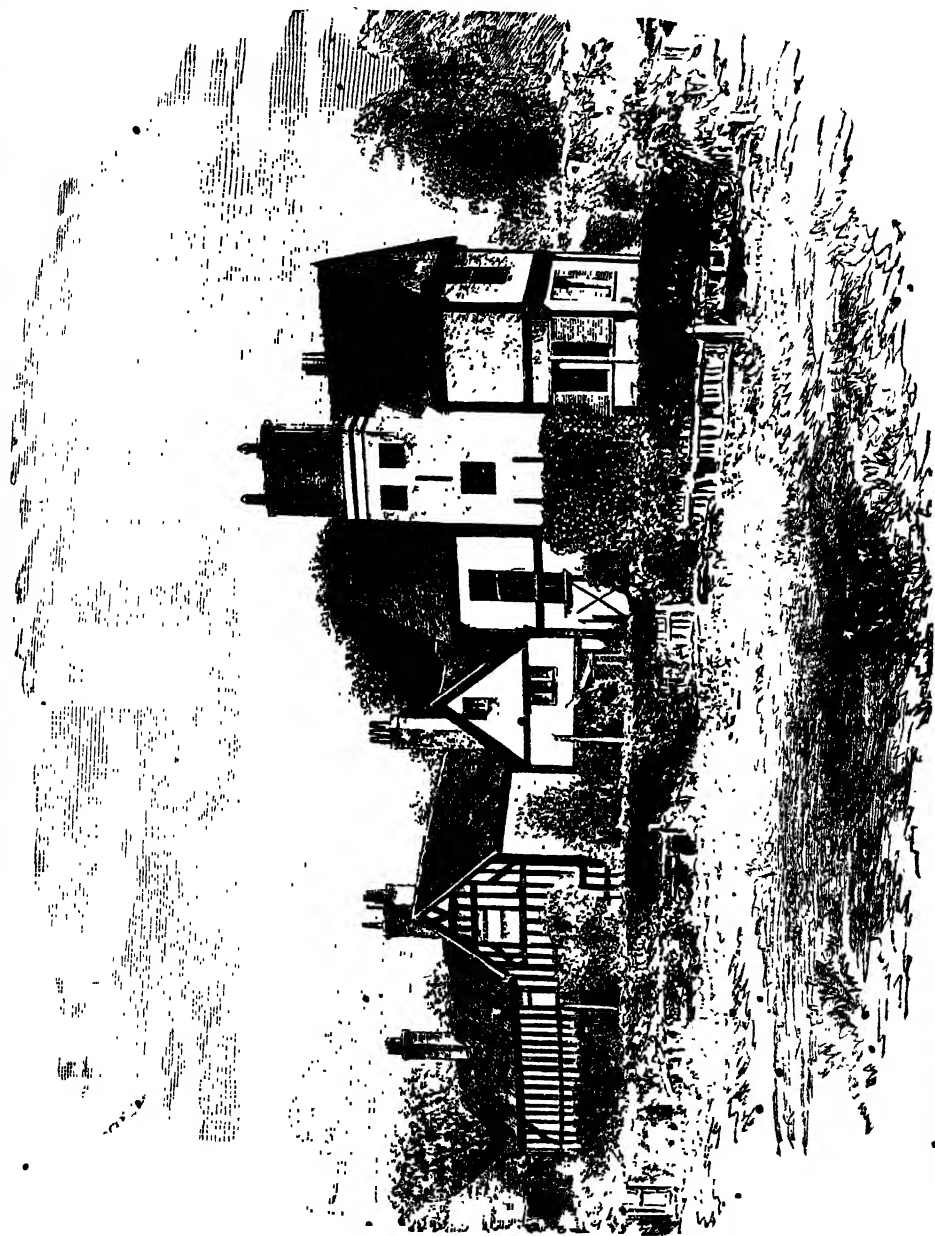
In this wood I stayed all day, without meat or drink, and by great good fortune it rained all the time, which hindered them, as I believe, from coming into the wood to search for men that might be fled thither. And one thing is remarkable enough, that those with whom I have since spoken, of them that joined with the horse upon the heath, did say that it rained little or nothing with them all the day, but only in the wood where I was, this contributing to my safety.

As I was in the wood, I talked with the fellow about getting towards London, and

asked him many questions about what gentlemen he knew. I did not find he knew any man of quality in the way towards London. And the truth is, my mind changed as I lay in the wood, and I resolved of another way of making my escape, which was to get over the Severn into Wales, and so to get either to Swansea or some other of the sea towns that I knew had commerce with France, to the end I might get over that way, as being a way that I thought none would suspect my taking; besides that, I remembered several honest gentlemen that were of my acquaintance in Wales.

So that night, as soon as it was dark, Richard Penderell and I took our journey on foot towards the Severn, intending to pass over a ferry half-way between Bridgenorth and Shrewsbury. But as we were going in the night we came up by a mill, where I heard some people talking, (memorandum, that I had got some bread and cheese the night before at one of the Penderell's houses, I not going in,) and, as we conceived, it was about twelve or one o'clock at night, and the country fellow desired me not to answer if anybody should ask me any questions, because I had not the accent of the country.

Just as we came to the mill we could see the miller, as I believed, sitting at the mill door, he being in white clothes, it being a very dark night. He called out, "Who goes there?" Upon which Richard Penderell answered, "Neighbours going home," or some such-like words. Whereupon the miller cried out, "If you be neighbours, stand, or I will knock you down." Upon which, we believing there was company in the house, the fellow bade me follow him close, and he ran to a gate that went up a dirty lane, up a hill, and opening the gate, the miller cried out, "Rogues, rogues!" And thereupon some men came out of the mill after us, which I believed were soldiers. So we fell a running both of us up the lane, as long as we could run, it being very deep and very dirty, till at last I bade him leap over a hedge and lie still to hear if anybody



BO-COBEL HOUSE.

followed us, which we did, and continued lying down upon the ground about half-an-hour, when, hearing nobody come, we continued our way on to the village upon the Severn, where the fellow told me there was an honest gentleman, Mr. Woolfe, that lived in that town, where I might be with great safety, for that he had hiding-places for priests. But I would not go in till I knew a little of his mind, whether he would receive so dangerous a guest as me, and therefore stayed in a field, under a hedge, by a great tree, commanding him not to say it was I, but only to ask Mr. Woolfe whether he would receive an English gentleman, a person of quality, to hide him the next day, till we could travel again by night, for I durst not go out but by night.

Mr. Woolfe, when the country fellow told him that it was one that had escaped from the battle of Worcester, said that for his part, it was so dangerous a thing to harbour anybody that was known, that he would not venture his neck for any man, unless it were the King himself. Upon which Richard Penderell, very indiscreetly and without my leave, told him that it was I. Upon which Mr. Woolfe replied that he should be very ready to venture all he had in the world to secure me. Upon which Richard Penderell came and told me what he had done. At which I was a little troubled; but then there was no remedy, the day being just coming on, and I must either venture that or run some greater danger.

So I came into the house a back way, where I found Mr. Woolfe, an old gentleman, who told me that he was very sorry to see me there; because there were two companies of the militia foot at that time in arms in the town, and kept a guard at the ferry, to examine everybody that came that way, in expectation of catching some that might be making their escape that way; and that he durst not put me into any of the hiding-places of his house because they had been discovered, and consequently, if any search should be made, they would certainly repair to these holes, and that

therefore I had no other way of security but to go into his barn, and there lay behind his corn and hay. So, after he had given us some cold meat that was ready, we, without making any bustle in the house, went and lay in the barn all the next day; when towards evening his son, who had been prisoner at Shrewsbury, an honest man, was released, and came home to his father's house. And as soon as ever it began to be a little darkish, Mr. Woolfe and his son brought us meat into the barn; and there we discoursed with them whether we might safely get over the Severn into Wales, which they advised me by no means to adventure upon, because of the strict guards that were kept all along the Severn, where any passage could be found, for preventing anybody's escape that way into Wales.

Upon this I took the resolution of going that night the very same way back again to Penderell's house, where I knew I should hear some news what was become of my Lord Wilmot, and resolved again upon going for London.

So we set out as soon as it was dark; but when we came to the mill, we had no mind to be questioned a second time there, and therefore asking Richard Penderell whether he could swim or no, and how deep the river was, he told me it was a scurvy river, not easy to be passed in all places, and that he could not swim. So I told him that the river, being but a little one, I would undertake to help him over. Upon which we went over some closes by the river side, and I entering the river first, to see whether I could myself go over, who knew how to swim, found it was but a little above my middle, and therefore taking Richard Penderell by the hand helped him over.

Which being done, we went on our way to one of Penderell's brothers (his house being not far from White Lady's), who had been guide to my Lord Wilmot, and we believed might by that time be come back again, for my Lord Wilmot intended to go to London upon his own horse. When I came to this house I inquired where my

Lord Wilmot was, it being now towards morning, and having travelled these two nights on foot. Penderell's brother told me that he had conducted him to a very honest gentleman's house, one Mr. Pitchcroft, not far from Wolverhampton, a Roman Catholic. I asked him what news. He told me that there was one Major Careless in the house, that was their countryman, whom I knowing, he having been a major in our army and made his escape thither, a Roman Catholic also, I sent for him into the room where I was, and consulting with him what we should do the next day. He told me that it would be very dangerous for me either to stay in that house or to go into the wood, there being a great wood hard by Boscobel; that he knew but one way how to pass the next day, and that was to get up into a great oak, in a pretty plain place where we might see round about us, for the enemy would certainly search at the wood for people that had made their escape. Of which proposition of his I approving, we (that is to say Careless and I) went and carried up some victuals for the whole day, viz., bread, cheese, small beer, and nothing else, and got up into a great oak, that had been lopped some three or four years before, and being grown out again very bushy and thick, could not be seen through, and here we stayed all the day. I having in the meantime sent Penderell's brother to Mr. Pitchcroft's to know whether my Lord Wilmot was there or no, and had word brought me by him at night that my lord was there, that there was a very secure hiding-hole in Mr. Pitchcroft's house, and that he desired me to come thither to him.

Memorandum:—That while we were in this tree we saw soldiers going up and down in the thicket of the wood, searching for persons escaped, we seeing them now and then peeping out of the wood.

That night Richard Penderell and I went to Mr. Pitchcroft's, about six or seven miles off, when I found the gentleman of the house, and an old grandmother of his and Father Hurlston, who had then the

care, as governor, of bringing up two young gentlemen, who I think were Sir John Preston and his brother, they being boys.

Here I spoke with my Lord Wilmot, and sent him away to Colonel Lane's, about five or six miles off, to see what means could be found for my escaping towards London; who told my lord, after some consultation thereon, that he had a sister that had a very fair pretence of going hard by Bristol, to a cousin of hers, that was married to one Mr. Norton, who lived two or three miles towards Bristol on Somersetshire side, and she might carry me thither as her man, and from Bristol I might find shipping to get out of England."

When Charles arrived at Bristol, there was no vessel in which they could embark, and he had to seek another place of refuge. Various were the disguises he had to assume, and many were the thwartings of the plans. From place to place, chiefly as a serving man, he went. At one time, in Bridport, which town was filled by soldiers, he led the horses through a crowd of troopers, thrusting them out of the way with many a coarse word. Eventually a vessel was engaged to sail from Shoreham. The King and his friends left Trent House as a coursing party, and on the 14th of October were at Brighthelmston, which was then a mere village. On the next morning at five o'clock Charles went on board. One of the sailors being rebuked for expectorating near the proscribed passenger, answered the captain, "A cat may look at a king." On the 16th, the King and Lord Wilmot landed at Fécamp. Of the 45 persons who had been entrusted with and kept the secret, most were Roman Catholics, who had then much reason to keep quiet. The miserable appearance the travellers presented made it difficult for them to gain the shelter of an inn when they reached Rouen. On the 29th, of October, 1651, Charles Stuart was safe in the Louvre, there amidst returning gaieties to forget many of his constant and self-sacrificing friends, but amidst those he did recollect with gratitude were the humble Penderells.

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.



WE are told by some, that the square of Lincoln's Inn Fields was planned by Sir Inigo Jones, and was designed to agree in its dimensions with the base of one of the Egyptian pyramids—a circumstance enough to lead away our unruly thoughts to the banks of the Nile, there to muse under the shadow of those wondrous works of art, of which the device in planning the square gives so distinct and gigantic an idea. In the immediate neighbourhood, on the north side, between the fields and Holborn, there ran in ancient times a range of tenements, long since exchanged for stables, and once well known by the name of Whetstone's Park, so called from the proprietor, a famous vestryman of St. Giles's in the time of Charles I. and the Protectorate. It was among the most infamous of the infamous haunts whither the thieves and reprobates and vagabonds of the days of the Stuarts were wont to repair; so that Lincoln's Inn Fields is edged with associations dark and revolting. But here, with this scene of moral abandonment in the background, stands out to view a character which will ever be regarded by this country as one of the noblest impersonations of moral heroism.

To place before us this remarkable man, and the affecting circumstances under which his name will for ever remain associated with Lincoln's Inn Fields, we will transport ourselves into the seventeenth century, and fancy ourselves standing at the end of Queen Street, on the morning of 21st July, 1683.

The trees and shrubs remaining in the neighbourhood look all the fresher for the sharp showers which fell last night. Summer skies and summer air, as if in mockery of woe, are looking down and breathing

over the preparations for death, which busy workmen have been building up in the midst of the 'now increasingly mansion-girded square. From the windows of the surrounding houses multitudes are looking on the broad area, where a scaffold stands in death-like loneliness. A wide space is kept around, guarded by pikemen, with bright steel caps and polished breast and back pieces, and long slender weapons, forming rows of palisades about the ghastly instruments of execution which occupy the middle. Lincoln's Inn supplies its full quota of spectators, and the wall which separates the lawyers' courts from the public square is surmounted by not a few who are eagerly watching for the tragedy at hand. Lord Russell has been accused of treason, tried at the Old Bailey, and condemned to die, and is now on his way from Newgate hither, along Holborn Hill.

Unhappy but noble-minded Russell! He has long been a patriot; a true and earnest one, if not the wisest and most eloquent. Things have long been going on badly in the high places of old England. With a heartless monarch, and a licentious court, and a corrupt ministry, and a free constitution despised and trampled on, what else could be expected? To add to other troubles, the dark prospect of a popish successor to the throne, on the death of Charles, has filled all sincere Protestants with dismay—Russell among the rest. So he has been thinking much about what could be done for the rescue of English liberty from the perils which threatened it. With zeal outstripping discretion, he has suffered himself to listen to schemes for the overthrow of tyranny by force, as in the civil wars; but that he ever pledged himself to the execution of such schemes, much less that he ever entertained any purpose of compassing the death of the King, no proof whatever can be offered. A Rye-



LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

house plot indeed has been much talked of; men have been charged with meeting there to attack the King on his way to Newmarket; but it is certain that Russell, though accused of connection with it, is perfectly innocent of any such design, and has not had the least to do with the dark conspirators. On the trial, no evidence at all sufficient to convict the patriot was adduced; a great deal of it being vaguely given, and much consisting of mere hearsay. The suspicious correspondence with Barillon, the French ambassador, so much relied upon, leaves him unsullied, for Barillon distinctly mentions him and Lord Hollis as the only two who would not be bribed. But the forms only, without the spirit, of English justice presided on the bench and guided the proceedings of the court; so that the mind of the monarch and his ministers being known

to desire it, the crimination of the accused was beforehand certain, however innocent the man might be. Accordingly, Russell, feared by Charles, hated by James, and maligned by courtiers who could not understand his virtuous patriotism, has been found guilty of treason, and sentenced to perish on the block.

His condemnation occurred several days ago, since which period his friends have been using every means to save his life. Large sums of money have been offered, and other projects devised for the purpose. Even the idea of rescuing him by force has been entertained. One friend, Lord Cavendish, has offered to assist his escape, by taking his place in prison, and exchanging with him his clothes. But the only thing the noble sufferer himself has done, has been to write to the King and the Duke of

York, and to offer to live beyond the seas in any place which the royal pleasure might appoint, pledging himself also no more to take part in English politics. All, however, has been vain; and, as an aggravation of his punishment, it has been proposed by the Duke that Russell should die in Southampton Square, at the door of his own residence—a proposition which the King has had humanity or prudence enough to reject. While in prison, most of his time has been spent in retirement and religious meditation. He received the death-warrant with calmness, and is anticipating his departure with Christian hope. Six or seven times he has been in his chamber on this the last morning of his life, engaged in prayer; and on parting with Lord Cavendish, earnestly has urged on him the importance of personal piety. Winding up his watch, he observed he had done with time, and was going to eternity. Asking what he should give the executioner, and being told ten guineas, he said with a smile: “A pretty thing to give a fee to have my head cut off.”

But the coach, with all the array of judicial death, is now turning round the corner to Little Queen Street, and he remarks: “I have often turned to the other hand with great comfort, but now I turn to this with greater.” A tear falls from his eye as he speaks; and while some among the crowd weep and others insult, though touched with tenderness at the commiseration of his friends, he shows no resentment at the conduct of his enemies. He is singing psalms, saying he hopes to sing better soon. He looks upon the dense multitude, observing, he expects to meet a nobler assembly ere long. And now the coach enters the fields, while the concourse moving their heads towards the spot, like tree-tops waving under the winds, watch with eager eyes, the slowly advancing procession. As the broad space, so familiar to him in his young days, opens before him, and houses are seen, associated with the recollection of early gaieties, not unpolled with the vicious habits of the age, he sorrowfully

exclaims: “This has been to me a place of sinning, and God now makes it the place of my punishment.” The influence of Lady Russell, who was five years older than her husband, is said to have reclaimed him from the youthful follies the Restoration had enticed him into. With him in the coach are Drs. Tillotson and Burnet, his faithful attendants and spiritual advisers in his gloomy cell at Newgate. And now the sable train stops. The condemned nobleman, with his clerical friends and the sheriffs and other officers, stands at the scaffold’s foot. They slowly ascend the steps, and when all are assembled on the fatal eminence, the devoted one calmly paces round the black-covered platform, looking upon the crowd. He then puts in the hands of the sheriffs a long paper, verbally declaring, at the same time, that it has always been far from his design to plot against the King’s life or government. He prays that God would preserve both and the Protestant religion, and wishes all Protestants may love one another, and not make way for popery by their animosities. In the paper delivered, he declares that he is a member of the Church of England—that he wishes all would unite against the common enemy—that Churchmen would be less severe, and Dissenters less scrupulous—that he has been ready at all times to venture his own life for his country and his religion, but has never been moved “to anything with relation to the King’s life”—that he was earnest in the matter of the exclusion, as the best way, in his opinion, to secure both the King and the Protestant religion—that he forgives his enemies, though he thinks his sentence hard—and that killing by forms of law is the worst kind of murder.

The last moment approaches. That form, now vigorous and healthy, is in a few more instants to lie still and pale in yon black coffin. The soul, now looking through those eyes uplifted to heaven in thought, is, when the beating pulse has throbbled a little more, to pierce beyond the shades which hide the future and eternal, and to

be with God. Reverently he kneels down to pray. Many hearts are praying fervently with his. There is a pause. Dr. Tillotson now engages in intercession for his dying friend. The sufferer unfastens the upper part of his dress, takes off his outer garment, lays bare his neck, and then places it on the block without change of countenance. He lifts up his hands, but there is no trembling. The executioner touches him with the axe to take sure aim, but he does not shrink. Faces, like the leaves of forest trees, are all around, looking on with trembling emotion. But his friends at this moment turn aside their eyes. We do so.—It is all over. The headsman has done his duty with two strokes, and Russell's soul is gone where vindictive passion can never follow him.

Thus he fell; and we feel with Charles James Fox, that his name will be for ever dear to every English heart. When his memory shall cease to be an object of respect and veneration, "it requires no spirit of prophecy to foretell that English liberty will be fast approaching to its final consummation." His deportment was what might be expected from one who knew he was suffering, not for his crimes, but his virtues. He was connected with the world by private and domestic ties, and "the story of the last days of this excellent man's life fills the mind with such a mixture of tenderness and admiration, that I know not any scene in history that more powerfully excites our sympathy, or goes more directly to the heart."

How grateful is it, after picturing the sad scene which Lincoln's Inn Fields exhibited in 1683, to look upon the quiet, pleasant, open square now, with its garden of trees and shrubs and flowers, covering the space set apart for the tragedy of Lord Russell's execution. As we rejoice in our present freedom, we feel as if the drops of the patriot's blood had been as precious seeds from which have grown up those liberties that now "blossom as the rose." Through God's blessing, the day when despotism prompted men to perilous enterprises and

then crushed them for longing after liberty, is gone by, we trust for ever.

Bloomsbury Square is not far from Lincoln's Inn Fields. Southampton House occupied the whole north side of it. "It was a large building," says Strype, "with a spacious court before it, and a curious garden behind, which lieth open to the fields, enjoying a wholesome and pleasant air." It was erected for Thomas Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, whose only daughter and heir Lord Russell married. This was the never-to-be-forgotten Lady Rachel, with whom he lived in that very house, in the enjoyment of a domestic lot which rarely falls to the share of mortals. With the history just noticed fresh in our memory, we cannot help thinking of her devotion and heroism—of her sitting in the Old Bailey court under the bar where her noble husband stood a prisoner, taking notes and assisting in his defence—of her casting herself, bathed in tears, at the feet of Charles, supplicating the life of her beloved lord—of her calm converse with him in prison when his fate was fixed—and of the scene of the last night, so touchingly described in Burnet's journal. "At ten o'clock my lady left him. He kissed her four or five times, and she so kept her sorrows to herself, that she gave him no disturbance by their parting. After she was gone, he said: 'Now the bitterness of death is past,' and, ran out a long discourse concerning her—how great a blessing she had been to him, and said what a misery it would have been to him, if she had not that magnanimity of spirit joined to her tenderness as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life."

Walking through Bloomsbury Square, with the associations just indicated in our minds, we cannot but see the shade of the calm, heroic, gentle, saintly wife, and now widow, of the martyred lord. She passes by in her mourning weeds, her amiable countenance beclouded only with sorrow; or we see her sitting in her little closet, at her desk, in the mansion of her father, on the anniversary of the sad day in July.

The letters of Lady Rachel Russell have secured for her a place in literature nearly as high as she won by heroism and conjugal attachment. We see her writing :—

"If I could contemplate the conduct of providences with the uses you (Dr. Fitzwilliam) do, it would give ease indeed, and no disastrous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason that I still shed tears of sorrow, and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity ; doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs ; I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity ; I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions while I possessed him. I bless God for it, and pray, and ask of all good people also to pray, that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God ; not starting at His darkest providences, but remembering continually either His glory, justice, or power is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all His works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see ; in the meantime, I endeavour to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in, and say with the man in the gospel : 'I believe, help Thou my unbelief.' " "I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it ; but yet secretly my heart mourns and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with ; all these things are irksome to me now ; all company and meals I could avoid if it might be. Yet all this is, that I enjoy not the world in my own way, and this same hinders my comfort. When I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them : this makes my heart shrink." "I hope this has been a sorrow I shall profit by. I shall, if God


will strengthen my faith, resolve to return Him a constant praise, and make this the season to chase all secret murmurs from grieving my soul for what is past, letting it rejoice in what it should rejoice, His favour to me, in the blessings I have left, which many of my betters want, and yet have lost their chiefest friends also." "God knows my eyes are ever ready, to pour out marks of a sorrowful heart which I shall carry to the grave, that quiet bed of rest. My friendships have made all the joys and troubles of my life ; and yet who would live and not love ? Those who have tried the insipidness of it, would, I believe, never choose it. Mr. Waller says :—

'What know we of the blest above,
But that they sing, and that they love?'

And it is enough ; for if there is so charming a delight in the love, and suitableness in humours to creatures, what must it be to the clarified spirits to love in the presence of God ?"

Lady Russell died in 1723, and here we must leave Lord William and the Lady Rachel, with the happy thought, that long since they have been reunited in that happy world reserved for all who, regenerated by the Holy Spirit, have been reconciled to God by a living faith in the atonement of His Son. Their remains slumber in the beautiful old church of Chenies, Buckinghamshire, the mausoleum of the Bedford family. We shall never forget our feelings as we, one bright summer's day, visited that hallowed spot, and paused over the tomb of that honoured pair, whose love and sorrow have enshrined their memory in all sympathising hearts, while their heroism has exalted them to a bright place in England's history. And well, too, do we remember the broken lily sculptured in pure white marble over the grave of the first wife of him who now so honourably bears the name of Russell. A touching memorial to every reader of the frailty of all earthly good, recalling to us her words to Lord Cavendish : "Live virtuously, my lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long."

INCIDENTS OF HEROISM.*



THE Meerut outbreak took place on Sunday, the 10th of May. On the previous Saturday eighty-five men of the 3rd Cavalry, who had been sentenced by court martial some to ten and others to five years' imprisonment, had been brought out on the parade ground, and after having been heavily ironed in the presence of their comrades, had been taken back to gaol. A small native guard was put over them. It was known that their brethren looked upon them to a great extent as martyrs in the common cause, and that the disaffection was very widely spread. But no extra precautions were taken, and the station settled down into a feeling of absolute security. The European troops in the cantonments at the time consisted of a battalion of riflemen, a regiment of dragoons armed with carbines, and a large force of European artillery, with all the accessories of head quarters—a force, under proper management, sufficient to compel obedience, or, in case of outbreak, to sweep the mutineers from the face of the earth. Saturday passed quietly. Sunday came: the service was held as usual in the morning. The sun went down, and the time came for evening service, and the English chaplains prepared themselves for their ministrations. One has narrated how, when he was about to start with his wife for the station church, the native nurse warned them that there was danger, and besought her mistress to remain at home. The woman said that there would be a fight with the sepoys; but the chaplain listened incredulously to the statement, and, taking his wife and children with him,

entered his carriage, and was driven to church. In the church-compound he met his colleague and other Christian people with a look of anxious inquiry on their pale, scared faces. It was plain that the warning by which it was endeavoured to stay his progress was something more than an utterance of vague suspicion or senseless fear. Sounds and sights had greeted the church-goers on their way which could not be misinterpreted. The unwonted rattling of musketry on the Sabbath evening, the assembly call of the buglers, the hurrying to and fro of armed men on the road, the panic-struck looks of the unarmed, the columns of smoke that were rising against the fast darkening sky, all told the same story. The native troops had revolted.

Yes, it was too true. The 3rd Cavalry had gone to the gaol, liberated their imprisoned comrades; the sepoys of the 11th and 20th Infantry made common cause with them; the bazaars poured forth their gangs of plunderers and incendiaries; the church and many houses were destroyed; Europeans, men, women, and children, taken unawares, were brutally massacred; and then the mutineers marched off on the road towards Delhi. Meantime, the European troops, strong as they were, were doing absolutely nothing to check them. The fact is so incredible, and the consequences were so serious, that Mr. Kaye well puts it:—"By God's providence, for whatsoever purpose designed, this first great revolt of the sepoys was suffered, unchecked, unpunished, to make headway in a clear field, and to carry everything before it. The great confidence of the Christian people was miserably misplaced. They looked for a deliverance that never came." In some parts of the great cantonment they were abandoned to fire and

* Compiled from Kaye's "History of the Indian Mutiny."

slaughter as hopelessly as though there had not been a single English soldier in that Great Head Quarters of the Meerut Division."

Naturally they took the road to Delhi—the eyes of all who were disaffected towards the British Raj were directed there. For there was Bahauder Shah, the fifteenth ascendant in a direct line from Timour the Great, founder of the dynasty of the Moguls. True, for well-nigh a century the Padisha had been living in utter subjection, and more than fifty years had passed since Shah Allum, blind, helpless, and miserable, had been rescued by the English from the grip of the Mahrattas. But the Mogul was still looked upon by the Mohammedans as their only natural head. The founders of the royal houses of the Deccan, the Carnatic, and Oude, of Holkar, and Scindiah, were the deputies and servants of his ancestors. His superscription had, up to a comparatively recent period, been on all the coin of India, and in the imagination and belief of the people his divine right to universal dominion still existed. But the glory of the Great Mogul had already begun to pale before the power of the few merchants that the black waters had brought to the shores of India. And it might be narrated how, during a period of thirty years, the sun of royalty, little by little, was shorn of its beams—how first one Governor-General, and then another, resisted the proud pretensions of the Mogul, and lopped off some of the ceremonial obeisances which had so long maintained the inflated dignity of the House of Timour. All these humiliations rankled in the minds of the inmates of the palace; but they were among the necessities of the continually advancing supremacy of the English. It may be questioned whether a single man, to whose opinion any weight of authority can fairly be attached, has ever doubted the wisdom of these excisions. "And humanity might well pause to consider whether more might not yet be done to mitigate that great evil of rotting royalty which had so long polluted

the atmosphere of Delhi. That gigantic palace, almost a city in itself, had long been the home of manifold abominations, and a Christian Government had suffered, and was still suffering, generation after generation of abandoned men and degraded women, born in that vast sty of refuge, to be a curse to others and themselves. In subdued official language, it was said of these wretched members of a Royal House, that they 'were independent of all law, immersed in idleness and profligacy, and indifferent to public opinion.' It might have been said, without a transgression of the truth, that the recesses of the palace were familiar with the commission of every crime known in the East, and that Heaven alone could take account of that tremendous catalogue of iniquities."

Doubtless as much to the astonishment as to the relief of the escaped mutineers, they were not pursued; but all through that Sunday night they hastened on on their way to Delhi, and by eight o'clock on the following morning the 3rd Cavalry had crossed the bridge of boats, cut down the toll-keeper, fired the toll-house, had slain a solitary Englishman who was returning to Delhi across the bridge, and under the windows of the King's palace they were now clamouring for admittance, calling upon his Majesty for help, and declaring that they had killed the English at Meerut and had come to fight for the faith. Soon the news spread, and soon the 38th and 54th Native Infantry stationed in the city joined them. Then began a scene of wild, indescribable confusion. Every European that could be found, man, woman, or child, was put to death, the British Raj was declared to be at an end, and the Great Mogul again restored to his sovereignty.

Meanwhile hope was not quite extinct in the breasts of some of the Europeans who had as yet escaped destruction. Surely help would come in soon from Meerut. They knew what a strong European force was there, and every hour, soon every minute, they looked for signs of their approach; but, alas! they looked in vain.

General Hewett had not moved a man out of Meerut. The 74th, likewise stationed in the city, had not yet broken out into mutiny, and, led by Major Abbott, they went down to the main guard, and there were kept through the day, the English officers expecting them every moment to revolt, and looking in vain for the succours that never came. It was a time of intense anxiety. It was evident that the insurrection was raging in the city. There was a confused roar, presaging a great tumult, and smoke and fire were seen ascending from the European quarter. Then there was, at intervals, a sound of artillery, the meaning of which was not correctly known, and then a tremendous explosion, which shook the main guard to its very foundation. Looking to the quarter whence the noise proceeded, they saw a heavy column of smoke obscuring the sky, and there was no doubt in men's minds that the great magazine had exploded, whether by accident or design could only be conjectured. But whilst the party in the guard-house were speculating on the event two European officers joined them, one of whom was so blackened with smoke that it was difficult to discern his features. They were artillery subalterns who had just escaped from the great explosion. The story which it was theirs to tell is one which will never be forgotten.

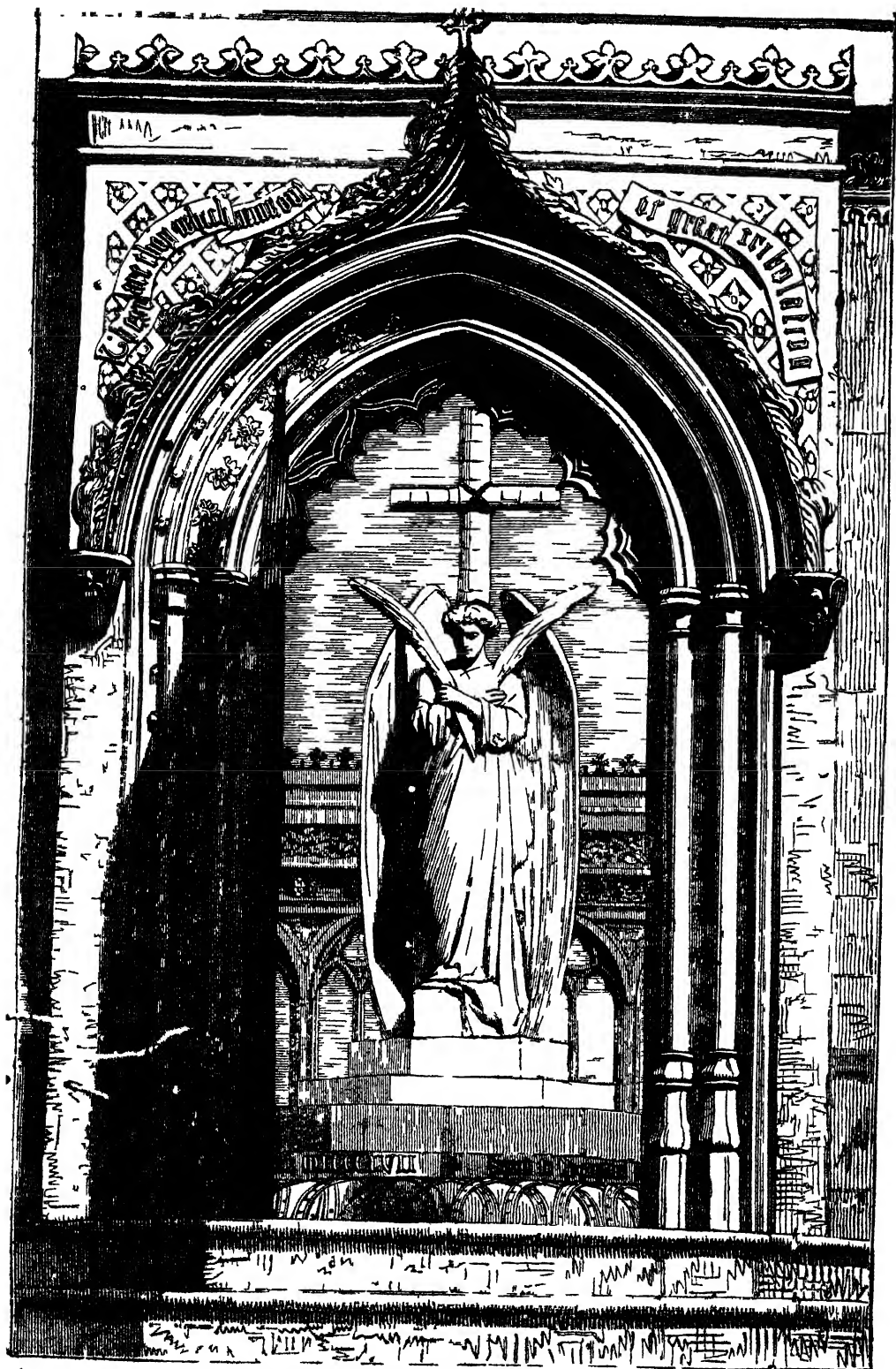
The great Delhi magazine, with all its vast supplies of munitions of war, was in the city at no great distance from the palace. It was in charge of Lieut. George Willoughby, with whom were associated Lieuts. Forrest and Raynor, also officers of the Bengal Artillery, and six European conductors and commissariat sergeants. All the rest of the establishment was native. Early in the day news arrived that the Meerut mutineers were crossing the bridge, and Willoughby determined at once to hold the magazine, if possible, until assistance, which could not long be deferred, arrived from Meerut. The outer gates were closed and barricaded. Guns were then brought out, loaded with double

charges of grape, and posted within the gates. One of the nine, with portfire in hand, stood ready to discharge the contents of the six-pounders full upon the advancing enemy, if they should find their way into the enclosure. These arrangements completed, a train was laid from the powder magazine, and, on a given signal from Willoughby, if further defence should be hopeless, a match was to be applied to it, and the magazine blown into the air.

Soon it was clear that the native establishment was not to be trusted; and when the scaling ladders arrived, and the assailants began to clamber over the walls, they threw off all disguise, and, ascending some sloping sheds, joined their countrymen on the other side.

The time for vigorous action had now arrived. As the enemy streamed over the walls, round after round of murderous grape-shot from our guns, delivered with all the coolness and steadiness of a practice parade, riddled the advancing multitudes; but still they poured on, keeping up a heavy fire of musketry from the walls. Yet, hoping almost against hope to hear the longed-for sound of the coming help from Meerut, the devoted Englishmen held their ground until their available ammunition was expended. Then further defence was impossible; they could not leave the guns to bring up shot from the magazine, and there were none to help them. Meanwhile the mutineers were forcing their way at other unprotected points into the great enclosure, and it was plain that the nine, two among them wounded, though not disabled, for the strong will keep them at their posts,—could no longer hold the great store-house from the grasp of the enemy. So the signal was given. Conductor Scully fired the train. In a few seconds there was a tremendous explosion. The magazine had been blown into the air.

Not one of that gallant band expected to escape with his life. But four of the nine, in the confusion which ensued, though at first stunned and bewildered, shattered and bruised, made good their



MONUMENT OVER THE WELL, CAWNPORE

retreat from the ruins. Willoughby and Forrest, as it has been seen, escaped to the main guard. Raynor and Buckley took a different direction, and eventually reached Meerut. Scully and his gallant comrades were never seen alive again. But the lives • thus nobly sacrificed were dearly paid for by the enemy. Hundreds perished in that great explosion; and others at a distance were struck down by the fragments of the building, or by bullets flung from the cartridges ignited in store. But it was not possible that by any such explosion as this the immense material resources of the Great Delhi magazine should be so destroyed as to be unserviceable to the enemy. The effect of the heroic deed, which has given to these devoted nine a cherished place in history, can never be exactly computed. But the grandeur of the conception is not to be measured by its results. From one end of India to another it filled men's minds with enthusiastic admiration; and when news reached England that a young artillery officer named Willoughby had blown up the Delhi magazine, there was a burst of applause that came from the deep heart of the nation. It was the first of many intrepid acts which have made us proud of our countrymen in India, but its brilliancy has never been eclipsed. •

Then through the city the work of massacre went on. The few sepoy whose fidelity had been doubtful, cast in their lot with their fellows. They shot down their officers, ransacked the houses, murdering every one they could find; and on the 16th some fifty Europeans and Eurasians, chiefly women and children, who on the 11th had been taken prisoners and confined in the dungeons of the King's palace, were remorselessly slain. The bodies were heaped on a cart, borne to the banks of the Jamna, and thrown into the river. Then amidst a deluge of blood was the revolt inaugurated, and the stronghold of Delhi made the rallying-point for the disaffected in the land.

And for long • and weary months the

sepoys held it. Well stocked with ammunition, and guns of heavy calibre, and all the appliances of war, it could not, in the judgment of the commander-in-chief, be taken by a *coup-de-main*; and although there were bolder spirits who urged that the attack should be made, yet it was felt that the risk was too great to be run. We might carry it, but at a cost too dear to pay. The noble band of heroes in the Punjaub sent down every man they could spare, leaving themselves in almost the extreme of weakness. They were, heroes of whom their country might well be proud—Lawrence, Herbert Edwardes, Nicholson, Chamberlain, and others too numerous to mention, but every way worthy of their colleagues. Every nerve was strained to strengthen the force before Delhi, but we were too weak to attack the city; and soon it became evident that the besiegers were themselves in reality the besieged, and all that they could do was to hold their own till succour came. And nothing shows our perilous condition in the month of August more than the fact that such a man as Sir John Lawrence was seriously contemplating the evacuation of the Punjaub!

Rapidly through the whole country ran the news that Delhi had fallen into the hands of the mutineers, and great was the surprise as day after day passed without bringing the longed-for intelligence that the city had been retaken. It soon became clear that for a time no troops could be sent from the Calcutta side to its relief, for every nerve would have to be strained to hold our own in Behar, the North-West, and Oude. Benares, the stronghold of Hindooism, had several regiments of mutinous troops. Allahabad, the very key of our position in the North-West, was threatened. Henry Lawrence at Lucknow was surrounded by an immense mass of disaffected and excited rebels; the sepoy at Agra had revolted, and it was known that Wheeler at Cawnpore, with a mere handful of men, burdened with the care of invalids, women, and children,

was besieged by a whole horde of mutinous soldiers under the command of the infuriated and treacherous Nana Sahib. From every station came the cry, "Send us Europeans." But, alas! even the few that could be sent could only be sent in mere dribblets day by day. And to the honour of the Christian Commissioner of Benares, H. C. Tucker, and the officials there, let it be recorded that as fast as they came and reached the sacred city they were sent on to places in direr need of them, if that were possible.

At last it seemed as though the tide was beginning to turn, for there came one day a few English soldiers, and at their head a man whose name was soon to be a very tower of strength—Neill, of the Madras Fusiliers. With a promptitude ever ready, with a vigour that never failed, with a prudence never at fault, he dashed at his work, and soon men's spirits that had almost begun to fail revived, and if they could not advance, they felt they could strengthen their position and gather means for more fortunate successors to use. Terrible were the blows he struck; and though now we shudder at the record, we will not be of those who condemn the humane, generous, high-minded soldier who in times like those saw it was his duty to strike terror into the hearts of ruffians and murderers. By this time the troops from Persia had begun to arrive, the war with that country, as though by a special providence, being concluded just in time to send back our English troops to reconquer India for us. And with them came one of the many grand heroes that this mutiny brought to the front—Havelock, Christian soldier of the ancient and Puritan type—a man with a spirit gentle as a woman's, a nerve strong as steel, a trust in God such as only a real child of God—a "saint"—could have. Proceeding northward, he assumed command, naturally to Neill's chagrin, though with the instinct of a true soldier he had done his best to prepare for him, and now did his best to sustain him.

Havelock's main object was the relief

of Cawnpore. There one of the most brilliant, but at the same time one of the saddest, episodes in all this exciting history was being enacted. There three regiments of infantry and one of cavalry had broken out into mutiny. The foul miscreant, the Nana Sahib, lived close by, and using his influence to prevent the mutineers from going off to Delhi, had put himself at their head and been proclaimed Peishwah. On the 6th of June the enemy brought their whole force, well supplied with heavy artillery and immense stores of ammunition, against the wretched entrenchments behind which our countrymen sought to protect themselves and those who had been entrusted to them.

Then commenced a siege the miseries of which to the besieged have never been exceeded in the history of the world. All the wonted terrors of a multitudinous enemy without, of a feeble garrison and scant shelter within, of the burden of women and children and sick people, with little to appease their wants or to allay their sufferings, were aggravated by the burning heat of the climate. The June sky was little less than a great canopy of fire; the summer breeze was as the blast of a furnace. To touch the barrel of a gun was to recoil as from red-hot iron. It was the season when European strength and energy are ever at their lowest point of depression, when military duty in its mildest form taxes the power of Englishmen to the utmost, and English women can do little more than sustain life in a state of languid repose, in shaded apartments, with all appliances at command to moderate the temperature and to mitigate the suffering.

But now, even under the fierce meridian sun, this little band of English fighting-men were ever straining to sustain the strenuous activity of constant battle against fearful odds; whilst delicate women and fragile children were suddenly called to endure discomforts and privations, with all the superadded miseries peculiar to the country and the climate, which it would have been hard to battle with in strong health under

their native skies. The morning and evening baths, the frequent changes of raiment, the constant ministrations of assiduous servants in the smallest things, which are the necessities of English life in India, were now suddenly lost to these helpless ones; and, to intensify the wretchedness, the privacy and seclusion so dear to them became only remembrances of the past. Even amidst the roar of the cannon and the rattle of the musketry, with death around them in many ghastly shapes, the loss of these privileges was amongst the heaviest of their trials, for it violated all the decencies and proprieties of life, and shocked the modesty of their womanly natures.

To the English soldier in India, to be outmatched in numbers is scarcely a discouragement. Ever since, a century before, Clive had fought against heavy odds the great battle of Plassey, our English forces had ever been outnumbered in the field, and yet they had fought their way to empire. The overwhelming multitude of Sepoys which now encompassed our position at Cawnpore were kept at bay by the little handful of English soldiers that now manned our feeble entrenchments. As men, all the mighty hosts of Hindoos and Mohammedans which the Nana Sahib sent against us were utterly contemptible in our eyes. Had the positions of the two nations been reversed, had the English been outside those paltry earthworks, one rush would have carried the place, and the whole garrison would have been put to the sword in an hour. There was nothing to keep the besiegers out of the intrenchment but the contrast between the indomitable pluck of the few and the flaccid irresolution of the many. The besiegers, who might have relieved each other every hour, who might have bathed, and eaten, and smoked, and slept while their comrades were on duty, and sent any number of fresh troops to the assault, shrink from a close encounter with our weary people, overworked and underfed, ever labouring in their trenches, ever under fire, with the clothes

rotting on their backs, and the grime from the guns caking on their hands and faces. But, poor and despicable as the enemy were, they were rich and royal in their possessions. They had an immense wealth of artillery. The Cawnpore magazine had sent forth vast supplies of guns and ammunition. And now the heavy ordnance of the Government was raking its servants with a destructiveness which soon diminished our numbers working in the trenches. The English artillerymen dropped at their guns, until, one after another, the places of our trained gunners were filled by volunteers and amateurs, with stout hearts but untutored eyes; and the lighter metal of their guns could make no adequate response to the heavy fire of their twenty-four pounders. But when the enemy neared our parapets, and sought further to molest us at close quarters, they met with such a reception as soon put them to panic flight.

So for three weeks they held out—three weeks under the burning rays of that June sun. Their only shelter was soon knocked down, their provisions had begun to fail, their ammunition was giving out; already *the well* had received two hundred and fifty who had died from fatigue or disease, or had been struck down by the bullets of the foe, when the Nana, unable with all his force to subdue the gallant little band that held the intrenchments, offered them a safe passage to Allahabad. Reluctantly old General Wheeler consented, and on the following morning, the 27th, the garrison marched forth. On fouler deed the sun had never risen than ~~that~~ morning witnessed. By nine o'clock the ~~troops~~ were embarked, when a bugle sounded the boatmen clambered ashore, and at once from all sides a murderous fire was opened on the boats. With the exception of four who escaped, every man was butchered, with many women and children; and 125 helpless females and little ones were carried back to Cawnpore, and reserved there for as cruel a fate as that which they had for a time escaped.

Meanwhile Havelock had literally to

fight his way to Cawnpore. He had hoped to commence his march on the 4th of July, but the impediments in the way of the complete equipment of his force were too numerous and too serious to admit of so early a movement. It was not till the afternoon of the 7th that he could give the order to march. On the 11th, having joined Renand's force, which had preceded him, he gave the enemy battle at Futtehpore, and drove them back. On the 15th he had reached Aong, where the enemy had strongly posted themselves. But no superiority of numbers or of position could enable them to sustain the resistless rush of the English. Very soon they were seen in confused flight, strewing the ground with all the abandoned impedimenta of their camp—tents, stores, carriage and munitions of war. But they rallied behind the river. Again did Havelock rouse his exhausted men, and nobly did they answer. For two hours they marched under a fierce sun. The foe were intrenched on the other side with heavy guns which raked the bridge. They had mined the bridge head; but the Fusiliers, under Major Stephenson, swept across it and put an end to all fear of its destruction. Then the rest of Havelock's force accomplished the passage of the river, and pushed on with their faces towards Cawnpore, weary and exhausted in body, but sustained by the thought of the coming retribution.

Mr. Kaye must tell in his own words the story of the Last Massacre.

“They did not then know the worst. The crowning horror of the great tragedy of Cawnpore was yet to come. On the afternoon of that 15th of July Doondoo Pant, Nana Sahib, learnt that Havelock's army has crossed the Pundoo Nudder, and was in full march upon his capital. The messenger who brought the evil tidings was Bolu Ro (his brother), himself with a wound in his shoulder, as proof that he had done his best. It might be that there was a coming end to the short-lived triumphs of the Peishwah. What now was to be done? The chief advisers of the

Nana Sahib were divided in opinion. They might make a stand at Bithoor, or form a junction with the rebel force at Futtehghur, or go out to meet the enemy at Cawnpore. The last course, after much confused discussion, was adopted, and arrangements were made to dispute Havelock's advance. The issue was very doubtful; but, as already said, the mighty conquerors of Cawnpore had one more victory to gain. They could slaughter the English prisoners. So, whether it were in rage, or in fear, or in the wantonness of bestial cruelty; whether it were believed that the English were advancing only to rescue the prisoners, and would turn back on hearing that they were dead; whether it were thought that, as no tales could be told by the dead, the total annihilation of the captives would prevent the identification of the arch offenders on the day of retribution; whether the foul design had its birth in the depths of the Nana's black heart, or was prompted by one still blacker, the order went forth for the massacre of the women and children in the Beebee-ghur. The miserable herd of helpless victims huddled together in those narrow rooms were to be killed. What followed is best told in the fewest and simplest words. There were four or five men among the captives; these were brought forth and killed in the presence of the Nana Sahib. Then a party of sepoys was told off, and instructed to shoot the women and children through the doors and windows of their prison-house. Some soldierly instincts seem to have survived in the breasts of these men. The task was too hideous for their performance—they fired at the ceilings of the chambers. The work of death, therefore, proceeded slowly, if at all. So some butchers were summoned from the bazaars—stout Mussulmans accustomed to slaughter, and two or three others, Hindoos, from the villages or from the Nana's guard, were also appointed executioners. They went in, with swords or long knives, among the women and children as among a flock of sheep, and with no more compunction

slashed them to death with the sharp steel."

And there the bodies lay, some only half dead, all through the night. It was significantly related that the shrieks ceased, but not the groans. Next morning the dead and the dying were brought out, ghastly with their still gaping wounds, and thrown into an adjoining well. Some of the children were alive, almost unhurt; saved, doubtless by their low stature, amidst the densely packed masses of human flesh through which the butchers had drawn their blades; and now they were running about, scared and wonderstruck, beside the well. To toss these infantile enemies, alive or dead, into the improvised cemetery, already nearly choked full, was a small matter that concerned but little those who

did the Nona's bidding. But beyond this wholesale killing and burying, which sickened the whole Christian world and roused English manhood in India to a pitch of national hatred that took years to allay, the atrocity was not pushed. The refinements of cruelty, the unutterable shame with which, in some of the chronicles of the day, this hideous massacre was attended, were but fictions of an excited imagination, too readily believed without inquiry and circulated without thought. None were mutilated, none were dishonoured.

Indeed there was nothing needed to aggravate the naked horror of the fact that some two hundred Christian women and children were hacked to death in the course of a few hours.

WILLIAM HARVEY'S DISCOVERY.



THE study of the structure and functions of our own bodies is now considered important for every child, but anatomy and physiology are comparatively modern studies in our schools. Formerly only strictly scientific people gave attention to them, and among the masses very little was known about them. At the present time almost every intelligent child who is old enough to read and study, knows that the blood is sent from the heart all over the body by a set of tubes called arteries, and that another set, called veins, carry back to the heart all the blood not used up by the processes of life; that from the heart it is sent into the lungs, where it is purified by contact with the air, and then it goes again into the heart, to be distributed over the body. Thus there is a constant circulation of blood throughout the whole body.

This important fact was first discovered

in the early part of the seventeenth century by a celebrated Englishman, Dr. William Harvey. Before his time very little was understood about the action of the heart and the flow of the blood. Vague ideas prevailed that the arteries were air-vessels, like the windpipe, and that the blood remained in the veins, or was carried round only by them. And people did not care to have these ideas disturbed; or, at least, they did not surmise the truth, and were not ambitious to make investigations.

William Harvey was born in 1578, at Folkestone, and when a boy constantly showed a studious and inquiring mind. We have no information about his father, but his mother is spoken of as "a careful, tender-hearted mother, a godly woman, dear to her husband, revered by her children, and beloved by her neighbours." We may infer that the son of such a woman received good home training.

After he graduated at college he went to Padua, Italy, where the medical schools

were in high repute, for he was resolved to devote himself to the study of medicine. There he attended lectures on anatomy and surgery given by eminent medical professors of that age. When he was about twenty-five years old he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and then returned to England and commenced practice in London. Evidently he had studied faithfully, for his skill was recognised at once, and he was admitted a member of the Royal College of Physicians, and also elected physician of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Soon after this he commenced to lecture on anatomy and surgery in the college. In was in 1619, during the investigations accompanying these lectures, that the great discovery of the circulation of the blood was made. Although Harvey referred his first glimpses of the truth to some anatomical views presented by one of his teachers at Padua, yet no such conclusions had before been drawn by any one. His own investigations led him to see the truth clearly.

Harvey displayed great patience and philosophy in forbearing to impart his new theory to the world until it was thoroughly matured and confirmed. He waited nine years before he published his celebrated work on the "Circulation of the Blood," devoting himself, meanwhile, to his professional duties and his scientific investigations. He had been appointed physician to the king, and was at the height of his reputation and prosperity when his book was given to the public.

His new discoveries did not add to his popularity; indeed, for a time, they gave a decided check to his professional career. Physicians of eminence displayed great opposition to his novel views, and common people thought him crazy and regarded him with suspicion. King Charles, however, had a taste for the curiosities of science, and encouraged Harvey by the interest he took in his investigations. Frequently the king would be present with his courtiers at the private experiments made by Harvey, and he always watched the processes and

heard the explanations with manifest attention.

Harvey was not diverted from his studies by the ceremonies of the court or the friendship of the king. He gave to royalty such services as were due from him with loving fidelity, but his mind was not turned from his life-work. Political difficulties arose by which he suffered severely; yet, amid these troubles, and lacking sympathy and encouragement from men in his own circle, he continued the discharge of his professional duties with unwavering firmness. Fame and wealth he regarded with comparative indifference, and this preserved him from a spirit of rivalry and hostility. Modest in demeanour and pleasant in conversation, he treated his antagonists with kindness and moderation. His researches had led him to entertain a profound reverence for God, whose hand kept in motion the wonderful mechanism of the body; and he loved the studies which revealed the power and wisdom of the Creator.

When King Charles was driven from his throne by political changes, Harvey accompanied him in his wanderings. While he was absent from London some enemies of the great physician plundered his house, and burnt his library and many valuable papers relating to his scientific researches. This was a great grief to Harvey, since it was a loss which could not be replaced.

But time wrought great changes in public opinion. William Harvey lived to see his discoveries universally acknowledged as correct. The most eminent men of his time willingly gave him esteem and honour, and he came to be regarded as the most distinguished physician and anatomist of his age. While he was yet living his statue was placed in the hall of the College of Physicians—a rare honour in those days—and he was also elected President of the College, an office which he declined, recommending that the previous President, who had worthily filled the position, should be re-elected.

Harvey enjoyed an honoured old age,

faithfully discharging his duties in the Royal College until nearly the time of his death, which occurred at the age of eighty. He will always be remembered as one who rendered important service to science by the discovery of the circulation of the blood. The modesty, forbearance, and

discretion which he exhibited throughout his life, as well as the steady earnestness with which he defended the truth, are worthy of imitation, not only by those engaged in scientific pursuits, but by all the young who desire to accomplish something of real value in life.

AN UNCROWNED KING.



ew Puritans of note but find their apologists somewhere, and have a certain reverence paid them by earnest men. One Puritan, I think, and almost he alone, our poor Cromwell, seems to hang yet on the gibbet, and find no hearty apologist anywhere." So writes Carlyle, and it would throw light on many historical characters to trace

the causes of the slanders that have been heaped upon the name of this "uncrowned king." It must be remembered that the royalists were assisted in their work of depreciation by the many classes who were disappointed in him—not seeing that their own desires were chiefly at fault. It is certainly a pity that nearly two hundred years after, Gray in his immortal "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," should have written with, let us hope, the unthinking endorsement of his admirers, the line, "Some Cromwell *guiltless* of his country's blood." Happily for the sake of justice, the facts of Cromwell's life are gradually becoming visible by the ebbing of the flood of calumny; and it is somewhat surprising to find how little we really do know about his life, though it seems fit that such a history should be drawn by a few telling strokes.

We know that Oliver Cromwell, who lived to be aptly styled the "Protector of England," was born in St. John's parish, Huntingdon, on the 25th of April, 1599. He was of an ancient and worthy family; his

father was M.P. for Huntingdon in the parliament of 1593; his mother "was of a good family of the name of Stuart, remotely allied, as is by some supposed, to the royal family." "To educate her numerous family she had been obliged to set up a brewery at Huntingdon, which she managed to good advantage. Hence Cromwell was sometimes stigmatised as the 'brewer.'"

In consequence of his father's death, he was but a short time at college; and the vile and dissolute courses he was *said* to have revelled in must have been dropped with remarkable facility and entirely unknown by the Puritan party, to which he was allied, or to Sir James Bouchier, who gave him his daughter to wife at the age of twenty-one, within a year after he left the college. In Cromwell's own language he was a "professor of religion," which naked phrase gives no presentment of the soul-searching piety of the man who felt himself strong only as he clung to his Lord. A Puritan he was nurtured, and a Puritan he lived; his childhood and boyhood grew with the reign of the first James, "the most learned fool in Christendom," says the Duke of Sully; the "British Solomon," said obsequious thousands. But he was no bigot; his religion gained strength with every drop of his life-blood. Yet he who withstood Papist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Leveller, delivered the founder of English Unitarianism from the Westminster Divines, and though exposed to constant peril at home even in the height of his power, he championed Protestants in

Europe against the hungry maw of the Papacy.

When Cromwell was at the age of six, the nation was alarmed by the Gunpowder Plot, which doubtless left an impression on the boy's mind sufficient to embitter him against the Romanists in riper years. When he reached nineteen (an enthusiastic age, even for a Puritan), Raleigh was beheaded

on a crafty plea, and, to make the crime more odious, to please Spain, the traditional enemy of English liberty, the dragop of Antichrist. Another undoubted fact is that in his twenty-seventh year Cromwell was elected M.P. for Huntingdon, a proof of the trust reposed in his ability, judgment, and steadiness of principle. The next year, in parliament, he called attention to the Bishop



OLIVER CROMWELL.

of Winchester's "encouragement of flat popery," a proof of his zeal and vigour, and steps were ordered to be taken to procure evidence against the bishop, when King Charles suddenly dissolved parliament. After this bout with episcopacy, in which Cromwell was thwarted by royal prerogative, he returned home, and however strengthened in his political opinions, he passed for several years the life of a

sagacious and worthy Justice of the Peace, acting parish overseer, and certainly the leading man in those parts.

In 1633, Charles, in his wisdom, scandalized the Puritans by renewing his father's edict for allowing sports and recreations on Sunday to those who attended Divine service, and many puritanically-minded clergy were punished by deprivation for refusing to read the proclamation.

In 1637, so disgusted was Cromwell at the proceedings of the court, that he embarked with all his family for America in a ship then lying in the Thames ; but a proclamation forbidding such embarkations except under a licence, which he knew would not be granted him, made him return to Ely. Thus a second Miles Standish was lost to the young republic in America. His activity and vigour of mind, his open support of principles opposed to the Government, made him as marked a man in the country as he had become in the councils of state with Hampden and his dauntless fellows.

That year rolled by with the agitation of Hampden's trial kindling men in England, and the imposition of the liturgy on Scotland rousing "unappeasable commotion." Cromwell was elected representative of the town of Cambridge both to the parliament of 1640, and to the Long Parliament. Let Sir Philip Warwick, an impartial man in this respect, though a courtier who valued himself much upon his good clothes, speak to his personal appearance as he entered the 1640 parliament. "I came into the House one morning well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not—very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain cloth suit which seemed to have been made by an all country-tailor ; his linen was plain and not very clean, and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. He was handier with the sword than a razor. His hat was without a hatband. His stature was of a good size ; his sword stuck close to his side ; his countenance swollen and reddish ; his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervour. For the subject-matter would not bear much of reason ; it being on behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's, who had dispersed libels. I sincerely profess, it lessened much my reverence unto that great council, for this gentleman was very much hearkened unto. And yet I lived to see this very gentleman,—whom out of no ill-will to him I thus

describe, by multiplied good successes, and by real but usurped power, having had a better tailor and more converse among good company, in my own eye, when for six weeks together I was a prisoner in his sergeant's hands, and daily waited at Whitehall—appear of a great and majestic deportment and comely presence."

The wonderful military genius displayed by Cromwell from the very outset of the war, soon brought him into prominence, and under Fairfax he soon became the soul of a victorious army. He was exempted from the Self-denying Ordinance, an injunction which excluded M.P.'s from holding command in the army. At the battle of Naseby, Cromwell commanded the right wing ; Ireton, his son-in-law, the left ; the royalist main body was commanded by the king in person. Ireton was soon repulsed ; the royalists became too confident, and Cromwell and Fairfax, taking advantage of Prince Rupert's temerity, secured a total victory. Then Cromwell stormed Bristol, and took the principal part in western operations. In 1646, returning to London, the thanks of the parliament were voted to him ; his services were publicly acknowledged, and rewarded by a grant of £2,500 a year—no doubt very welcome to him who had spent and lent money to the extent of £2,000 already, and risked his head for the public good.

Incidents showing Cromwell's vigorous methods of discipline, and the source of that vigour crop up most plentifully in his letters. "We want honest men, men of religion, to fight men of honour." "They fight best who pray best." The Parliamentary soldiers fought in the liveries of their leaders, from Hampden's green to every hue ; Cromwell insisted on red for all, as much mistaken slaughter had occurred : "If they like it not, let them go home," said he, Gideon-like. They had to pay for all they had. Sudden and dire was the punishment for any caught pillaging.

As the war proceeded a split arose between the army, consisting chiefly of Independents, and the Parliament, consisting chiefly of

Presbyterians. The Parliament having got possession of the king, Cromwell simply took him from them by force. Parliament threatened him; he marched upon London, and the Parliament was obliged to submit to his terms. But the king gaining liberty to communicate with his friends sought to make treaty with all parties, and the Scotch parliament, the English royalists, and the Prince of Wales, with seventeen vessels of the fleet, again took the field. Cromwell made preparations against all, but the army necessarily dispersing at such distances, the parliament (Presbyterians) recovered their ascendancy, and while Cromwell was defeating the royalists in all quarters, they made a treaty with the king, which was carried by 129 against 83, for a settlement of the kingdom, which treaty included a proposal that the generals and officers of the army should be punished as traitors. But a hare to be cooked must first be caught. Cromwell was then on his way from Scotland, but the very next day Colonel Pride surrounded the House, 52 members were carried away prisoners, 160 more were excluded, and the remaining 50 or 60 (the Rump Parliament) reversed the former vote, and sent several Presbyterian leaders to prison. Such payment of injustice, and such self-deliverance, can hardly deserve the condemnation it has met with. The execution of the king then followed, and all was confusion in the state; Ireland had just before declared herself for the king, Cromwell sent reinforcements to Colonel Jones there, and followed immediately with another army, wherewith he took Drogheda by storm, and slew all the garrison in revenge for the horrible massacre which had happened at the beginning of the war. He did the same at Wexford, and so vigorous was he that the Irish gladly embraced banishment, and 40,000 men passed into foreign service, Cromwell cordially giving them full liberty and leisure for embarkation. The English parliament, now Independent, soon after sent Cromwell into Scotland, the royalists having become strong there, and after a good deal of fighting, the young Charles

took the war into England, and at Worcester his cause met with the last crushing defeat. In the absence of Cromwell the parliament carried on foreign affairs with such vigour that the English name was feared, and her favour courted, by the continental states; but showing an inclination to slight Cromwell, and retain their power for an indefinite period, and leave the army's arrears unpaid, Cromwell forcibly dissolved them, and for the rest of his life governed the country in an arbitrary but successful fashion. If possible foreign affairs were still more vigorously pursued; France, at his solicitation, mitigated the severities of the inquisition; while his army shielded the Vaudois from the Duke of Savoy; Holland and Spain, haughty and intolerant, were defeated by land and sea; the Dey of Algiers was compelled to restrain his piratical hands, and his fleet and castles at Algiers were destroyed. But at home his strong hand alone kept the country at all quiet. *He* was the bulwark of peace and liberty; without him there were many able men, but no one ablest; remove him, and chaos would return; they let him live, and baited him, as boys would worry a caged lion. Those sad last days; who can tell what was passing in that great silent heart? Visiting every day his poor old mother—whom he had taken to himself in the palace—to show her that he was not yet assassinated, tender thus, though dominant and stern among men who thirsted for his life, he towered high among many great, many noble, the one “to see and dare and decide; to be a fixed pillar in the welter of uncertainty; a king among them, whether they called him so or not.” On the 3rd of September, 1658, a day he had always considered most fortunate for himself, the anniversary of some of his most important victories, he expired. A violent storm followed his death, and the people of three kingdoms mourned for themselves and for him who, throughout his career, had only “sought, in the speediest possible manner, the prosperity, happiness, and glory of his native land.”

GALILEO AND HIS DAUGHTER.



HER sweet sorrowful life began at Pisa, in the year 1601. The name she bore in her childhood was Polissena, but in the convent they called her "Sister Maria Celeste." There are still existing, in the Palatine Library at Florence, one hundred and twenty-one of the letters which she wrote to her father during the last ten years of her life. We owe to them nearly everything we know of the great philosopher's domestic history.

It was while Polissena was still a child that Galileo decided to place her, together with her younger sister, in a convent for life. This step, cruel as we should think it now, was so customary then that it does not imply a lack of parental affection. There were, however, some difficulties in the way of this arrangement, which occasioned delay. At Florence it was forbidden to place two sisters in the same convent, except by special dispensation from the Pope; and Galileo would not let them be separated. A still more serious obstacle was the rule that no one might take the vows under sixteen years of age, for Polissena was only ten. Cardinal del Monte said he could procure a dispensation as to the other point; but asserted that this rule was never broken, and never would be.

However, two years later, Cardinal Bandini somehow brought it about, and in October, 1613, the two little girls entered the convent of St. Matthew, at Arcetri, in the suburbs of Florence. After a year's novitiate, they took the veil, Polissena receiving the name already mentioned, while the younger girl took that of "Sister Arcangela."

This convent belonged to the Franciscan order, and, unlike some religious houses, was very poor. A dowry was paid by the friends of each nun on her entrance, the interest, of which was to furnish her with

the simplest necessities during her lifetime, after which it belonged to the convent. But there seems to have been no fixed sum for the dowry, and it was often quite too small. The nuns used to do various kinds of work, in order to earn money for the convent expenses and their own. Sometimes it was embroidery or lacemaking; sometimes they prepared sweetmeats and delicate pastry for sale, which is customary in Italian convents still. The discipline at Saint Matthew's was less rigorous than that of some nunneries; for sister Maria Celeste was allowed to write freely to her father, and to receive frequent visits from him.

About the time his daughters entered the convent Galileo fixed his residence at Bellosguardo, which, as well as Arcetri, was very near Florence. At first his aged mother presided over his household; afterwards his heedless, indolent brother, Michaelangelo Galilei, with his large family, often resided there at Galileo's expense. At last he had only his old housekeeper. One cannot help fancying what a home would have been made for him by his devoted daughter, with her gentle ways and housewifely skill, had he only allowed her the privilege.

"Only in one respect does cloister life weigh heavily upon me," she wrote once when he was ill; "that is, that it prevents my attending on you personally, which would be my delight were it permitted. My thoughts are always with you, and I long to have news of you daily. As you were not able to see the steward the day before yesterday, I send him again to-day, with these two pieces of preserved citron as an excuse. You will be able to tell him if there is anything we can do for you, and if the quince was to your liking; because, if so, I might prepare another for you. We pray the Lord without ceasing for your restoration to health."

Almost every day some little tender

"excuse" was invented by the fond daughter for sending a note or message to her "dearest lord and father." Under date of November 21, 1623, she wrote, "I cannot rest any longer without news, both for the infinite love I bear you and also for fear lest this sudden cold should have caused a return of your usual pains and other complaints. I therefore send the man who takes this letter purposely to hear how you are, and also when you expect to set out on your journey (to Rome). I have been extremely busy at the dinner-napkins. They are nearly finished, but now I come to putting on the fringe, I find that of the sort I send as a pattern, a piece is wanted for two dinner-napkins; that will be four braccia. I should be glad if you could let me have it immediately, so that I may send you the napkins before you go. . . . Moreover, I beg you to be so kind as to send me that book of yours which has just been published, 'Il Saggiatore,' so that I may read it, for I have a great desire to see it. . . .

P.S. You can send us any collars that want getting up."

A thousand little touches like these show how her heart longed to minister to her beloved father in every possible way. We almost forget that she had anything else to do save preparing delicious sweetmeats to tempt his appetite, or getting up the dainty collars and cuffs, edged with lace, which were worn by gentlemen in those days. Yet hers was not a life of leisure. Besides the religious services, besides her regular occupations in the still-room and pharmacy, she was the infirmarian, or sick-nurse; and, apparently, people were oftener sick than well at Saint Matthew's. In a certain letter she incidentally mentions that she is writing at one o'clock in the morning, for want of time by day.

"For now," she explains, "in addition to my other occupations, I have to instruct four of the younger sisters in choir-singing, besides which I have to arrange the choral service every day. From my having no knowledge of Latin, I find this no small

labour. It is true that all these occupations would be to my taste, were I not obliged to work in order to earn money. . . . I never have a quarter of an hour's idleness, except when I am asleep. If your lordship (Galileo) could tell me the secret which enables you to do with so little sleep, I should be much obliged; for seven hours seems a great deal too much, and yet I cannot tell how to do with less on account of my head."

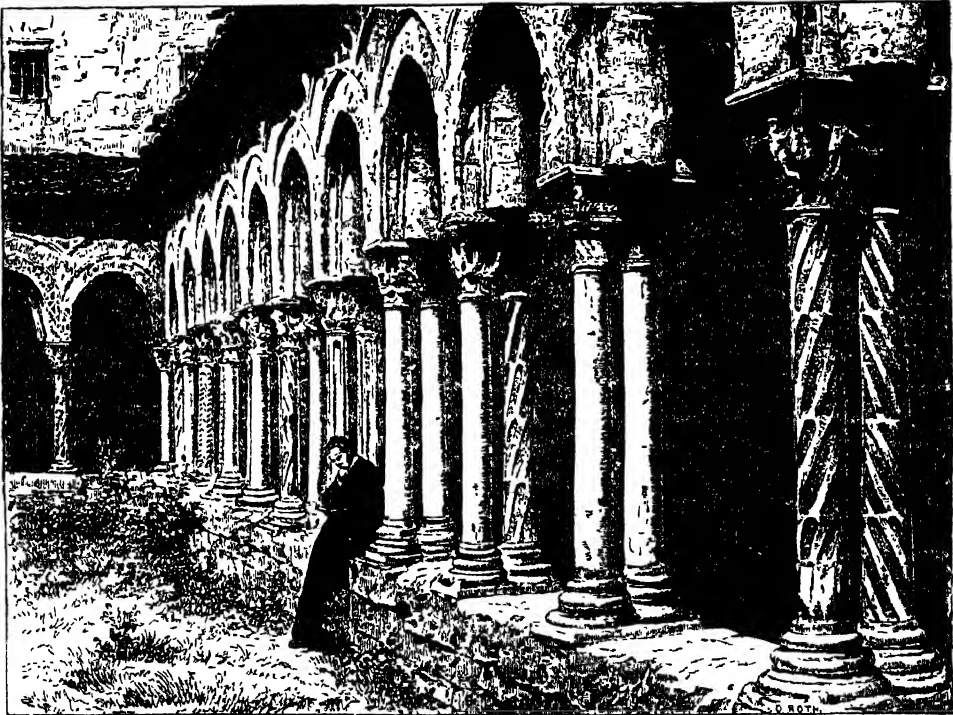
As the convent fare was but meagre, Galileo often sent something nourishing from his own house, especially in time of illness. Sister Maria Celeste begs for some little dainty that will do for Sister Arcangela's supper. As to herself, if there might chance to be "a tough old hen" at Bellosguardo, she would be glad of it "to make some weak broth." Once, after speaking of her sister's indisposition, she adds, "I am not well myself; but being so accustomed to ill-health, I do not make much of it, seeing, too, that it is the Lord's will to send me continually some such little trial as this. I thank Him for everything, and pray that He will give you the highest and best felicity."

These letters show the simplicity and generosity of Galileo in a striking light. Imagine the 'great philosopher' good-naturedly betaking himself to the fair at Pisa, with a sample of stuff and eight crowns in his hand to do a little shopping for "two poor little nuns," who had begged the favour through his daughter, because the cloth they wanted was cheaper at Pisa than anywhere else! Then we read how the convent clock has fallen into bad ways, and Galileo must needs set it to rights, or the nuns will give his daughter no peace. Again, she entreats him to glaze the pannels of her window-shutter with waxed linen, so that she can see to work in her cell. But she modestly adds, "I should like to know first whether you have any objection to do this for me. Not that I doubt of, your kindness, but because it is a piece of work rather fitter for a carpenter than for a philosopher."

The simple and fervid piety of Sister Maria Celeste betrays itself in many ways. With all her reverence for her dearest "lord and father," she cannot suppress her tender solicitude for his spiritual welfare, sensible that even while studying the wonders of the heavens one might forget the eternal glory beyond. Yet she fondly trusts that his lordship "is walking in the right path," and night and day she commends him to God. When the plague was

raging, and she was distressed for her father's safety, she says, "I know that whatever happens is by God's providence, and is permitted for our good, and with this reflection I quiet myself." Again she writes, "Only in our gracious God can we find true rest. Oh, what rejoicing will be ours, when the thin veil that enfolds us is rent, and we see the Most High face to face."

She had not many years to wait. Worn out by the toils and privations of her



THE CONVENT CLOISTERS.

convent life, and suffering most keenly in all that her illustrious father suffered, her delicate frame at last gave way. During the year preceding her death, Galileo was imprisoned by the Inquisition for maintaining that the earth moves round the sun. He had previously been residing in a villa at Arcetri, very near the convent, and to this he was at length permitted to return, though still a prisoner. It was only a little before her death, which took place in April, 1634. Writing to one of his friends, he thus tells the story of his loss :

"I stayed five months at Siena, in the house of the archbishop, after which my prison was changed to confinement to my own house, that little villa a mile from Florence. . . . Here I lived on, very quietly, frequently paying visits to the neighbouring convent, where I had two daughters who were nuns, and whom I loved dearly ; but the eldest in particular, who was a woman of exquisite mind, singular goodness, and most tenderly attached to me. She had suffered much from ill-health during my absence, but had not paid much

attention to herself. At length dysentery came on, and she died after six days' illness, leaving me in deep affliction."

"I hear her constantly calling me," wrote the lonely father, who was now in his seventy-first year. He lived until January, 1642, when, after two months' suffering, borne with most Christian fortitude, he gave back his soul into the Creator's hands.

The letters of Galileo to his daughter have never been found. The compiler of "The Private Life of Galileo," from which these facts have been gathered, thinks it probable that the abbess dared not keep the writings of one "vehemently suspected of heresy" in the archives of the convent, and therefore destroyed them immediately after his daughter's death.

FASTS AND FASTERS.



R. TANNER has set the world thinking that perhaps it eats too heartily. The problem of how much food is absolutely necessary to keep the vital spark alight, is one which, though of great antiquity, has never been satisfactorily settled. Individuals are constantly being put to the test and deprived of food for longer or shorter intervals; but they begin

their abstinence without any of the training or special preparation which modern experience shows is essential to successful fasting in man or beast. Thus, the brown bear, when the winds, blowing strong and cold from the north, warn him that the gloomy six months of winter are at hand, makes up his mind to sleep until the next spring—a fashion which many of us would gladly follow to escape the mists and melancholy of an English winter. For that purpose the hibernating beast proceeds to make a raid on the sheep-pens until he has brought himself into the highest condition, not exactly of training, but of comfortable corpulence. He then scrapes a hole in some dry snowdrift, where he is speedily covered by layer upon layer of that soft material, until not a vestige of the animal is to be seen; and there, or in some hollow tree, he sleeps with all his functions suspended, like a frozen stream, until the re-

turning sun wakes him to life again and opens his prison. Thus, too, the dormouse carefully fattens himself up before he retires for the winter; but then he is not an honest faster, for he has taken the precaution to lay in a store of hazel-nuts while they were abundant; and whenever the winter's sun is warm enough to wake him he snatches a surreptitious feed and fortifies himself for another spell of sleep. The badger, too, and the bat fast for months at a time, with many other animals who, if not abstainers on principle for long periods, nevertheless seem to have the power of so far turning down the vital flame that they can exist upon next to nothing, until Nature once more supplies them with their natural "fuel."

With man, however, when he undertakes to abstain from food for a long time, another course seems to be necessary, and instead of fattening himself up for the trial he must reduce superfluous fat and flesh by many trials. Such, at least, is the Eastern idea. We are certainly not told whether the Seven Sleepers who retired to a cave in Ephesus during the reign of the Christian-killing Emperor Decius, and only woke up one hundred and fifty-five years afterwards, when Theodosius II. was on the throne, made any special preparation, but probably they did not. Perhaps it was not necessary. Those were stirring times for members of the new faith, and they had little oppor-

tunity to grow obese. But, as a rule, to fast successfully it is said to be necessary for a man to abstain beforehand, and reduce himself most carefully to the required condition by a long course of preparation. Pre-eminent at this art of suspending animation—for an art it becomes—are the Easterns; and most wonderful stories are told of the natives of India, which, whether their powers are due to narcotics or any other process, seem to open up—if true—a wide field of medical study. Dr. Tanner's example is encouraging. Perhaps the day may come when a person whose creditors trouble him, or an Irish landlord waiting for rent, may be able to reduce himself to a state of coma, and after being privately ticketed may be placed in a cool cellar "this side up, with care," until better times arrive. One of these Indian stories, not easily accessible, but of considerable interest on account of the known veracity of the witnesses, will probably be read with interest at the present time, and is inserted here. The author of it was one Hon. Captain Osborn, and the notes made of his statement, here subjoined, come from an almost unique copy printed for private circulation.

"Runjeet Sing had heard from a Seyd or Fakir, who lived in the mountains, that the latter could allow himself to be buried when in a condition of apparent death, without really ceasing to live, seeing that he understood the art of being brought back to life on being exhumed after several months had passed. To the Maharajah this appeared to be a rank impossibility. In order, however, that he should be convinced one way or the other, he ordered the Fakir to be summoned to the Court, and caused him to undertake this singular experiment, under a threat that no means of precaution would be wanting towards the discovery of fraud. The Fakir consequently caused himself to appear in a state of apparent death. When every spark of life had seemingly vanished, he was, in the presence of the Maharajah and the nobles who surrounded him, wrapped up in the linen on

which he had been sitting, and on which the seal of Runjeet Sing was placed. The body was then deposited in a chest, on which Runjeet Sing, with his own hand, fixed a heavy padlock. The chest was carried outside the town and buried in a garden belonging to the minister; barley was sown over the spot, a wall was erected around it, and sentinels posted. On the fortieth day, which had been fixed upon for the exhumation, there were present, in addition to the Durbar, to which General Ventura belonged, some Englishmen from the neighbourhood, and a physician. When the chest containing the Fakir was dug up and opened, the man was found cold and stark in precisely the same condition as that in which he had been left. With much trouble he was restored to life by means of heat applied to the head, afflation in the ears and mouth, rubbing the body, etc. The Minister, Rajah Dhyen-Sing, assured a friend that he had this Fakir, whose name was Haridas, for a period of four months under the earth at Jummoo in the mountains. On the day of his burial he had caused his beard to be shaved off, and when he was taken up again, his chin was just as smooth as on the day when he was consigned to the earth—a proof, as would seem, of suspended animation. In Jesrota, in the mountains, and in Amritsar he had allowed himself to be buried, and also by Englishmen, in Hindostan; and in the *Calcutta and Medical Journal* of 1835, in which a detailed account is to be found, it is stated that the Fakir preferred that the chest should be suspended in the air to its being buried in the earth, as he dreaded the white ants. Had this burial been a mere trick or a deception, the people who accompanied him and who were accustomed to recall him to life according to his instructions, would have been able to imitate him. That is, however, not the case. It appears, therefore, that he at that time was the only one who understood the art, and that it most probably has been extinguished with him."

The narrator of this says: "I have

certainly taken all possible pains, in the plains of India and in the Punjaub, as well as on the banks of the Ganges and in the hills and valleys of Cashmere, to discover a similar practitioner, in order to bring him, if not to Europe, at all events to Calcutta, let the cost be what it might; but I have neither found one, nor, indeed, heard of any such person now living. Several Hindoos whom I questioned on the subject were of opinion that Fakirs of this description did not set any value on money. There is no doubt that it is not in the power of every man to imitate this feat, and that it can only be learnt by persevering practice, extending over many years. According to what has been told me, these people have the strings of their tongues cut and entirely severed. By means of butter mixed with pellitory root rubbed in, and through their tongues being daily pulled, the latter became so long and protuberant that in making these experiments of simulating death the actors are enabled to lay their tongues so far back in their throats that they can cover the openings of the passages to the nostrils and thereby retain the air imprisoned in the head."

It is related that the Fakir in question took a purgative some time before the burial display, and for several days afterwards lived only on a scanty milk diet. On the day of the interment it is said that, instead of taking any nourishment, 'he swallowed thirty yards of a strip of linen of the breadth of three fingers, which he immediately drew up again, his object being to clean the stomach. However wonderful, and perhaps laughable, these operations appear to many, it is plain that these people must have a singular control over the different organs of their bodies, and more especially over their muscular contractions. When all the necessary preparations have been accomplished, the Fakir closes all the openings of his body with stoppers made of aromatic wax, lays his tongue far back in his throat, crosses his hands on his breast, and suspends animation by means of holding his breath. On his being brought back to

life, one of the first operations is, by means of the fingers, to draw the tongue away from the back of the throat; a warm and aromatic paste made of meal is then placed on his head, and air is blown into his lungs and into the ear-holes, from which the wax stoppers have been removed, the stoppers in the nostrils being presently forced out with an explosive noise. This is said to be the first sign of a return to life. He then gradually commences to breathe, opens the eyes, and recovers consciousness; continuous friction of the body being carried on all the time. How far such a mode of procedure can be made available with regard to other states of syncope, brought about by such causes as suffocation, drunkenness, hanging, or freezing, remains to be proved.

It is told that in Amritsar, during the time of Guroo Arjun Sing—about 250 years ago—a Fakir was found buried under the earth in a sitting posture, and beside him were instructions how he could be brought back to life. This Fakir is supposed to have passed about a century under the earth, and as soon as life was restored to him he is said to have related much concerning bygone times. "I do not," says the author, "pledge myself as to the truth of this story, but I believe that he who was able to remain under the earth for four months without becoming a prey to corruption, could also remain a year in that condition, and,—this granted,—over that time, even, indeed, for a century." Most persons will think that the author exercises a prudent reserve in not pledging himself to the truth of this story.

In the "Philosophical Transactions for 1794" is to be found the history of an individual which stands in close relationship to the foregoing. It runs as follows: "A man, 25 years of age, who lived in the neighbourhood of Bath, once fell asleep and remained in that condition for nearly a month. Two years afterwards the same occurrence took place. At first he ate and drank and performed the functions of nature. Subsequently, however, his jaws closed, he ate no more, and remained in a

state of stupefaction, from which he only awoke after a period of seventeen weeks. It happened that when he went to sleep the barley had just been sown, and when he awoke it was ripe. In August he again slept. He was bled; stimulants were administered; all means were tried, but in vain. He could not be awakened until November."

Such is this singular extract, and now, to return to India, here is a further curious statement of opinion on the subject of the Indian stories from an equally rare source, the little pamphlet of Sir Claude Wade, published in 1837. "I was present," he writes, "at the Court of Runjeet Singh, when the Fakir, mentioned by the Hon. Captain Osborn, was buried alive for six weeks; and, although I arrived a few hours after his actual interment, and did not consequently witness that part of the phenomenon, I had the testimony of Runjeet Singh himself, and others of the most credible witnesses of his Court, to the truth of the Fakir having been buried before them; and, from my having been myself present when he was disinterred, and restored to a state of perfect vitality in a position so close to him as to render any deception impossible, it is my firm belief that there was no collusion in producing the extraordinary sight which I have to relate. I will briefly state what I saw, to enable others to judge of the weight due to my evidence, and whether any proof of collusion can, in their opinion, be detected. On the approach of the appointed time, according to invitation, I accompanied Runjeet Singh to the spot where the Fakir had been buried. It was in a square building, called a *barra durra*, in the middle of one of the gardens adjoining the palace at Lahore, with an open verandah all round, having an enclosed room in the centre. On arriving there Runjeet Singh, who was attended on the occasion by the whole of his Court, dismounted from his elephant, asked me to join him in examining the building to satisfy himself that it was closed as he had left it. We did so; there

had been a door on each of the four sides of the room, three of which were perfectly closed with brick and mortar, and the fourth had a strong door which was also closed with mud up to the padlock, which was sealed with the private seal of Runjeet Singh in his own presence, when the Fakir was interred. Indeed, the exterior of the building presented no aperture by which air could be admitted or any communication held by means of which food could be conveyed to the Fakir. I may also add that the walls closing the doorway bore no marks whatever of having been recently disturbed or removed. Runjeet Singh recognised the seal as the one he had affixed, and as he was as sceptical as any European could be of the success of such an enterprise, to guard, as far as possible, against any collusion, he had placed two companies from his personal escort near the building, from which four sentries were furnished and relieved every two hours, night and day, to guard the building from intrusion. At the same time he ordered one of the principal officers of his Court to visit the place occasionally, and to report the result of his inspection to him, while he himself, or his minister, kept the seal which closed the hole of the padlock, and the latter received the report morning and evening from the officer on guard. After our examination we seated ourselves in the verandah opposite the door, while some of Runjeet Singh's people dug away the mud wall and one of his officers broke the seal and opened the padlock. When the door was thrown open nothing but a dark room was to be seen. Runjeet Singh and myself then entered it, in company with the servant of the Fakir; and, a light being brought, we descended about three feet below the floor of the room, into a sort of cell, where a wooden box about 4ft. long by 3ft. broad, with a sloping roof, contained the Fakir, the door of which had also a padlock and seal similar to that on the outside. On opening it we saw a figure enclosed in a bag of white linen, fastened by a string over the head, on the exposure of

which a grand salute was fired, and the surrounding multitude came crowding to the door to see the spectacle. After they had gratified their curiosity, the Fakir's servant putting his arms into the box, took the figure out, and, closing the door, placed it with its back against it, exactly as the Fakir had been squatting (like a Hindoo idol) in the box itself. Runjeet Singh and myself descended into the cell, which was so small we were only able to sit on the ground in front of the body, and so close to it as to touch it with our hands and knees.

The servant then began pouring warm water over the figure, but as my object was to see if any fraudulent practices could be detected I proposed to Runjeet Singh to tear open the bag and have a perfect view of the body before any means of resuscitation were employed. I accordingly did so; and may here remark that the bag when first seen by us looked mildewed, as if it had been buried some time. The legs and arms of the body were shrivelled and stiff, the face full, the head reclined on the shoulder like that of a corpse. I then called to the medical gentleman who was attending me to come down and inspect the body, which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, the temples, or the arms. There was, however, a heat about the region of the brain which no other part exhibited. The servant then commenced bathing him with hot water, and gradually relaxing his arms and legs from the rigid state in which they were contracted. Runjeet Singh, taking his right and I his left leg, to aid by friction in restoring them to their proper action, during which time the servant placed a hot wheaten cake, about an inch thick, on the top of the head—a process which he twice or thrice repeated. He then pulled out of his nostrils and ears the wax and cotton with which they had been stopped; and after great exertion opened his mouth by inserting the point of a knife between his teeth, and while holding his jaw open with his left hand drew the tongue forward with

his right, in the course of which the tongue flew back several times to its curved position upwards, in which it had originally been, so as to close the gullet.

He then rubbed his eyes with ghee (or clarified butter), for some seconds, till he succeeded in opening them, when the eyes appeared quite motionless and glazed. After the cake had been applied for the third time to the top of the head the body was violently convulsed, the nostrils became inflated, when respiration ensued, and the limbs began to assume a natural fulness; but the pulsation was still faintly perceptible. The servant then put some of the ghee on his tongue and made him swallow it. A few minutes afterwards the eyeballs became dilated, and recovered their natural colour, when the Fakir recognised Runjeet Singh sitting close to him, and articulated in a low sepulchral tone, scarcely audible, 'Do you believe me now?' Runjeet Singh replied in the affirmative, and invested the Fakir with a pearl necklace and a superb pair of gold bracelets, and pieces of silk and muslin, and shawls, forming what is called a *khelat*, such as is usually conferred by the princes of India on persons of distinction.


From the time of the box being opened to the time of the recovery of the voice not more than half an hour could have elapsed, and in another half-hour the Fakir talked with myself and those about him freely, though feebly, like a sick person, and we then left him, convinced that there had been no fraud or collusion in the exhibition we had witnessed. I was present also when the Fakir was summoned by Runjeet Singh from a considerable distance to Lahore, some months afterwards, again to bury himself alive before Captain Osborn and the officers of the late Sir William Macnaghten's mission in 1838, which, after the usual preparation, he offered to do for a few days, the term of Sir William's mission being nearly expired. But from the tenor of the doubts expressed, and some observation made by Captain Osborn as to keeping the key of the room in which he was to

be buried in his possession, the Fakir, with the superstitious dread of an Indian, became evidently alarmed and apprehensive that, if once in Captain Osborn's power, he would not be allowed to escape. His refusal on that occasion will naturally induce a suspicion of the truth of the transactions which I witnessed; but to those well acquainted with the character of the natives of India it will not be surprising that where life and death were concerned the Fakir should have manifested a distrust of what appeared to him the mysterious intentions of a European who was a perfect stranger to him, while he was ready to repose implicit confidence in Runjeet Singh and others before whom he had exhibited. I am satisfied that he refused only for the cause I have mentioned, and he would have done for me what he declined doing for Captain Osborn. It had previously been

observed also by Sir William Macnaghten and others of the party, truly though jestingly, that if the Fakir should not survive the trial to which he was required to submit, those who might instigate him to it would run the risk of being indicted for murder, which induced them to refrain from pressing the subject further. I share entirely in the apparent incredibility of the fact of a man being buried alive and surviving the trial without food or drink for various periods of duration; but, however incompatible with our knowledge of physiology, in the absence of any visible proof to the contrary, I am bound to declare my belief in the facts which I have represented, however impossible their existence may appear to others."

Such are these remarkable testimonies, adduced by distinguished and reliable witnesses, and evidently sincere.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

HRISTOPHER WREN, the most celebrated of British architects, was born at East Knoyle in Wiltshire, October 20th, 1632. His father was Rector of that parish, and Dean of Windsor; his uncle, Dr. Matthew Wren, was successively Bishop of Hereford, of Norwich, and of Ely, and was one of the greatest sufferers for the royal cause during the Commonwealth, having been imprisoned nearly twenty years in the Tower without ever having been brought to trial. Wren himself, though leaning probably to the side which had been espoused by his father and his uncle, seems to have taken no active part in state affairs. The period of his long life comprehended a series of the mightiest national convulsions and changes that ever took place in England—the civil war—the overthrow of the monarchy—the domination of Crom-

well—the Restoration—the Revolution—the union with Scotland—and, finally, the accession of a new family to the throne; but we do not find that in the high region of philosophy and art in which he moved, he ever allowed himself to be either withdrawn from or interrupted in his course by any of these great events of the outer world.

His health in his early years was extremely delicate. On this account he received his first education at home under the superintendence of his father and a domestic tutor. He was then sent to Westminster School, over which the celebrated Busby had just come to preside. The only memorial which we possess of Wren's schoolboy days is a dedication in Latin verse, addressed by him to his father in his thirteenth year, of an astronomical machine which he had invented, and which seems from his description to have been a

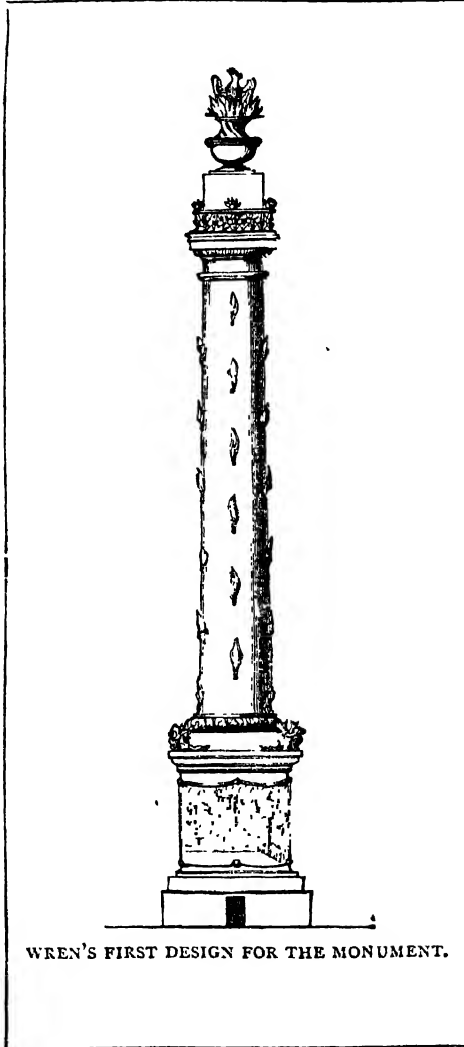
sort of apparatus for representing the celestial motions, such as we now call an orrery. His genius is also stated to have displayed itself at this early age in other mechanical contrivances.

In 1646 he was sent to Oxford, and entered as a gentleman commoner at Wadham College. Of his academical life we can say little more than that it confirmed the promise of his early proficiency. He was especially distinguished by his mathematical acquirements, and gained the notice and acquaintance of many of the most learned and influential persons belonging to the University. Several short treatises and mechanical inventions are assigned to this period of his life; but as these have long ceased to interest any but curious inquirers into the history of literature or science, we can only indicate their existence, and refer to other and more comprehensive works. In 1650, Wren graduated as Bachelor of Arts. He was elected Fellow of All Souls

in 1653, and took the degree of Master of Arts in December of the same year. Of the subjects which engaged his active and versatile mind at this time, one of the chief was the science of anatomy; and he is, on apparently good grounds, thought to have first suggested and tried the interesting ex-

periment of injecting liquids of various kinds into the veins of living animals,—a process of surgery, which, applied to the transfusion of healthy blood into a morbid or deficient circulation, has been revived, not without some promise of important results, in our own day. Another subject which attracted much of his attention was the barometer.

In carrying on these investigations and experiments, Wren's diligence was stimulated and assisted by his having been admitted a member, about this period, of that celebrated association of philosophical inquirers, out of whose meetings, begun some years before, eventually rose the Royal Society. But, like several others of the more eminent members, he was soon removed from the comparative retirement of Oxford. In 1657, being then only in his twenty-fifth year, he was chosen to the Professorship of Astronomy in Gresham College. This chair he held till 1661, when he resigned it in consequence of having

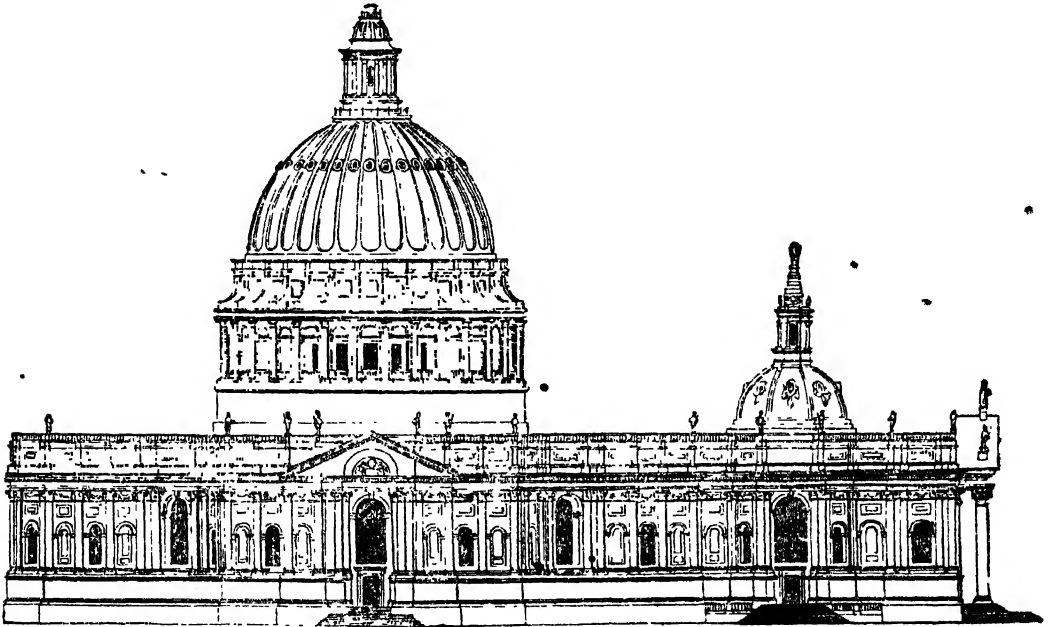


WREN'S FIRST DESIGN FOR THE MONUMENT.

received the appointment of Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford. On the 12th. of September, 1661, he took his degree of Doctor of Civil Law at Oxford, and was soon after admitted *ad eundem* by the sister university. During all this time he had continued to cultivate

assiduously the various branches of mathematical and physical science, and to extend his reputation both by his lectures and by his communications to the "Philosophical Club," as it was called, which, in 1658, had been transferred to London. On the 15th of July, 1662, he and his associates were incorporated under the title of the Royal Society; and Wren, who drew out the preamble of the charter, bore a chief part in the effecting of this arrangement.

The future architect of St. Paul's had already been called upon to devote a portion of his time to the professional exercise of that art from which he was destined to derive his greatest and most lasting distinction. Sir John Denham, the poet, had on the Restoration been rewarded for his services by the place of Surveyor of the Royal Works; but it soon became apparent that his genius was much better suited to "build the lofty rhyme" than to construct



SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S FIRST DESIGN FOR ST. PAUL'S.

more substantial edifices. In these circumstances Wren was sent for, and engaged to do the duties of the office in the capacity of Denham's assistant or deputy. This was in the year 1661. It does not appear that for some time he was employed in any work of consequence in his new character; and in 1663 it was proposed to send him out to Africa, to superintend the construction of a new harbour and fortifi-

cations at the town of Tangier, which had been recently made over by Portugal to the English Crown. This employment he wisely declined, alleging the injury he apprehended to his health from a residence in Africa. Meanwhile, the situation which he held, and his scientific reputation, began to bring him something to do at home. Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was Chancellor of the University of Oxford,

had resolved to erect at his own expense a new theatre, or hall, for the public meetings of the University; and this building Wren was commissioned to design. The Sheldonian Theatre, celebrated for its unrivalled roof of eighty feet in length by seventy in breadth, supported without either arch or pillar, was Wren's first public work, having been begun this year, although it was not finished till 1668. About the same time he was employed to erect a new chapel for Pembroke College, in the University of Cambridge, to be built at the charge of his uncle, the Bishop of Ely.

But, while he was about to commence these buildings, he was appointed to take a leading part in another work, which ultimately became the principal occupation of the best years of his life, and enabled him to afford to his contemporaries and to posterity by far the most magnificent display of his architectural skill and genius. Ever since the Restoration, the repair of the Metropolitan Cathedral of St. Paul's, which during the time of the Commonwealth had been surrendered to the most deplorable desecration and outrage, had been anxiously contemplated; and on the 18th of April, 1663, letters patent were at length issued by the king, appointing a number of commissioners, among whom Wren was one, to superintend the undertaking. Under their direction a survey of the building was taken, and some progress was made in the reparation of its most material injuries, when, after the sum of between three and four thousand pounds had been expended, the Great Fire, which broke out on the night of Sunday, the 2nd of September, 1666, on the following day reduced the whole pile to a heap of ruins.

A considerable part of the year before this Wren had spent in Paris, having proceeded thither, it would seem, about Midsummer, 1665, and remained till the following spring. The object of his visit was to improve himself in the profession in which he had embarked, by the inspection and study of the various public buildings

which adorned the French capital, where the celebrated Bernini was at this time employed on the Louvre, with a thousand workmen under him, occupied in all the various departments of the art, and forming altogether, in Wren's opinion, probably the best school of architecture to be then found in Europe. He appears accordingly to have employed his time, with his characteristic activity, in examining everything deserving of attention in the city and its neighbourhood; and lost no opportunity either of making sketches of remarkable edifices himself, or of procuring them from others, so that, as he writes to one of his correspondents, he hoped to bring home with him almost all France on paper. The terrible visitation, which a few months after his return laid half the metropolis of his native country in ashes, opened to him a much wider field whereon to exercise the talent which he had been thus eager to cultivate and strengthen by enlarged knowledge, than he could, while so engaged, have expected ever to possess. He was not slow to seize the opportunity; and while the ashes of the city were yet alive, drew up a plan for its restoration, the leading features of which were a broad street running from Aldgate to Temple Bar, with a large square for the reception of the new cathedral of St. Paul; and a range of handsome quays along the river. The paramount necessity of speed in restoring the dwellings of a houseless multitude prevented the adoption of this project; and the new streets were in general formed nearly on the line of the old ones. But they were widened and straightened, and the houses were built of brick instead of wood.

Soon after the fire, Wren was appointed Surveyor-General and principal Architect for rebuilding the parish churches; and on the 28th of March, 1669, a few days after the death of Sir John Denham, he was made Surveyor-General of the Royal Works, the office which he had for some time executed as deputy. On the 30th of July he was unanimously chosen Surveyor-General

of the repairs of St. Paul's by the commissioners appointed to superintend that work, of whom he was himself one. At first it was still thought possible to repair the cathedral; and a part of it was actually fitted up as a temporary choir, and service performed in it. After some time, however, it became evident that the only way in which it could ever be restored was by rebuilding the whole from the foundation. Before the close of the year 1672, Wren had prepared and submitted to the king different plans for the new church; and his Majesty having fixed upon the one which he preferred, a commission for commencing the work was issued on the 12th of November, 1673. On the 20th of the same month, Wren, who had been reappointed architect for the work, and also one of the commissioners, was knighted at Whitehall, having resigned his professorship at Oxford in the preceding April.

During the space of time which had elapsed since the fire, the Surveyor-General of Public Works had begun or finished various minor buildings connected with the restoration of the city, and also some in other parts of the kingdom. Among the former may be mentioned the Monument; the church of St. Mary-le-Bow in Cheapside, the spire of which is considered the most beautiful he ever constructed, and a masterpiece of science; and the church of St. Stephen's Walbrook, the interior of which is one of the most exquisite specimens of architectural art which the world contains, and has excited, perhaps, more enthusiastic admiration than anything else that Wren has done.

The design which Wren had prepared for the new cathedral, and which had been approved by the king, being that of which a model is still preserved, did not in some respects please the majority of his brother-commissioners, who insisted that, in order to give the building the true cathedral form, the aisles should be added at the sides as they now stand, although the architect is said to have felt so strongly the injury done by that alteration, that he actually shed

téars in speaking of it. This difficulty, however, being at length settled, his Majesty issued his warrant for immediately commencing the work; and accordingly, after a few weeks more had been spent in throwing down the old walls and removing the rubbish, the first stone was laid by Sir Christopher on the 21st of June, 1675. From this time the building proceeded steadily till its completion in 1710; in which year the highest stone of the lantern on the cupola was laid by Mr. Christopher Wren, the son of the architect, as representing his venerable father, now in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

The salary which Sir Christopher Wren received as architect of St. Paul's was only £200 a year. Yet in the last years of his superintendence a moiety of this pittance was withheld from him by the commissioners, under the authority of a clause which they had got inserted in an Act of Parliament entitling them to keep back the money till the work should be finished, by way of thereby ensuring the requisite expedition in the architect. Even after the building had been actually completed, they still continued, on the same pretence, to refuse payment of the arrears due, alleging that certain things yet remained to be done, which, after all, objections and difficulties interposed by themselves alone prevented from being performed. Like his great predecessor, Michael Angelo, Wren was too honest and zealous in the discharge of his duty not to have provoked the enmity of many persons who had their private ends to serve in the discharge of a great public duty. He was at last obliged to petition the queen on the subject of the treatment to which he was subjected; but it was not till after a struggle of some years that he succeeded in obtaining redress. The faction by whom he was thus opposed even attempted to blacken his character by a direct charge of peculation, or at least of connivance at that crime, in a pamphlet entitled "*Frauds and Abuses at St. Paul's*," which appeared in 1712, and in reference to which Sir Christopher deemed it proper


to appeal to the public in an anonymous reply published the year after, wherein he vindicated himself triumphantly from the aspersions which had been thrown upon him.

The other architectural works which he designed and executed during this period, both in London and elsewhere, are far too numerous to be mentioned in detail. Among them were the parish church of St. Bride, in Fleet Street, the beautiful spire of which, originally two hundred and thirty-four feet in height, has been deemed to rival that of St. Mary-le-Bow; the church of St. James, Westminster, a building in almost all its parts not more remarkable for its beauty than for its scientific construction, and of which the roof especially, both for its strength and elegance, and for its adaptation to the distinct conveyance of sound, has been reckoned a singularly happy triumph of art; and the church of St. Andrew, Holborn, a fine specimen of a commodious and imposing interior; besides many others of inferior note. In 1696 he commenced the building of the present Hospital at Greenwich, of which he lived to complete the greater part. This is undoubtedly one of the most splendid erections of our great architect. In 1679 he completed the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, one of the most magnificent of his works; and in 1683, the Chapel of Queen's College, and the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford. The same year he began the erection of the extensive pile of Winchester Castle, originally intended for a royal palace, but now used as a military barrack. To these works are to be added a long list of halls for the city companies, and other public buildings, as well as a considerable number of private edifices. Among the latter was Marlborough House, Pall Mall. Indeed, scarcely a building of importance was undertaken during this long period which he was not called upon to design or superintend. The activity both of mind and body must have been extraordinary, which enabled him to accomplish what he did, not to speak of the ready and

fertile ingenuity and the inexhaustible sources of invention and science he must have possessed, to meet the incessant demands that were made for new and varying displays of his contriving skill. It appears, too, in addition to all this, that the duties imposed upon him by his place of Surveyor of Public Works, for which he only received a salary of £100 a year, were of an extremely harassing description, and must have consumed a great deal of his time.

The long series of years during which Wren was occupied in the accomplishment of his greatest work, and which had conducted him from the middle stage of life to old age, brought to him also of course various other changes. He had been twice married, and had become the father of two sons and a daughter, of whom the eldest, Christopher, was the author of "Parentalia, or Memoirs of the Family of the Wrens." In 1680 he was elected to the Presidency of the Royal Society, and this honourable office he held for two years. In 1684 there was added to his other appointments that of Comptroller of the Works at Windsor. In May, 1685, he entered Parliament as one of the members for Plympton; and he also sat for Windsor, both in the convention which met after the Revolution and in the first parliament of William III. He afterwards sat for Weymouth in the parliament which met in February, 1700, and which was dissolved in November of the year following.

The evening of Wren's life was marked by neglect and ingratitude. In the eighty-sixth year of his age he was removed from the office of Surveyor-General, which he had held for forty-nine years, in favour of one Benson, whose incapacity and dishonesty soon led to his disgrace and dismissal. Fortunately Wren's temper was too happy and placid to be affected by the loss of court favour, and he retired to his home at Hampton Court, where he spent the last five years of his life chiefly in the study of the Scriptures and the revision of his philosophical works. He died February 25, 1723, in the ninety-first year of his age.



FLORA MACDONALD, THE HEROINE.

THE preserver of Prince Charles Edward Stuart," as Dr. Johnson has well said, "will be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour." History affords few brighter examples of true heroism and courage than were displayed by Flora Macdonald in aiding the escape of that ill-fated Prince after the disastrous battle of Culloden. For, whatever judgment may be passed on the cause which she so warmly espoused, the pure, disinterested humanity, which led her to befriend the unfortunate Prince in the hour of his extremity and to risk her life to save him from his enemies, are worthy of all admiration. That she should have imperilled her own safety and that of her friends, that without a female attendant she should have undertaken a troublesome and dangerous journey, only excites our wonder at the intense loyalty which the Stuarts, with so few virtues to recommend them, inspired in individual cases. Loyalty, however, is a principle innate in some minds, and existing quite apart from the worthiness or otherwise of its object. Some of the strongest manifestations of this feeling have been given by women who have been prepared to face dangers which might well have daunted braver spirits on behalf of those who, perhaps, little deserved such devotion. Doubtless this sentiment was strengthened in the present instance by the personal charms of the young Pretender, and by the misfortunes which enveloped him—circumstances which always appeal with special force to the emotional and sympathetic side of woman's nature. An easy grace and affability of manner, which distinguished Charles Edward were well fitted to win the hearts of all with whom

he came into contact, and, added to his handsome appearance, enable us in some measure to comprehend the faithful and constant attachment with which he inspired her whom he was fond of calling his "amiable preserver." In her interesting autobiography Flora Macdonald gives in a simple unaffected style the record of her eventful life.

Flora was the daughter of Ranald Macdonald, a Highland gentleman of the Clanranald family, who lived at Miltown, in South Uist. She was born about the year 1722, though the exact date is uncertain. The Macdonald clan to which she belonged were, except on one occasion, the bravest and most faithful in their love and zeal for the Prince. The enthusiasm in his cause displayed by the devoted Highlanders of this and other clans, who scorned to take the bribes which were offered to them if they would deliver up their Prince, and who were always ready to shed their blood for him, may be seen from the ballads still sung in the Highlands which commemorate the celebrated attempt of "bonnie Prince Charlie" "to get his ain again."

The successful issue of the battle of Prestonpans encouraged the Pretender to take a bold step towards the immediate attainment of the goal of his ambition by advancing into England to strike a blow at the heart of the Hanoverian power, and had this design been as skilful in execution as it was boldly conceived, the issue might have been very different; for, as many people asserted, had Charles Edward prosecuted his advantage, and instead of retreating on his reaching Derby pushed on to London, the consternation which the news of his approach had caused, and which had left it totally unprepared for the emergency, might have enabled him to secure an easy triumph. The want of

success, and the small number who joined his standard in England, which induced his officers to counsel retreat, are thus to some extent explained by the writer.

"Whilst on route a feeling of disappointment pervaded the Highlanders on account of their forces not increasing so rapidly as was expected, and those of the gentry who joined the standard were not among the upper ranks; nor could the evident dread of the common people—who, if incited by curiosity, eyed the Prince and the soldiers at a distance—be accounted for, until it was rumoured they were in terror of the wild Highlanders, who, they supposed, had trained dogs to fight, and that their masters were scarcely human in shape, with great frightful claws, instead of hands. Also, that these wild Highlanders were so savage as to delight in eating little children. It was a fact that on the occasion of Cameron of Lochiel entering a house to take possession of his evening quarters, the woman of the house threw herself on her knees and in tears entreated him 'to spare her little ones.' He asked what she meant, half thinking she was out of her mind, when she assured him that it was well known how fond the Highlanders were of devouring little boys and girls for supper. She would scarcely believe the contrary, but when convinced the worthy man was harmless, she opened the door of a cupboard, crying out, 'Come out here, children, the gentleman says he is not going to eat you!'

No wonder the peasantry kept aloof from these reputed ogres, until satisfied that a simple repast of oatmeal porridge was more to their taste than the flesh of English children. I heard that Lochiel used to laugh heartily while relating this characteristic anecdote. The good fortune which had hitherto attended the enterprise of the Prince seemed to desert him from the moment that he turned his back upon England, and with the exception of a few trifling advantages, his course from this period is one of disaster." The lack of resources adequate to maintain the contest,

and the consequent desertion of about a third of his army, added to the discreditable conduct of some of his chief supporters, who, in their jealousy of a rival clan, sullenly held aloof from the fight at the most critical period, contributed to bring about the fatal result of the battle of Cul-loden.

"The action began on the part of the Highlanders at a few minutes after one o'clock,—the Prince having a narrow escape at the commencement, for Colonel Belford, commanding the engineers, aimed two pieces at a body of horse, where it was believed the Prince was stationed, so near to his Royal Highness that the balls tore up the earth and killed a man who had charge of a led horse by his side! His coolness and self-possession attracted universal admiration from his devoted followers. A heavy fall of snow and hail right in the faces of the Highlanders, added to the tremendous fire of the enemy, so maddened the troops that the M'Intoshes rushed forward before Lord George had time to order an advance, followed by the M'Leans and M'Lauchlans, laying the ranks open to the murderous fire of the Campbells and Lord Loudon's troops. The Athole Highlanders and Camerons, utterly regardless of their lives, dashed on the enemy, sword in hand, almost blinded by the smoke of their assailants, throwing the ranks into dreadful confusion. The clans likewise who distinguished themselves were the Stuarts of Appin, the Frasers, and many others, who showed the greatest bravery during this disastrous battle. Alas! for *our* clan! I grieve to write it. Aggrieved, as they foolishly imagined, they stood moody, determined to keep their ground, but not to fight. In vain did Keppoch rush to the charge with a few of his kinsmen. They saw the chief fall by the enemy's shot, and heard his dying words—'My God! have the children of my clan deserted me?' Thus they stood until the right flank and centre of their army was put to the rout; then they fell back and joined the broken ranks of the second line. But an attempt

to describe this memorable battle is so far above my powers that I shall merely add, in the true feeling of every native of our Highland hills, the sorrow and disappointment caused by its failure."

The battle of Culloden sealed the fate of Charles Edward, and obliged him to seek safety in flight. The contrast between his arrival in Scotland, full of buoyant hope and fond ambition, and the manner in which he quitted it, defeated and a fugitive, is forcibly suggested by the following description of his flight from the Scottish mainland.

"After being a few days in Glenboisdale, the Prince, accompanied by O'Sullivan, O'Neil, Edward Burke, and a Catholic priest of Clanranald's family, Allan Macdonald, embarked at Boradale, the place where he had first landed. How very different then must have been his feelings to what they now were! Stepping proudly on Scottish ground, in the full expectancy of being its legitimate possessor, flushed with the sanguine hope of success, what a contrast did the present stealthy mode of quitting it afford to his mind's recollection! But he bravely held up, and tried to hide the bitterness of his thoughts. Indeed those with him seemed more sad than he was. Besides the persons I have mentioned, there were seven boatmen, and a trust-worthy Highlander from Gualtergill, in Skye, named Donald M'Leod, who acted as pilot; and he being well acquainted with the indications of the weather, strongly advised the postponement of the voyage, for a storm was brewing. But no; his Royal Highness was as usual obstinate; he had made up his mind to start that night. So, as was expected by the old seaman, they had not gone far when the rain poured in torrents, the lightning flashed, and the crash of the thunder rolling over their heads affrighted the whole party. Donald said he never had experienced such a night, and having no compass they were obliged to trust to the fury of the waves, all the time in dread of being driven upon Skye, where the militia were skirting the island.

However they were coasting the Long Island, and at seven in the morning landed at Rossinish, a point of land on the Isle of Benebecula. Here they found an old bothy, in which they took shelter, lighting a fire to dry their clothes; and in this miserable tenement our dear Prince was glad to stay while on the island. The men having bought a cow, the flesh of the poor animal, with cakes of oatmeal, was all they had to support them. The Prince was supplied with brandy, which he shared with the others as long as it lasted."

The account of his wanderings amongst the islands of the Western Hebrides forms a series of romantic episodes and hair-breadth escapes as exciting as are to be found in any novel. The inconvenience and hardship to which he was frequently subjected in order to escape discovery may be conceived of from the account given of a hut on Long Island in which he had taken refuge.

"The gentlemen who brought the message found the Prince in his hut. Poor young laddie! his face was sooty, and his hands blackened with dust and smoke, and his eyes aching from want of sleep; yet he would not dismiss the messenger without giving him the best of what his straitened means permitted. An old chest was the table; a board placed across a barrel the seat; a glass of brandy the drink to commence the feast, which consisted of a piece of beef, a lump of butter on a wooden platter, with two more clumsy, broken dishes to serve it on! Oh, my poor Prince, what a dinner was this! But he was cheerful, and although aware of his extreme danger if he remained in that place a moment longer, he would not go that night, telling Clanranald's brother, Boisdale (who had just joined them), 'Twas seldom he had such friends near him, and therefore he should enjoy their society.' Burke was ordered to prepare a bowl of punch, then came another, and I did hear a third was got through before the Prince could be induced to fix on any plan for escaping his enemies."

At Onnaclade a plan was concocted by Captain O'Neil and Mrs. Macdonald, and proposed to Flora Macdonald, whereby she might be of use in assisting the escape of the Prince. "In a few words, I was to be of use by conveying the royal fugitive to Skye." Could anything be easier? "Really," argued the warm-hearted Irishman (O'Neil), "my dear creature—excuse the freedom!—Miss Flora, it seems as if you arrived here on purpose to aid our plan. You are going to my mother at Armadale. You are to have a female servant with you—that servant is to be his royal highness. Just put him, or rather *her* into your boat, take Niel M'Eachan and your humble servant as companions, let the boatmen, safe, honest fellows on whom we can rely—pull for their lives, and that poor man yonder (pointing to the Prince outside) is saved." Accompanied by his fair deliverer, and one faithful Highland attendant, Niel M'Eachan, in the disguise of an Irish peasant girl, he left Benbecula for Armadale, where it was thought he would be able to get on board a ship bound for France. Here is an account of their first night at sea:—

"It was now eight o'clock on Saturday night, the 28th June, when, after the Prince had gone through the painful task of bidding farewell to the warm-hearted O'Neil, who had so faithfully accompanied with him in his distressed condition for so long, and who earnestly entreated to be one of the party, which I would not consent to for many reasons, besides the ostensible one of having only three passports, we got into the boat and safely off the shores of Benbecula. The Prince had a strong oaken stick under his arm, but I gave it in charge of M'Eachan, saying to the former that it was not suitable for a female servant, nor would I allow him to hide a loaded pistol under his gown, in case of discovery. It was fine when we started, but, as is usual in a country wherein no dependence can be placed on the weather, we had not gone far at sea, when the heavy dark clouds portended a fall of rain. By this time the boatmen were

informed by M'Eachan who the assumed Betty Burke really was. He judged it best to do so, as they were talking together in Gaelic, looking suspiciously at the queer servant whom Miss Flora was taking home. However, they had enough to do in managing the boat, for the rain came pelting down, the wind blowing a hurricane. My spirits were sadly depressed; I could scarcely refrain from tears, for a night voyage of thirty or forty miles in an open boat in rough weather, with the constant dread of being seized by one of the numerous vessels plying about, and the responsibility of the act I had undertaken, so evidently oppressed me that the Prince exerted himself to the utmost to pass off my anxiety. He was the most composed of the party, for even the boatmen were alarmed by the storm. So, to amuse us, he told many curious anecdotes and sang—oh, he had a charming voice!—several songs; one was a lively air composed on the restoration of his great-uncle, Charles II. of England.

I suppose the singing lulled me to sleep in spite of the roaring wind, for on awaking I found myself nicely placed in the bottom of the boat, the Prince guarding me carefully, with his hands cautiously spread above my head to prevent any accident from the falling of a sail that one of the men was setting. Mrs. Macdonald had given him a small quantity of very good wine, but so thoughtful he was of me, nothing would induce him to touch it; every drop, he said, was for 'his amiable preserver'—such he always called me. Oh! it was a fair long night. However, by the time day dawned, whether it was my sleep or the wine revived me I do not know, but I felt strong enough to encounter any danger; and truly it was nigh at hand, as you shall hear."

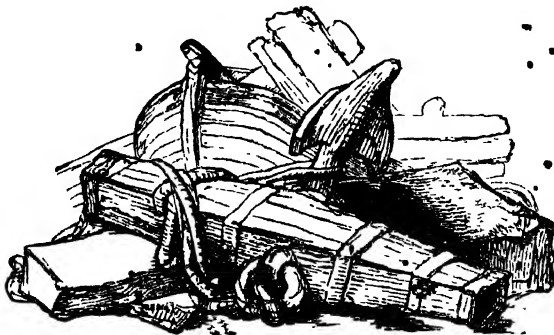
Landing on the island of Skye they made a short stay at Mugstat, and thence proceeded to Portree, where the Prince parted from his "amiable preserver." "The moment had come when the dear Prince and I were to bid farewell, possibly never

again to meet. I could not help feeling this deeply, for although only a few days before we had met as strangers, yet during the three days of our companionship his manner towards me had been so courteous, so respectful, and so unmarked by selfish anxiety for his own danger—on the contrary, exerting himself to the utmost for my comfort—I should have been most ungrateful had not my thoughts been anxiously filled with earnest hopes for his ultimate safety from the perils which I feared would surround him for some time longer. The tears started in my eyes; however, with an effort I drove them back, as the Prince came forward to me, and, taking both my hands in his, clasped them warmly as he thanked me in the most grateful manner for the service I had so opportunely rendered, and he added: ‘Although at present my affairs are but gloomy and unfavourable, yet the time may come, dear Miss Macdonald, when I shall feel proud to welcome my kind protectress at St. James’s. Farewell now, and may Heaven reward you as you deserve.’ He turned aside for a moment to hide the tears which gathered in his clear blue eyes, and then (dear Maggie, I am bound to confess the truth) he did give me a kiss on the cheek, which royal salute I shall ever consider was an honour never to be erased from my memory. He also took a friendly

farewell of worthy M’Eachan, little dreaming that the honest man would afterwards accompany his prince to France.”

Shortly after leaving the Prince, Flora was seized by a party of soldiers bearing a warrant to arrest one Flora Macdonald, a rebel lady, who was to be taken on board the *Furnace* bomb, commanded by Captain Ferguson. She was subsequently conveyed to London, and for a short time was lodged in the Tower. While here she was visited by Frederick, Prince of Wales, who was so favourably impressed by the simplicity with which she defended her part in the transaction of the escape of the Prince, and with the heroic courage of which that deed gave proof, that not long after the visit she received from the Government the joyful news of her release. After a short stay at the house of Lady Primrose, nothing loath, Flora took her leave for her beloved Scotland, for which she had already begun to yearn.

Meantime, Charles Edward had been wandering about, and had had many narrow escapes. After having encountered many dangers, Charles Edward at length succeeded in finding a ship going to France, on which he embarked. He was favourably received at the French Court, whence, however, being afterwards ordered to retire, he repaired to Avignon, and thence to Florence, where he ended his days.





A DIVE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

IN another part of this volume we give a description of the perils of diving on the British coast. The following account of diving in the Mediterranean, from the Naples correspondent of the *Daily News*, forms an interesting contrast :—

Our little party met at the Zoological Station at eight o'clock on an exquisitemorning, and, on reaching the little steamer belonging to the station, which was lying waiting at a short distance, was courteously received by the gentleman who had undertaken the office of steersman for the trip to Ischia. Josue, the machinist, his assistant Guiseppe, Cirio, Michele, and Aniello, who composed the crew, were all at their posts, the last-named a magnificent type of the Neapolitan *marinaro*, with a tall muscular figure, jet black hair and beard, and marked features. The steamer is laden on fishing excursions with nets, harpoons, dredgers, tubs, and other apparatus, but now these were stowed away under the stern or on the fore-part of the vessel, and stools and cushions afforded a tempting lounge for the two hours' passage, while a white awning protected us from the sun.

We sped away over the blue and mirror-like bay, which gradually began to ripple under the ever-increasing breeze. As we passed along the lovely Posilipo coast, our talk was of Wagner, whose villa shone white half-way up the hill. His physician, who was one of our party, told me that the maestro was hard at work on his opera of *Parvati*, and also on an autobiography which cannot fail to be interesting. I had often met the little grey-headed gentleman at the sea-bath with his pretty children; a casual observer would not imagine that he was a man of uncommon genius. One

after another the famous headlands and islands opened out, the tufa rocks gleaming, in intense contrast to the deep-blue water, till at last we passed the Castle of Ischia crowning its precipitous rock, and anchored off the little town. Here the water was shallow, emerald green, and perfectly transparent; the bottom sandy with much vegetable growth, the sunny feeding-ground of shoals of fish. The scattered houses on the shore, the green hills behind the white peaks of Epomeo, and the dark castle, formed the prettiest picture. Troops of fisher-boys, burned bronze by the sun, splashed in the water, where they remained the whole morning, swimming, lying flat on the sand in shallow water, or riding,—like Tritons on a sea-horse,—on a large piece of wood, shaped like a horse-shoe, which they had dragged into the water to play with. The large boat of the steamer, which contains the air-pump for diving purposes, came off to fetch us on shore; and, when it had dug its prow into the sand, Aniello took us up one after the other without ceremony, carrying the bulkiest and most dignified of our party as if he were a baby, and set us safe on the dry sand. Gazing at the lovely scene before us from our host's little villa on the shore, the primitive exterior of which would never lead one to expect the comfort and space within, and enjoying the sweet pure air and thorough draught which rushed through the room, we never felt the noonday heat, and were quite ready to issue forth once more when it was announced that the *vaporetto* was to take us on a diving expedition, and then quite round the island. Lemons, fresh water, wine, and snow were put on board, and our party re-embarked. Now black with riven lava crags, now golden with tufa precipices, sometimes savage and cruel, then smiling with verdure, the island coast with its rare villages, slipped by us as we

steamed on in the teeth of a strong *mastrale*, our little vessel bounding buoyantly over the dancing waves, and the boat in tow at our stern jumping and frolicking after like a young colt. We left many a lateen boat behind us, slowly beating up with white wings against the wind; their bird-like shapes seemed far better suited to the classic scenery around us than the rather dingy result of modern science which bore us so swiftly along. On our right the low hill of the Acropolis of once famous Cumæ shone faintly out of the heat mist, while still fainter and far away Cape Circe rose high on the horizon. Some five hundred years before our era these now peaceful waters were the scene of fierce naval combats between Greeks, Syracusans, and Tyrrhenians, or of sudden flights of the inhabitants of the Titan island to the opposite and safer shore. As I lay idly on the deck of our prosaic little steamer, I tried to imagine such a scene—the sea as bright, as blue, as laughing, as flecked with whitest foam as now, the air reverberating with volcanic thunder, the smoke from some crater on the slopes of Epomeo rolling away to the south-east, the streams of horrid lava invading town and village, the frightened people crowding to the shore, the high-prowed ships, with all sail set, dipping their starboards in the water as they strove, towards the western coast of the continent.

The present soon, however, dispersed these visions of the past. Something like a bird suddenly flew across our course. We had startled a shoal of flying-fish. Then we rounded the point and lighthouse of Forio, and the bounding motion of our vessel changed to a less pleasant roll. Mighty precipices rose before us, torn into clefts and cracks by subterranean fires during their formation. Then a picturesque little village, perched on a low hill between two mountains, came into view, in its midst the dome of a church and a mediæval round tower. This was St. Angelo, in the little bay of which at the other side of the promontory the diving experiment was to take place. Our host the Professor, who

was now helmsman, took us round the headland into this quiet bay, where the wind only reached us across the low hill where the village lay above the sandy beach. A fishing-boat of some size lay on the shore; all was still and solitary, basking in the intense light. The current of wind from between the mountains made it a cool and pleasant place in which to cast anchor.

Lots were drawn as to who should dive, three of the gentlemen present being accustomed to that feat. Very soon the one who had drawn the lot appeared in the first stage of his costume—jersey, trousers, and stockings of thick elastic woollen material. Above this was drawn a dress of caoutchouc, all in one piece. It took two sailors to invest the diver with this ponderous piece of apparel. The getting into the sleeves was a severe operation. The strong indiarubber cuffs at the end of the sleeves, made to tightly clasp the wrists, leaving the hands bare and free, yet not allowing a drop of water to intrude, had to be forcibly held open by an iron lever; and even when the sailor held them as wide as he could, the wearer had to exert his strength to thrust his hands through, and there is a still more violent struggle to be undergone to get the cuffs off again. Then excessively thick and long woollen stockings were drawn over the indiarubber legs, and firmly bound by garters. Above these, again, came a pair of coarse canvas trousers with pockets for a hatchet, and for anything that might be found. The heavy leather boots, soled with lead, each boot weighing twenty-five pounds, were next drawn on and buckled round the ankle with three straps each. And now our friend was almost helpless, and looked like a huge Polar bear. The rest of the operation of dressing seemed as if he were being prepared to undergo some cruel and barbarous execution. A padded collar was passed over his head and inserted between the jersey and the caoutchouc dress, which was drawn close about the neck, the jersey being pulled up and laid over it to prevent chafing. Now came a heavy iron collar, fastened with

screws and clamps to corresponding screws on the caoutchouc dress. A woven red cap was next neatly arranged on the head, folded over the ears, and held tight with an elastic band; a piece of sponge fastened just on the forehead.

Our friend was now ready to be half lifted over the side of the vessel on to the rope ladder which hung into the water. There he stood up to his waist in the sea,

waiting for the last processes. The boat with the air-pump was close alongside, and in it lay the helmet, attached by a long elastic tube to the pump. But first additional weights,—in all they amount to a hundred and fifty pounds,—were hung about the diver in the shape of two heart-shaped pieces of lead, one on the breast, the other on the back, and a strong rope was fastened round his waist. This is the



ROADSIDE SCENE NEAR NAPLES

"critical moment, for if by accident he fell into the water thus loaded, he would be drowned before it would be possible to drag him up again. Now the diver takes some bonbons into his mouth, which, slowly dissolving, and occasionally swallowed, afford great relief against the pressure of the air on the drums of the ears; the heavy helmet is lifted over his head, adapted and screwed fast to the iron collar, and the moment the

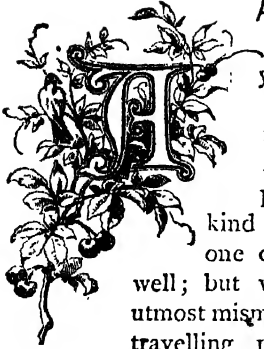
little opening between the glass eyeholes has been closed the two sailors waiting ready in the boat begin to pump with a slow and regular motion. The diver descends, the helmet enters the water, and immediately a little heap of bubbles arises, and indicates his whereabouts. But we can still see him, looking like some queer specimen of tortoise hanging to the rope, as he swims with his hands while the boat

drags him away under the shade of the lofty cliff. There he finally descends to the bottom, here not very deep, about fifty feet. But we hear that he has often been to a depth of one hundred and fifty feet and more, and remained under water for two hours. The beauty of the light and colour at the bottom of the sea is described as something wonderful. The diver only needs coolness and presence of mind. Some are afraid when they meet with sub-aqueous ravines and precipices, and pull the rope to be raised to the surface. The weight of the dress is of course not felt, nor is there any sensation, even to the bare hands, of being in the water; the respiration naturally becomes more laborious the deeper the diver goes, and after an hour at the bottom he feels on returning as if he had worked hard for several hours. Great appetite is induced, the diver being always hungry after his trip. The result of the deep-sea diving and fishing has been to double the number of specimens of flora and fauna taken. In the former branch more important discoveries have been made than in the latter. The Professor took two of us into another tiny boat which had hitherto hung above our stern, and rowed us after the diver, who marched about hither and thither, faithfully followed, like his shadow, by his little whirlpool of bubbles, for about half an hour. To our inexperienced eyes these bubbles seemed the only sign of his well-being, though of course they would continue to rise as long as the pump kept going, even if some accident had happened to him. Finding nothing particular on the bare black lava coast and sandy bottom of the little bay, which had not been tried before, our friend gave the signal to be drawn up, and was then undressed with the same routine as he was dressed. A slight heaviness of breathing was the only effect of his excursion. The curiosity of our friend the physician discovered no acceleration of pulse.

From the quiet and lonely village our steamer and proceedings had attracted a boat-full of people, headed by a fine white-

haired old fisherman, who watched the manœuvres with great interest. None of the crew of the steamer, though they are accustomed to the operation, and admirably drilled in the management of the air-pump and putting on of the dress, where a mistake might be fatal, can be persuaded to dive themselves. They have a superstitious fear of it. The diving not having proved productive, we left St. Angelo and pursued our course eastwards and then northwards, completing the tour of the island, and rounding the Castle Rock at a distance of only a few feet, so deep is the water along the coast, and the steamer of so shallow a draught—an excellent quality for a vessel fitted up for zoological research, as it enables it to approach the rocks more closely. After a bath taken in a hut built in the sea of dried branches of the Spanish chestnut, the golden-hued leaves of which formed in the inner twilight as dreamy and lovely a grotto as nymph could desire, dinner was served at sunset on a terrace, the moon shining every moment more brilliantly. During dessert fireworks were let off from the steamer, their vivid colours reflected in the now smooth water. Then we took leave of our kind host with regret, but only to enjoy the moonlight voyage back to Naples. On the zoological steamer the conversation naturally ran on zoological subjects—on the taking of fish and means of preserving delicate specimens alive. Those which it is impossible to keep are at once put into spirit or other preparation. Some kinds of algæ die directly, even if only removed under water a few feet away from their former position. But the beauty of the night soon hushed even such interesting gossip about the wonders of the deep. Translucent sky and glassy waves, whose gentle heavings reflected in liquid gold the light of the moon and the planet Jupiter; the dreamy promontories and islands; the far-stretching lights of distant Naples, and the ever-flaring torch of Vesuvius, absorbed our gaze and our attention. Silence seemed more fitting on this ideal summer night.

A JOURNEY TO TEHERAN.



yet post horses are the only means of rapid travelling in Persia. When a postal service of the kind is well conducted one can get along pretty well; but when, as here, the utmost mismanagement prevails, travelling post is the most exquisite torture it is possible to conceive. It was close on mid-day before I was able to get away from Resht, mounted on a very fair horse. I was accompanied by Mr. Henry Churchill, the son of the Asterabad Consul, who, as I have already mentioned, has left that place, having been appointed to the town of Palermo. We had with us a *gholam*, or courier, belonging to the British Legation at Teheran, and the usual postman to take back the horses. For the first ten miles the road was level and good, skirted on either side by wooded hills of inconsiderable elevation, separated from us by level tracts of well-cultivated ground and stretches of luxuriant woodland. Streams of water incessantly crossed the road as the irrigation canals were led from one field to another. With such a never-failing water supply from the Elburz chain, and with such unfailing sunshine, the province of Ghilau should be one of the richest in the world. For the first couple of hours one might imagine himself riding through some rural lane in Western Europe. Then the road began to ascend a somewhat steep hill, parts of which were rugged in the extreme, and then we found ourselves riding along the brink of a nasty earth cliff overhanging the magnificent Lefid Rood River.

At this point the stream is nigh a mile wide—a vast expanse of surging yellow waters, broken by islets and sandbanks, and bearing along tree trunks and accumulations

of bushes torn from its banks. To the eastward tall scarped mountains descend to the water's edge. As soon as the road begins to ascend, it becomes simply execrable. Long stretches of pavement occur, which, owing to the springs which trickle across them, are reduced to accumulations of loose stones and deep muddy gushes, over which a horse can make his way but slowly. For twenty miles one was in constant fear that his horse would fall upon the step-like strata, which at some points resemble more a steep flight of stairs than what we are accustomed to consider a post-road. It was lucky our horses were pretty strong and well fed, or we should never have got over some of the very bad places. As it was, the animals were only able to make ten steps at a time, halting for half a minute before they could climb as much more. More than once I dismounted and toiled up the ascent on foot, for it seemed little short of barbarity to ride a horse up such an incline. What the engineers of the road were thinking of when they planned it, I can't imagine. It ascends and descends in the most capricious manner, when with less labour it might just as well have been constructed at a regular level along the hill slopes over which it has been cut—principally by blasting, as the drill holes in the rocks indicate. At one very difficult spot we passed three European carriages, which were being dragged by a dozen men each, and which, to judge by the rate of progress they were making, will probably take a month at least to arrive at Teheran.

After a weary journey of twenty-four miles we reached the first station at a place called Cour'doum, where we changed horses, receiving animals which looked just as tired and worn as those we had given up. With these we scrambled along another twenty miles to Rustamabad—a dreary-

looking mud caravanserai, the only human habitation within sight for miles around. The mountains, which had hitherto been densely wooded and verdant, now became bare and arid, the bright red and orange tinting of the cliffs and slopes indicating the presence of iron. From Rustamabad onward the road was, if possible, worse and more precipitous than before; and the rapid closing in of night did not tend to smooth our difficulties. It was pitch-dark as we ascended and descended horrid inclines along the edge of yawning abysses, which perhaps it was lucky we could but indistinctly make out, and from which far below came the dull plashing roar of the Lefid Rood. Then the road became a little more practicable, and we descended into a valley thickly grown over with very large olive trees—in some places growing in dense thickets. Here and there glimmering lights were visible, and we could just make out the dim outline of some low mud houses. We had arrived at the commencement of a long straggling village—Rood Bar by name, which stretches along the banks of the Lefid Rood River for a distance of three miles at least. It was half-past nine at night before we reached the further end, where some dozen buildings gathered into a kind of street constituted the bazaar. Lights were still burning in some of the houses, and we at length found lodgings in a small shop kept by an Armenian. The rough boarded floor was our bed, our saddles our pillows, and our overcoats the only covering available; but, after sixty-four miles' hard riding one is easily contented with any place of rest. The regular postal station was a couple of hours further on; but under the circumstances it was impossible to go any further that night.

Starting at three o'clock the following morning, we reached the postal station of Mengil by sunrise. The road was again very bad, especially that portion of it which we were obliged to traverse before the light of dawn appeared. There seemed to have been no pains whatever taken to improve the rough track worn among broken, shelving strata by the camel and horse traffic of

past ages. Travelling over such a road in the dark is the most trying thing possible for the nerves. One's horse, trying to scramble up or down the steep ascents, many of them having an incline of forty-five degrees, slips and stumbles at every step. The faintly-seen rocks seem swimming around in the gloom. The traveller finds himself suddenly girth-deep in a torrent of whose existence he only becomes aware by the flash and roar of the waters. Huge spectral cliff-faces loom in the faint dawn light, and the white expanse of the surging river gleams out far down the precipice on the verge of which the road winds. Barrier of any kind to prevent man or beast from going over the edge, there is absolutely none. Some one has remarked that the roads of a country are the truest indices of its civilization. If this be true, Persia must be backward indeed.

Just as the sun was rising, we arrived at a long stone bridge spanning the Lefid Rood, and had an opportunity of witnessing a curious phenomenon peculiar to the place. Just as the sun shows above the horizon a violent wind commences to blow, continuing without interruption till evening. This wind blows at all seasons, and is sometimes so violent as to render crossing the bridge dangerous, especially for laden camels, the great surface exposed to the action of the wind sometimes causing the animals to be blown over the parapet into the torrent. This portion of the valley bears the name of Mengil, and is remarkable for the great number of venomous serpents by which it is infested. When the Roman army, led by Marc Antony, came here, the camp had to be moved from the valley on account of the great quantity of vipers. I recollect an occurrence similar to this during the late campaign in Armenia, when a Russian detachment, camped among the ruins of the ancient town of Ani, were obliged to strike their tents and move some way off on account of the great numbers of serpents. A short distance above the bridge of Mengil the Shah Rood falls into the Shefid Rood, which latter stream above the point

of junction goes by different names. About a couple of miles outside the town, or rather village, of Mengil I came up with a small caravan going in the direction of Teheran. For some time I had been noticing a most unpleasant odour, which I was at a loss to account for. So strong was it that I supposed that a number of camels or horses must be lying rotting in my vicinity; and I urged my horse rapidly forward to get clear of the stench. However, the further I pushed on, the stronger became the smell, and I was quite at my wits' ends to account for its persistency, when a glance at one of the caravan conductors gave me an inkling about whence it proceeded. The man was trudging along behind a small grey ass. He looked deadly pale, and his mouth and the entire lower part of his face were swathed in a large cloth. On the ass's back was an oblong white case, which I at once recognised as a coffin; especially when, on nearing it, the stench became overpowering. It was a caravan carrying dead bodies to be interred at Kerbella in holy ground. The driver of the ass had swathed his mouth and nose with cloths to avoid the pestilential effluvia emanating from the putrid corpse which his ass was carrying. He had been several days on the march, and I am not surprised that he looked sick and pale in view of the atmosphere which he breathed. I understand that Government orders have been issued prohibiting this system of corpse caravans; but though the traffic is much diminished, it still exists to a certain extent. I galloped briskly on to get out of the unwholesome neighbourhood, and soon reached the station of Mengil. Here a considerable delay occurred in procuring post horses; and when they were forthcoming they were of the most miserable description. Apart from that, they looked as if they had not eaten anything for a week.

Pushing forward as rapidly as possible, we followed the right bank of the Shah Rood, the road sometimes descending into the swampy river marge, and, after seven hours' riding, reached the station of Poot

Chenar (literally the foot of the plane-tree). Here we had a choice specimen of how things are managed on this postal line. Poot Chenar consists of two buildings; one a kind of caravanseraï, built of mud and unbaked bricks; the other, a posting station built in the same manner. The country across which we travelled was mountainous and barren. Bleak, bare rounded hills girded our path, all striped orange and green with metallic deposits. Not a human being was to be seen, and the two buildings in question, as far as their loneliness went, might have been a couple of enchanted castles. We toiled up a steep ascent, and arrived before a high arched doorway, the double doors of which lay wide open. No groom or ostler came to meet us. We called and shouted; we entered the place and searched every nook and cranny of the building. Neither horses nor men were forthcoming. Our horses were falling with fatigue after seven hours' rapid ride over difficult ground. We went up to the caravanseraï, and there learned that the postal employé was "gone away," and that there were no horses. This was a pretty predicament; inasmuch as I was in a desperate hurry, and had already lost much time. Nothing remained but to halt for a couple of hours to let our poor worn-out animals repose, and to give them some food, of which they evidently stood much in need. This food we had to pay for ourselves, as there were no Government officials to be found.

While waiting for our tired steeds to recover, we sat in the scanty shade of a thinly leafed plane-tree and had breakfast. Not far off was a Kurd encampment, which up to that moment was not visible, hid as it was behind a hill shoulder. The tents which they occupied are peculiar. I have seen them already on the mountains between Kars and Erzeroum. The walls, about four feet and a half in height, are composed of reed mats; the reeds placed vertically, close together, and connected by four threads of camel hair, plaited with the reeds. The roof consists of a single web

of blackish-brown camel-hair tissue, supported on internal poles some six feet high, the edges not meeting the vertical reed matting, but leaving a space six inches wide intervening for light and air. These tents look exceedingly neat and comfortable much more so than the heavier Turcoman kibitkas, among which I have been so long sojourning. The old Kurd elders came out of their camp to look at the Ferenghi, and were most kind in looking after some of our horses which had run away. Had

the road been anything bordering on a level one I shouldn't have been so much troubled, worn though our poor horses were after their long and quick ride. But unfortunately we had to face the worst portion of the entire road, the tremendous pass of Kharzon, across the steepest portion of the Elburz mountains by which a road can pass. There was no help for it, so we rode away towards the entrance of the pass.

In the valley we had to ford a rather violent torrent, fortunately not deep; and



PALACE OF THE BRITISH ENVOY AT TEHERAN.

we were rewarded for our pains by seeing a curious sight, the march of a Kurd encampment. These nomads acknowledge but a very slight allegiance to the Central Government, and pay "still slighter taxes." The women seemed to do all the work. The men rode along tranquilly—that is to say, the men who had horses, for I noticed that horses were but scarce among these nomads. The beasts of burden were small black cows, upon whose backs were strapped all the paraphernalia of the camp. The

reed tent-walls were rolled together with the black camel-hair roofs, and on these, packed on the cows' backs, was a miscellaneous collection of poultry perched quietly and evidently well accustomed to such proceedings. I noticed, too, an occasional cat seated contentedly among the fowls. A few men rode here and there directing the cortège. They were, as a rule, of low stature, and far from looking like the wild horsemen I left behind me on the Turcoman plains.

Each step now brought us nearer to the tremendous Kharzon pass. To describe its passage would be only to repeat what I have already written about break-neck roads and dangerous precipices, multiplied tenfold. We passed many Kurd camps, and at one had an opportunity of seeing funeral ceremonials altogether like those which I have already described in writing about the Turcomans. Towards the higher portions of the pass, which I believe are something like 12,000 feet above the sea, was an Imam Zade, or burial-place of a saint. Each person going by felt bound to place one stone on another in token of reverence. The entire road was lined with pyramids of stone fragments contributed by the pious during past centuries. As I am only writing an itinerary, I confine myself to stating that after having been forced to dismount a dozen times, sometimes beyond my knees in gravelly mud, we at length got to the village of Masrah, in the plain which reaches away by Kesvin to Teheran. After twelve hours' riding on the same poor horses we got into the village of Masrah. This village is not without interest, though it is but a poor place—consisting of little more than fifty square-topped huts huddled within the limits of a mud loop-holed wall with flanking towers. The interest attaching to the village is altogether an entomological one. When starting from Resht I had received many and sundry warnings from experts to look out for an exceedingly venomous insect which infects this place. Strange to say, this place alone of all the entire district is so infested. I enter into details on the subject as I know it is one which cannot fail to interest naturalists. I had been warned, on the peril of my life, not to sleep at Masrah, because there was to be found the *garrib-gez* (literally, "bite the stranger"). The effect of the bite was described to me as being on the whole much worse than that of the black scorpion. Our horses could carry us no farther, and, notwithstanding the dread which I had of these creatures, I had perforce to make a halt of half an hour at the dreaded station.

One of the first questions which I asked of the stable attendants, was whether they could show me a specimen of the "bite the stranger." After a few minutes' search, the man brought me out half a dozen in the palm of his hand. The largest was not over the third of an inch in length, and resembled in form what is vulgarly known as the "wood louse" in England. It was of a silvery-grey appearance, and had, as I carefully remarked, eight legs, four on each side. I should at once have set it down as one of the arachnoid or spider family, were it not for the entire absence of the dual division of *cephalothorax* and abdomen which distinguish that family. Notwithstanding this, it may, and probably does, belong to the family in question. Its sting is productive of the worst results. A small red point like that produced by the ordinary flea is at first seen. Then follows a large black spot, which subsequently suppurates, accompanied by a high fever, identical, as far as external symptoms go, with intermittent fever. In this it is like the bite of the tarantula or *phalange* of the Turcoman plains. The only difference is, that the fever produced by the sting of this insect, known scientifically as the *arga Persica*, and locally as the *garrib-gez* and *genné*, if neglected for any length of time, is fatal. It is accompanied by lassitude, loss of appetite, and in some cases delirium. I have seen it mentioned in an old French book, giving an account of the French embassy to Teheran in 1806-7; but the writer had had no personal experiences to narrate. He called it the *mouche de Miane*. Mianá is a village on the same stream as Masrah, and is well known as one of the *habitats* of this pestilential insect. It is styled by the inhabitants of the places which it frequents, the "bite the stranger," for the inhabitants of the place never or rarely experience any inconvenience from its sting.

There is a general belief, that once a person has been stung, the "Persian bug" is harmless against the same individual; and this would seem to be borne out by

fact; for the people living in the village of Masrah laughed at my fears as I carefully perched myself on the top of a rock with a view of keeping out of the way of the local bugs, while the people of the place kept them with impunity in the palms of their hands. Some Austrian officers going to Teheran last year, happening to stay at this hamlet of Masrah, were stung by the *garrib-gez*. All were ill, and one narrowly escaped with his life. Numerous cases of death can be cited as the result of the sting of the *arga Persica*. Speaking on the question to a Persian doctor, he informed me that it was the custom, when any important personage was travelling through any district infested by these "Persian bugs," that his attendants administered to him without his knowledge one of the "bugs" concealed in a piece of bread during the early morning. Experience has shown that when one has been bitten and recovers, he is for the future guaranteed against further injury. It is a kind of inoculation, and the local physicians believe that the poison taken through the stomach is administered with equal good effect as if received directly into circulation. A leading European member of Teheran society informed me that he had simultaneously received seventy-three stings from these insects, the bites having been counted by his servants. The result was an extreme amount of fever, winding up with delirium on the fifth day. Violent emetics, followed by doses of quinine, were given without effect; and it was only on taking large quantities of tannin, in the form of a decoction of the rind of the wild pomegranate, that the patient recovered. For a great part of my information on this subject I have to thank Mr. Sidney Churchill, of Teheran; a young and rising naturalist who has devoted much of his time and talents to the entomology of Persia. I need scarcely say, that finding myself in contact with this abominable "Persian bug," I was feverish hurry to get out of the place; and more than one violent objurgation rose to my lips before the half-hour's chase

after several stag-like animals on the hill slope was completed.

I was contemplating in a melancholy mood the skeletons of seven horses lying close by, without doubt the victims of overwork and little food, when our new steeds were driven in from pasture on a bleak mountain side, to commence a run of twenty miles at post speed. I make mention of this expressly, in order that it may, if possible, reach the Shah's ears indirectly; and that if he have not pity on the poor travellers who come to visit his capital from the Caspian he will have some feeling for the poor half-starved brutes that are ridden over the hills where he is Sovereign. I write this expressly, for I have reason to know that he is most anxious that things should go right in his kingdom; but unfortunately, he is dependent for his information on those whose interest it is not to tell him the truth. I hope that, should these lines ever meet his eyes, he will give me credit for the intention with which they were written. Descending from the mountains, a vast plain opens on the view, where sparsely-sprinkled gardens, with their tall poplars and densely leaved *chenors*, tremble in the mirage like wooded islands in a tranquil sea. The proximity to the dangerous Turcoman frontier, notwithstanding the intervening range of the Elburz, across which I had just ridden, was marked by fortified villages and caravanserais. Each was a fortress in itself—a square from one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards on each side, protected by high embattled walls of unbaked brick, with flanking towers fifteen feet high at intervals of forty yards. The gateway of each stronghold was a little fort in itself; and Scriptural descriptions came forcibly to the mind as we saw the white-robed elders (smoking their water pipes) seated on either side the entry, with a more than patriarchal solemnity, the attendants in robes of Oriental brilliancy, raising their heads to stare at the unholy Giaours dashing by as quickly as their poor weary, sore-backed steeds would permit. Riding over this plain I found a solution of

a problem which had more than once puzzled me. I had seen small earth mounds ranged in a symmetrical row reaching for miles and miles. I now discover that they are composed of the earth thrown up from numerous shafts during the construction of what are called *kanots*, or underground watercourses, leading from the mountains to the plain below. From the Elburz range to Teheran vegetable life is artificially sustained on the bleak internal steppes by means of these subterranean watercourses. Putting our horses to a gallop, we were soon sweeping by the scanty vineyards that surround Kasvin, and the gleaming cupolas and turrets of the town came into view.

The fortifications of Teheran are, strictly speaking, on the modern system, that is to say, on the system of those of Paris—the *enceinte* up to the date of the German campaign. It seems to me a wonder that his Majesty the Shah, who goes to such trouble and expense in the way of employing foreign officers to organize his army, has not thought it worth his while to engage a few military engineers to supervise the reconstruction of the defensive works of his capital. For aught I know, he may have some; but perchance they are like those of whom Lord Byron tells us in his “Don Juan,” who were employed to construct the fortifications of Ishmael, and who, as the Turks found to their cost, had done more for the assailants than for the besieged. As the defensive works of Teheran stand, they are much more harmful than otherwise. An assailing army has the right to bombard an enclosed capital or other town under the hypothesis that the works are good for something. Even Paris, with its scientifically constructed *enceinte* and reasonably outlying forts, was far from adequate to repel the means of attack available to-day. What, then, shall we say of the ill-constructed ramparts of Teheran, without a single outwork? In a single day the enemy would construct his bombarding batteries; and in another, Teheran would be in ashes, or surrendered.

Very probably the existing works were constructed as a capable means of resisting a *coup d'Etat* from without, for the Kadjar dynasty is too short a time on the throne to forget the events which placed it there. But to-day it ought to remember that the danger is not of Turcomans or rival tribes, but, though coming from farther off, is not a whit less serious. I hope these remarks of mine will be taken in the spirit in which they are written. I know that the *Daily News* finds its way to Teheran, and I should be sorry that my visit to the capital of Persia should give origin to thoughts or suspicions not consistent with the unvarying kindness and thoughtfulness which I have met with at the hands of the Ministers of H.M. the Shah. So far I have done with the fortifications of Teheran, but I cannot pass over the gates in silence. Whatever the ramparts may lack in military strength is certainly, if possible, made up for by the artistic beauty of its gates. It is no exaggeration to say that the traveller coming from colder and more practical climes, finds that when he comes in sight of the gates of Teheran, he is himself at once carried back to the days when he read the Arabian Nights and gloated over the doings of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid. It is really touching to find this sentiment of beauty lingering amidst the wreck of the once mighty power of Persia, and it would be but an ill grace on the part of the passing stranger to refuse to Persia what there is of the sentiment of beauty. Coming in from the parched plains, where at long intervals only, and by dint of artificial irrigation, vegetation is to be found at sparse intervals, seen across the trembling mirage there rises an arched and pinnacled structure, all aglow with tints borrowed from the setting sun when it bids its adieu to the surrounding hills. One feels that though “Iran’s sun be set for ever,” politically speaking, that some trace of its old glories revive in the arches which give access to its present capital. The graceful outlines, the mingled colours, glowing on brick and tile, over the almost Alhambric arches, bring one back to his early dreams

of the East, even though a sad experience had taught him that beneath its gloss lay a misery almost as deep as that of the back slums of civilization.

The space enclosed by the walls is very considerably greater than that occupied by the streets, squares, and buildings, and allows of very considerable distances intervening between the exterior houses and the fortifications. The general aspect of the town is a strange mixture of burnt-up desolation, streaked here and there with suddenly occurring and exuberant foliage. The zone immediately within the ramparts is mainly an expanse of arid yellow earth broken by gravel-pits and fragments of mud walls. Here and there are portions of earth-works and batteries erected under the supervision of the European training officers during a course of military instruction. Between Teheran and the bases of the mountains, the plain slopes upwards, and is copiously sprinkled with gardens and plantations, all of them supported by artificial irrigation. As I have already explained, this irrigation is not effected by surface natural streams, but by means of those curious underground watercourses termed *kanots*, which, commencing at the bottom of a deep boring close to the foot of the lower hills, are ultimately made to issue to the surface at lower levels, the greater portion of their course being protected from the sun's rays by the overlying earth. As far as one can judge, the soil round Teheran is most fertile, needing only adequate water supply to be rendered wonderfully productive. As far as one can see, the artificial water supply which exists is mainly devoted to the support of groves of plane trees (*chenar*), pomegranate, and poplar, destined as pleasure gardens, and to the supply of the city with the necessary drinking water. For the purpose of irrigating corn fields little seems to have been done. *Apr*opos of corn fields, the ripening crops look just now very promising, and bid fair to more than counterbalance the effects of last year's drought. The grounds belonging to the British Legation afford a good

example of what skilled gardening can effect, even in such a broiling climate as this. They are situated apart from the inhabited part of the city, though still within the walls, and I venture to say are entirely unrivalled by any similar native attempts, though many very large gardens belonging both to the Shah and his nobles exist within the *encinte*. Still, even with its water basins and running streams, and its shady alleys of *chenar* and weeping willows and mulberry, the heat becomes so intense about the beginning of June that it is found necessary to remove the staff of the Legation to the midsummer residence at the foot of the Elburz, about two *farsakhs* (eight miles) from Teheran, and, I believe, nearly a thousand feet above its level. Here, though at mid-day hours the temperature is far from agreeable, it is still much more bearable than in the city below. Through the kindness of Mr. R. F. Thomson, the present British Minister, whose guest I am for the moment, I have been able to appreciate the difference between the two.

The modern portions of Teheran are a strange mixture of Eastern and Western styles. Leading from the principal gate of the British Legation in the direction of the main entrance of the Shah's palace is a long boulevard arranged as nearly as possible after the method of a Parisian one. In time it will be a pretty avenue indeed, when the well-watered trees have arrived at maturity. These trees, though they are now but from five to seven years old, have already assumed respectable dimensions. Mingled with them, at intervals, are strange objects for a Persian city—regular street gas lamps. Only, unfortunately as yet, the French gentleman charged with the production of the necessary gas has not been enabled to carry out to its full extent the contract into which he entered with the Government. This, I understand, is because the necessary funds are not forthcoming with the requisite rapidity. In one or two places the electric light has been established; but it is only in front of the main gate of the palace that the light is ever displayed unless

on exceptionally festive occasions. These lamp-posts are a standing source of wonder to the inhabitants ; and they can't very well understand why they have been placed *in situ* without producing any of the wonderful effects which they have been led to believe they are capable of. I am afraid that even with the best intentions on the part of the municipal authorities, the boulevards of Teheran will never come to much, at least for a long time. Luxuriant foliage and street lamps may be present in abundance, but they won't make much of the shops, which, like a series of railway arches, line the thoroughfare. In the East a man occupies his shop until near sundown, and then retires to his dwelling, which is generally in a distant part of the town. The gas lamps could only help to disclose a number of ground-floor cells, barricaded with very indifferent-looking shutters. Following the main boulevard one arrives at a large picturesque gateway, quite like, and as prettily decorated as, the town gates. Massive iron-barred gates, when necessary, close this opening. It gives access to a large bare paved square, one side of which shows a number of arched compartments, with glazed windows, within which are kept sundry seedy-looking bronze 12-pounder smooth-bore guns. On the right-hand side are half a dozen huge brass guns, 24 and 32 pounders, on siege carriages. They are, as the date shows, from forty to sixty years old, and their scored and torn bores tell a tale of many a bag of nails or dozen paving stones discharged from them. They are probably displayed in their present position, guarded by a score of Oriental-looking artillerymen, with a view of giving the popular mind a hint of what the Government could do if truculently disposed. At the side opposite to that by which one enters, is another picturesque gateway, just within which stands an exceedingly lengthy and highly-decorated bronze gun—a sixty-four pounder, I should guess, from its calibre. The popular idea in Teheran is, that this is the largest gun in the world.

Continuing our route, we pass along

another street, not yet a boulevard ; the same railway-arch shops predominating. Then we are in front of the main palace gateway. It is of enamelled brick, white stucco, and sea-green paint. Like the tower palace at Euzelee, fragments of looking-glass enter largely into the composition of the very peculiar composite, pilasters of its upper storeys. When the sun's rays fall obliquely, the effect of these numerous mirrors is very pretty, otherwise the less said about it the better. It was in front of this palace gate that, for the first time, the uniform of the newly-organized Persian regiments came under my notice. It is very serviceable and quite smart-looking. All the more so, to European eyes at least, that it differs from the horribly slovenly-looking full-hipped tunic, worn notably by the officers of the old régime. It consists of a kind of garment, half tunic, half fatigue blouse, of coarse blue navy serge, short, very short in the skirt, and girt with a brown leather belt. The trousers are of the same material. The head-dress is a small shako of black lambskin, or some imitation material, with a brass badge, carried in front, behind, or at the side, according to the taste of each soldier. It is a remarkable fact, that while the majority of the troops at Teheran are armed with the Austrian Werndl breech-loader, a most serviceable weapon, the palace guard carries an old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle of the same nation. It is a deeply-grooved rifle, with bright barrel, and the peculiar kind of stock with check piece formerly carried by certain Austrian corps. The Shah thinks too well of his subjects in the capital to consider a practical guard necessary, and leaves the improved weapons in the hands of the soldiers who are learning to defend their country ; "if necessary against England," as a Persian officer told me very frankly one day. As I am on army subjects now, I may as well say a word about the foreign officers brought from Austria, mainly to organize the battalions of the Shah. During my stay at Teheran one of my first visits was to a

barracks organized under the surveillance of Captain Standeisky, of the Austrian service. As a feature of European drill—a very distinctive feature indeed in an Eastern army—I noted the great attention paid to preliminary drill and to gymnastics. The recruiting system in Persia leaves much to be desired; but, nevertheless, it brings to the ranks a very large majority of stalwart young men, in every way fitted to be soldiers. Like all peasants, they are more or less uncouth in their manners and bearing, and require a little preliminary training before they can be placed in the ranks musket in hand. The Austrian officers in charge, and none better than Captain Standeisky, know, that however good the absolutely fighting element may be, and however steadily they may stand in actual combat, there is a something else required in a soldier. He has a duty to perform amongst the civilians at home, as well as in front of an enemy. It would never do to have a lumbering troop of fighting clodhoppers marching down a thoroughfare in any street in a European capital, much less a Persian one. I have seen gymnastic exercises carried out in most European armies, and I can say that in many of them they would have no occasion to be ashamed of what I saw in one of the Teheran barrack squares. I saw the heavy-weight exercise, the trapeze, the bridge, the vaulting exercise, and many others most creditably gone through; and I saw the same men go through company and battalion drill with an exceeding accuracy. My visit was an impromptu one, so that no special preparations could have been made beforehand—even were such a thing possible. As the companies marched into quarters I was invited to examine the rifles. I did so. The interior of the barrels was bright as silver; the locks in perfect order, and not a soil except what was inevitable from a couple of hours' exercise. As a last trial, I saw the performance of making a company cross a dead wall twenty-five feet in height, forming pyramid, twelve men as a base, the last carrying a rope over with him. It was

most creditably performed, the only drawback being the merriment of the men at being put through the extra exercise for the benefit of a stranger. Captain Wagner of the artillery has brought his men as near perfection as possible; and it is no small thing to be said in favour of these gentlemen, that they have had to form their officers as well as their men.

The Shah is no doubt influenced by the best of motives. He has visited Europe, and he has no doubt gauged the means by which Western men have become what they are. He does his best to follow in their track; but he is impotent before the inertia of a nation. Every one is familiar with the history of Baron Reuter's contract. Its fulfilment would have cost the Shah his throne. The only man of intellect that he can trust in his kingdom to-day he dare not name Grand Vizier because of popular obtuseness. The other day, as I saw him ride past, under the shade of his red sacramental umbrella, I could not help thinking that he was perhaps the man most to be pitied in all his dominions. Speaking of riding past, I know that since the late Royal visit to Europe, people are apt to figure to themselves the Shah of Persia as living amid a perpetual blaze of diamonds. This was my experience of one of his progresses. Some mounted policemen (Austrian style) came galloping ahead. They came a couple of hundred people, most of them with double-barrelled fowling-pieces slung at their backs. Then came fifty mounted men with silver maces, then a group very plainly clad, in the midst of which rode the Shah, not to be known from the rest of the world when the sun is not shining, for then he has a red umbrella. Along the bye streets came some lumbering carriages, preceded by a dozen men bearing long willow wands. They were the keepers of the harem, and they shouted incessantly, "Be blind, be blind, turn your face to the wall." All this was meant lest any one should be rash enough to catch a glimpse of the "lights of the harem" being conveyed to his Majesty's next halting-place.



MICHAEL ANGELO.

MICHAEL ANGELO (Buonarroti), sculptor, architect, painter, poet, was born on the 6th of March, 1475, at Castel Caprese, in the neighbourhood of Florence. He was of noble family, descended on his mother's side from the Canossa, an ancient family in Tuscany, and on the father's side the Buonarroti, who had held a high position in Florence for more than two centuries. He is said to have taken his first lessons under the grammarian, mathematician, and pain-

ter, Francesco d'Urbino, who had found mathematics a great assistance to him as a painter, especially in rendering the effects of light and perspective. The father of Michael Angelo, a gentleman of elevated ideas and stately manners, had destined his son to a career, in his thought, more worthy of his birth; but the boy manifested such a passion for drawing, as obliged his reluctant family to allow him to follow his evident vocation, and he was placed under the rule of the talented Domenico Ghirlandajo (garland maker, from his being a gold-worker), whom, great master though he was, he soon surpassed; and the three years'

apprentice received—an unusual arrangement—twenty-four florins for his services.

The object of the father would seem, according to Stendhal, to have been more than attained, however unwittingly, for the student thus became introduced to the notice of Lorenzo de Medici (usually styled the Magnificent), whose true title to glory seems to have been his patronage of Michael Angelo. While the youth pursued his studies under Ghirlandajo, he was invited, among other youths, to study from the collection of antique studies in the Medicean gardens. It is said that the sight of these splendid works led him to devote himself entirely to sculpture; he began, not merely by copying, but by investigating the principles on which the Greek artists had wrought, and having found the head of a laughing fawn, considerably mutilated, he imitated that part of it which was perfect, and restored what was wanting. Lorenzo was struck by this evidence of vigorous capacity, and no less pleased with the youth's simple manners and devotion to his art, and thus the head of the Florentine Republic, a nobleman whose policy, eloquence, and fascinating manners charmed away the liberties of Florence, gave the protégé a room in his palace, treated him in everything as his son, admitting him to his table, where daily he met the greatest lords of Italy, and the first men of the age, and employed him to execute several pieces of sculpture.

One may judge the effect of such treatment upon an ardent and haughty youth. Michael Angelo was present at the death of his patron, and during the troubles of the Medici family (precipitated by Lorenzo's brother Pietro, whose patronage of Michael Angelo, by the way, led him to employ him to make a statue of snow) took refuge at Venice and Bologna, but returned to Florence in 1494. A statue of a "Sleeping Cupid" had about this time been sent to Rome, where it was shown as a piece of sculpture which had been dug up from a vineyard. It was pronounced by various connoisseurs to be a veritable antique,

and far superior to anything which contemporary art was capable of producing. The Cardinal S. Giorgio secured the prize, when, to his vexation, he found the sculptor was yet in the flesh, in the excited city of Florence. The unresenting dignitary, however, invited the sculptor to Rome, who, during this first visit, produced the celebrated *Pietà*, or group of the dead Christ on the knees of the weeping virgin.

Returning to Florence, Michael Angelo executed the colossal statue of David, now in the great square of that city, which, having been begun and abandoned by a too ambitious artist, was re-designed, and from a misshapen mass became a sublime evidence of the new sculptor's skill and daring. Here, too, about 1503, Soderini, then Gonfaloniere, of Florence, engaged him to decorate one end of the Council Hall, Leonardo da Vinci, another remarkably versatile man, being entrusted with the other (for which he chose as subject, "The Battle of the Standard"). Michael Angelo's design, called the "Cartoon of Pisa," represented a subject from the Pisan wars, in which a number of men, while bathing in the Arno, are surprised by a sudden attack on the city, and start up to repulse the enemy. Trumpets are sounding; some of the warriors, with gestures of furious impatience, endeavour to draw their garments over their wet limbs; others rush half-clad into the combat; horse and foot are intermingled, and the whole scene breathes fierceness and slaughter. This cartoon has all but perished; but when entire, furnished studies for artists from all countries.

Pope Julius II. having, in Michael Angelo's twenty-ninth year, ordered him to make his monument, the sculptor grandly designed, and had already begun it, when one day failing to gain admittance to the palace, thus thinking himself superciliously treated, he ordered his servants to sell his goods to the Jews, and at once set off for Florence. On his way five couriers from the pope commanded his immediate return, but the inflexible man persisted in his

journey, and directly he reached Florence set about finishing the Cartoon of Pisa, which, by its wonderful display of anatomical knowledge, started a new era in art. Michael Angelo refused, on repeated applications, to return to Rome; but Soderini, afraid of the pope, at last persuaded him to do so. On his arrival, before he had time to refresh himself after travel, the sculptor was conducted to the irate pontiff, who cried out, "What, then, instead of coming to seek us, thou wast determined that we should come to seek thee!"

Michael Angelo replied that he had left Rome, being unable, after his faithful services to his Holiness, to endure the indignity of being denied admission to him.

A bishop endeavoured to improve the excuse.

"Who told thee to interfere?" thundered Julius, vigorously smiting with his staff the astonished ecclesiastic; then turning to Michael Angelo, he blessed him and restored him to favour, directing him at the same time to make his statue in bronze. The remembrance of this double expression must have remained upon Michael Angelo's mind, for when, soon afterwards, the pope beheld the clay model, the statue was the personification of majesty, but the face had so terrible an expression, that Julius demanded, "Am I uttering a blessing or a curse?"

"I had intended to represent your Holiness as admonishing the people of Bologna," was the reply; "shall I place a book in one hand?"

"Give me a sword!" cried the warlike pontiff; "I know nothing of books."

It is interesting to learn that this bronze effigy should have afterwards been cast as a cannon, and used against the pope.

This same imperious pope insisted on Michael Angelo's painting the vault of the Sistine Chapel, built by Baccio Pintelli, under the importunacy, it is said, of the envious architect Bramante, who feared Michael Angelo would supplant him in the work of St. Peter's, which eventually he did. Reluctantly the sculptor yielded, recom-

mending Raphael; and in spite of disheartening difficulties, under which he at one time threw up the work, he completed it in an incredibly short space of time. But when it was only half done, the pope impatiently went to inspect it, and Raphael, who was present, with the candour of a great mind, thanked God that he had been born in the same age with so great an artist. This wonderful work represents the Creation of the world, the Fall of Man, the Deluge, etc. Below the roof are prophets and sibyls, who are supposed in the Roman Catholic system to have prophesied the Messiah's advent to the heathen. The effect of the whole work, with its multitudinous figures, is adapted with admirable accuracy to the vast, and, as some think, the disproportionate height at which it is seen, and it is impossible to contemplate it without reverence and astonishment.

Meanwhile Julius II. died, and was succeeded by Leo X., brother of the patron of the young genius, whose conduct towards Michael Angelo was not what one would associate with the name of a prince of taste and munificence, who affected fully to appreciate the sculptor's powers: it is with indignant surprise that one reads that during the whole eight years of this pontificate, the extraordinary man was hewing rocks and excavating a road. During the short ensuing reign of Adrian VI., Michael Angelo proceeded with the monument of Julius II., and part of the works in the Medici Chapel in the church of San Lorenzo at Florence; but in the reign of Clement VII. that work was again interrupted, and he was called upon by the pontiff to build a library and sacristy for the church of Saint Lorenzo.

In the civil wars of Florence, Michael Angelo acted as engineer. When the Medici were expelled, being appointed superintendent of the fortifications by the local government, he showed extraordinary skill in fortifying the important post of San Miniato. Having withdrawn to Venice for a time, where, it is said, he designed the bridge of the Rialto, his fellow citizens, who

apparently thought more highly of himself than his services besought him to return. Divided between patriotic hopes and the slights of an ungrateful multitude, feeling hurt by the circumstances which compelled him to fight in the Medici the degenerate descendants of his benefactors, Michael Angelo during the siege, by a touching contradiction, descended from the walls his genius had successfully designed, to go furtively to Saint Lorenzo, and acquit himself of his debt towards the Medici in working at their tomb. When at last, in 1530, the city was taken (through the treason of the perfidious Malatesta Baglioni), proscribed and threatened with death, Michael Angelo concealed himself, waiting for pardon from the pope, who would only grant it upon the condition of his finishing the tomb of St. Lorenzo. In this affair, surely Michael Angelo's patriotism in subordinating his private feelings should be commended rather than condemned as ingratitude. It needed nothing less than the almightiness of the pope to protect the sculptor from the hatred of the infamous Alexander Medici. As soon as the tumult of the sack of the city had subsided, Clement VII. ordered strict search to be made for the sculptor, received him kindly, and finding that his health was gravely affected, gave him a brief which forbade him, on pain of excommunication, all work in painting or sculpture other than concerned the sacristy of St. Lorenzo. Compelled to a work which accorded so well with his genius and his misfortunes, Michael Angelo returned to it with such intense ardour, that at the end of 1531 the two female figures were finished, and the others very far advanced. It is sad to think that for the figures which adorn this *chef d'œuvre* of Michael Angelo, he should have had for model and for subject two unworthy princes, of whom the existence of one was too insignificant and useless to leave a name in history, and the life of the other deserved a speedy and contemptuous oblivion. The statue which dominates one sarcophagus represents Julius, son of

Lorenzo, brother of Leo X., and Michael Angelo's patron, who was created Duc de Nemours by Francis I., and died at the age of thirty-seven, and left, as sole trace of an indolent life, only the approbation of men of letters, whom he loved, Ariosto, Bembo, Castiglione. The hero of the other sarcophagus, far less worthy the commendation of Ariosto, is Lorenzo II., father of Catherine de Medici, who governed Florence with harshness. The chapel wherein are these immortal monuments of vulgar and obscure princes forms a square surmounted by a cupola. The soft, mild light which falls upon the statues of the tombs, prepares one for and increases the deep and melancholy impression which they produce. Around the spectator are a Virgin and Child, one of Michael Angelo's most beautiful works, and two figures, Saints Cosmo and Damian, which are partly the work of pupils. On each side, in the breadth of the wall, we find the statues of Julius and Lorenzo. Michael Angelo was not bound to the exact portrayal of his models. In the tomb of Julius II., Rachel and Leah represent life active and life contemplative; in the tomb of the Medici, the figures of Julius and Lorenzo personify thought and action, while the four allegories Dawn and Twilight, Day and Night recall the principal phases of the rapidity of man's destiny. The two figures of Lorenzo and Julius are seated: Julius is young, noble, courageous; he is armed as a Roman, and rests his bâton of command upon his hip. Lorenzo is deep in gloomy meditation, his head is bowed with thought, the finger upon his lip indicates the silence necessary to reflection. What shall we say of the majesty and power of the statue of Day, of the titanesque beauty of Night, of the serious charm of the Dawn, who sadly wakes to an afflicted world? We shall say as Charles V. said in the frankness of his admiration, that it is astonishing these statues do not rise and speak. The people, after their manner, immediately surnamed (as if it were a living being among themselves) the pensive, typical head of Lorenzo,

they called it *Il Penseroso*, and invited it to speak by the mouth of the poet Strozzi. To this invitation Michael Angelo replied by one of his most beautiful verses, which paints so well the state of his thoughts at this time of anarchy. "It is sweet to me," he represents Night replying, "to sleep and to be as marble. Not to see, not to feel, is happiness in these base and shameless times. Wake me not, then; I adjure thee, speak low."

The ducal chapel of the Medici, behind the choir of the Church of St. Lorenzo, was made after the design of a Medici himself, Don John. There is a singular error in the architecture of the prince: the octangular form of the cupola has been much and justly criticised.

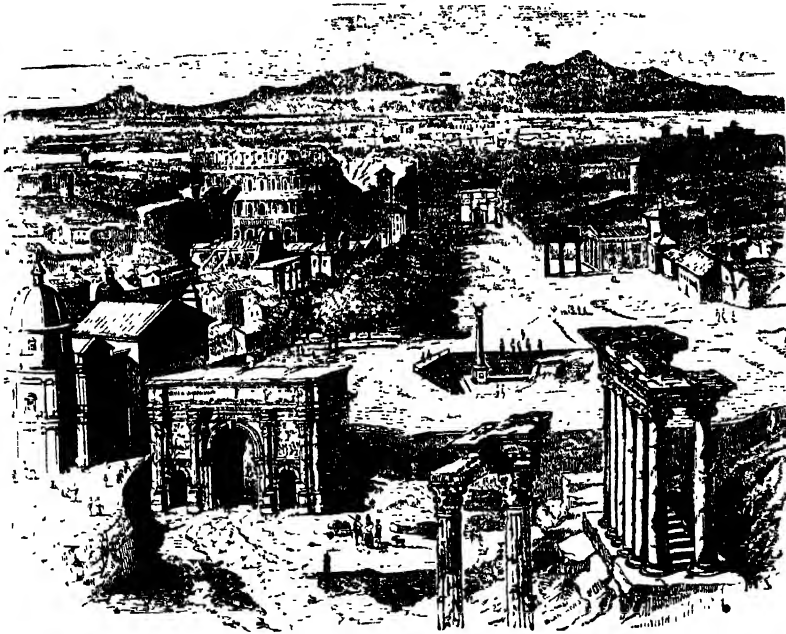
The next pope, Paul III., went, attended by ten cardinals, to see the monument of Julius II., about which there had been much disagreeable dispute, and undertook to settle between Michael Angelo and the heirs of Julius, who, through successive popes monopolising the sculptor, feared it would remain for ever incomplete. At last it was finished, though on a smaller scale than had been originally intended; and Michael Angelo was now left free to finish "*The Last Judgment*" (a colossal fresco, nearly seventy feet in height), and which occupied eight years of labour. The painter, who had never attempted mere beauty or pleasurable effect, made terror the predominating effect of this picture. The Messiah is the inexorable judge, and, turned to the left, he sentences the wicked, who, hurled downwards thunderstruck through the air, are caught by eager demons, springing from the abyss to meet them. Admirable, also, is that part of the picture where the dead are rising from their graves. But terribly grand as this picture is, the painter's great name is better sustained by the compartments in the roof and on the sides of the Sistine Chapel. In this chapel the great painter, Perugino, had made three large frescoes, of which two remain, but the third—an "*Assumption of the Virgin*,"—was destroyed and replaced by Michael

Angelo's *Last Judgment*. It was, doubtless, a cruel affliction for Perugino to see, some years later, this beautiful fresco—which had cost him so much labour, procured him such plaudits—pitilessly scraped away, and to see entrusted to another the charge to replace it by one grander and more worthy of posterity. But a less doubtful story than this is, that feeling his own reputation declining as Michael Angelo's and Leonardo's arose, he indiscreetly expressed his dislike for the new style in the presence of the young but imperious innovator. Michael Angelo retorted, calling him a dunce in art; Perugino took him before a magistrate, but the Florentine law of libel was then worthy of our own land and time, and nothing came of it. But Perugino's master, Andrea Verrocchio, had also to endure a similar chagrin. Having a commission to paint the baptism of Christ, Verrocchio himself undertook to represent the Saviour, and left to another pupil, even Leonardo da Vinci, the head of John the Baptist. Leonardo, wishing to be worthy of his master, tried his utmost, with the result that when the day came, when according to custom, the picture was exposed to the criticism of the public, the head of the Baptist, which infinitely excelled the other figures, received all the admiration. Every one praised Verrocchio for his marvellous work; but why, they reproachfully asked, did he leave the principal figure to a student? The confusion of the master was only equalled by the bitterness in his soul; he broke his palette, threw his brushes and unfinished pictures into the fire, and swore to paint never more. And the pupil, whose commendable zeal had produced this disaster, half a century after laid before judges work of his which they were to compare with that of the younger Michael Angelo, and bitterer than a dagger sank into his heart their words: "*Leonardo ages.*"

The career of Michael Angelo is an example of the splendid results produced by great powers in conjunction with great opportunities. The whole remainder of

his life was spent in his share in the construction of the magnificent fabric of St. Peter's Church, for the erection of which the sale of indulgences was pushed with great energy. A superb and Christian model in the shape of a Greek cross superseded the former Saracenic design of San Gallo. "This fabric," says Fuseli, "scattered into an infinity of jarring parts by his predecessors, he concentrated, suspended the cupola, and to the most complex gave the air of the most simple of edifices." When Michael Angelo saw Brunelleschi's

S. Maria and its cupola, he said before he went to Rome: "Adieu, friend; I go to make thy *like*, but not thy *equal*." He found, however, opportunities to direct fortifications, to adorn the capitol with magnificent buildings, to finish the Farnese palace, and give designs for other works of architecture. From the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian he built a monastery, and in the centre of its square planted four cypresses, which have grown into solemn monumental trees, harmonising both with the deserted pile and the grand.



RUINS OF OLD ROME.

sombre and majestic soul that planted them. There is something pathetic in this act of a man who had seen thirteen popes pass away, while the work of Christ and His Apostles still seemed in hopeless abeyance. For them he had worked from the building of St. Peter's to designing the quaint costumes of the Swiss Guards! His closing years were embittered by vexatious troubles among those who worked with or for him, but the pontiffs who succeeded each other uniformly supported him, especially Julius III., who regarded him

with profound respect and veneration. Though infirmities came with old age, he retained the vigour and alacrity of his mental faculties to the close of his long life. He died on the 17th of February, 1561, having nearly attained his eighty-ninth year. His last words were, "In your passage through this life, remember the sufferings of Jesus Christ." He was buried with due honours in the Church of the Apostoli, at Rome; but his remains were afterwards removed to the Church of Santa Croce, at Florence.

Amongst the men of an age when mental faculties were so wonderfully displayed in art and literature, Michael Angelo holds a foremost place. As a painter and sculptor he created his own style, which, independent of predecessors, defies rivalry or imitation. Once, in his sadness, he used words to which his experience sometimes gave prophetic discouragement: "My style will create ignorant masters." Can we look round Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's without endorsing this foreboding?

Byron's language in "Childe Harold" about St. Peter's is grand testimony to his architectural powers; and, by the way, his idea is the same as Mendelssohn's.

As poet, Michael Angelo is chiefly remembered by some sonnets, then the prevailing form of Italian poetry, and doubtless, had he not excelled so greatly in other departments of art, he would have ranked higher in this. He would devote himself to poetry, after finishing any piece of sculpture. He had a profound admiration for Dante, whom, in cast of mind, he somewhat resembled. When it was proposed to remove the remains of that great poet from Ravenna to Florence, he wrote, in a petition on the subject to the pope: "I, Michael Angelo, sculptor, also beseech your Holiness, and offer to make suitably the tomb of the Divine poet in an honourable part of the town." Leo X., however, gave no encouragement, and the project was abandoned. This was not the only instance of Michael Angelo's passionate admiration of Dante. He had illustrated from very numerous designs, a copy of the "Divine Comedy," which treasure was, strange to say, lost at sea.

Michael Angelo, although he had refused the solicitation of the Pope, that he should never marry, and take orders, was never married, but had a platonic affection for Vittoria Colonna, a beautiful and influential woman, gifted with power as a sacred poetess. Between herself and the painter there grew up a true friendship, which lighted the otherwise sombre gloom of his life. More than one of his pictures was

painted expressly for her. Of one of these she writes to him: "I have seen that all things are possible to them that believe. I had a profound belief that God would grant you a supernatural faith to paint this Christ; and I found it so admirable as to exceed all that I had been able to imagine, and animated by your miracles, I wished for that which I see now marvellously fulfilled; that is, that it should be perfect in every respect. More could not be desired nor even hoped for. I must tell you that I rejoice that the angel on the right hand is so beautiful, for the Archangel Michael will place you, Michael Angelo, on the right of the Lord in that new day. Meanwhile, I do not know how to serve you better than to pray to this sweet Christ for you, whom you have so well, so perfectly painted." What a commendation from the most gifted and pious woman in the land! At this time Michael Angelo was growing old, Vittoria Colonna was forty-four, yet he addressed to her this sonnet, full of fancy and tender friendship:

"The might of one fair face sublimates my love,
For it hath weaned my heart from low desires;
Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires,
Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,
Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve;
For oh, how good, how beautiful must be
The God that made so good a thing as thee,
So fair an image of the Heavenly Dove.
Forgive me if I cannot turn away
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven,
For they are guiding stars benignly given,
To tempt my footsteps to the upward way;
And, if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,
I live and love in God's peculiar light."

As engineer, the fact speaks strongly that Vauban, the celebrated French engineer, in passing through Florence, so admired the skill evident in the fortifications of San Miniato, that he ordered plans and models of them to be made for his own especial study. Benevolent, temperate, pious, he yet supported his dignity and though enforcing respect from the arrogant and the supercilious, he was generally mild and unassuming. He employed his acquired wealth liberally, assisting his friends, pro-

viding for his servants, and refusing all remuneration for the many years' labour of building St. Peter's Church, declaring that he dedicated that service to the glory of God. During the siege of Florence he lent the Government considerable sums. He trusted little to his intuitive talent, no man less; his practice was incessant; even during his military operations as director of defence at Florence, he continued his works in statuary and painting, and continued his studies even to the last. He favoured sculpture above other arts; though his reputation seems more firmly based on his paintings in the Sistine Chapel. Even in beauty he sometimes attained a point of unimagined excellence, yet nothing can be found to equal the profound sentiment and terrible energy exhibited in the statues of "Lorenzo" and of "Moses." As Milton stands to Shakespeare in our literature, so has Michael Angelo been compared to Raphael in Italian painting; his sublimity excelling the more popular and varied powers of that great master.

We are reminded at South Kensington of this great man by a Cupid, believed to have been the artist's work in his twenty-fourth year, and some other pieces attributed to him, and several casts of his more celebrated works. There is also an unfinished statuette of St. Sebastian, an example of his recorded practice of cutting his works at once from the marble, without availing himself of the mechanical appliances in general use among sculptors for chiselling out in marble a figure previously modelled in clay. Among the casts are the colossal figure of David as a youth, whose size was a mistake Michael Angelo was not answerable for, and only he could have atoned for by a corresponding giant; and the colossal Moses, which, with the two slaves, whose writhing under their tightly-

strained bonds is marvellously given, was intended for the grand but after all unfinished design for the monument of Pope Julius II. There are three pictures in our National Gallery, and only two easel-pictures in all Italy: "The Holy Family," or "The Three Ages," and "The Fates." The intensely earnest expressions in the former are hardly in keeping with a natural playful attitude. It has been extensively engraved. This picture was painted for Agnolo Doni; Michael Angelo at first asked seventy crowns for it. The purchaser demurred, and suggested something less; the painter, objecting, asked as much higher as Agnolo Doni said lower, till conquering in the end, he parted with it for 140 crowns.

The genius of Michael Angelo represented the Fates as three repulsive old women, reversing the Greek ideal, the picture, like the Holy Family, possessing boldness of design, finish of execution, hardness of outline, and dryness of colour. It is a work which poets admire, philosophers meditate upon, artists consult, and the merely curious avoid.

Sir Joshua Reynolds' last discourse in the Academy concludes: "However unequal I feel myself to that attempt, were I now to begin the world again, I would tread in the steps of that great master: to kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man. I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony to my admiration of that truly Divine man; and I should desire that the last words I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo."

ROBERT RAIKES.



IN one of the principal thoroughfares of the ancient city of Gloucester there stands, and is likely long to stand, a fine old house which is interesting as a specimen of the domestic architecture of the seventeenth century, but still more as having been the home of "Robert Raikes, "founder and father" of Sunday-schools. It is a roomy old building, having three gable points upon the street, with an upper storey projecting considerably over the lower windows, which again overshadow the shop and pavement below. The fronts are braced with stout oak timbers mingled with the brick and plaster, in the fashion of old times; and altogether the philanthropic visitor who asks to see the house in which Robert Raikes was born and lived will not be disappointed in the picturesque aspect of the place.

The labours of the worthy Gloucester printer have long ago been divested of their mere local associations. The little school which he established just one hundred years since for the instruction of the children of the miserably neglected and degraded poor of his native city, has been, the forerunner of countless institutions of the kind. This year the Sunday School Union alone had more than a million of children in such schools connected with their organization; and besides these there are the children in the Church of England schools and those belonging to the Wesleyan and other bodies. Such are the vast results of the philanthropic founding of Sunday-schools. Raikes' claims have, we are aware, been in some degree questioned, and he must share with the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey and John Pounds the honour of originating Sunday-school teaching. Another sharer was the Rev. Thomas Stock, head-master of the Cathedral Grammar

School. Sunday-schools had, no doubt, existed before Raikes' time, but it is certain that our present vast system is directly traceable to the example of the little school set up by Raikes in his native city. Raikes himself put forth no claims of any sort, but his fellow-townsmen and contemporaries generally had no doubt upon this point; nor can any impartial person read the interesting memoir written by Mr. Gregory, without coming to the conclusion that the right of this Gloucester worthy to his common appellation of the "father and founder" of Sunday-schools is firmly established.

The history of the Sunday-school movement may be said to begin with the successful establishment, by Raikes' father, of the *Gloucester Journal*, one of the oldest and long one of the most influential of provincial newspapers; for it was on this paper that Raikes, who had served his time in his father's printing office, acquired his interest in public affairs and his habit of concerning himself in matters relating to the wellbeing of the community in which he lived. The morals of Gloucester appear at that period to have been in anything but a satisfactory condition. The abuses of its gaol attracted the special attention of Howard; and it is clear that the failure of the stern systems of repression then in use—the cruelties of prison life, the frequent whipping of malefactors through the public streets—to improve the habits of the criminal class was the immediate cause of the peculiar interest which Raikes took in the question of the instruction of the poor. On the death of his father in 1757, Robert became proprietor and editor of the paper, and in its pages these subjects were frequently prominent.

Though Gloucester is a cathedral city, and Raikes was a member of the Church of England, it does not appear that any

dignitaries of the Church in that part were prominent in promoting his views in those sleepy days of ecclesiastical authority; though, when the movement was fairly on foot, sympathy was not wanting in high quarters—the Bishops of Chester and Salisbury, for example, cordially welcomed the earliest results of Raikes' labours. Raikes' own account of the commencement of the movement is simple and direct, like all his writing. Having been struck with concern, as he says, in one of his walks in the city at seeing a group of children, wretchedly ragged, at play in the streets, and also by the description which a woman on the spot gave him of the scenes of noise and riot which took place in the streets on Sundays, he inquired of his informant "whether there were any decent, well disposed women in the neighbourhood who kept schools for teaching to read. I presently," he continues, "was directed to four. To these I applied, and made an agreement with them to receive as many children as I should send upon the Sunday. The women," he adds, "seemed pleased with the proposal. I then waited on the clergyman before-mentioned (Rev. T. Stock), and imparted to him my plan. He was so much satisfied with the idea that he engaged to lend his assistance by going round to the schools on a Sunday afternoon to examine the progress that was made, and to enforce order and decorum." It was at the house of a Mr. King in St. Catherine Street that the first Gloucester Sunday-school was started, in the month of July, 1780, and it is this humble beginning which was recently celebrated, just one hundred years after the event. The second school was immediately afterwards established by Raikes in his own parish at the corner of Greyfriars and Southgate Street. The third school is believed to have been established by Mr. Stock, and several others were quickly started in other parts of the city.

The teachers in these early schools were most of them paid for their labours at the rate of one shilling per Sunday. The good service rendered by them in teaching so

many children to read can only perhaps be appreciated by considering the wretchedly imperfect and partial nature of the systems—if systems they can be called—for the instruction of the poor in those days. The progress made from this small beginning was really marvellous. Only five years after the setting up of the little school in St. Catherine Street, Dr. Glasse observed that there were already 250,000 children at Sunday-schools throughout the kingdom, and that the system, having already extended to Ireland, was about to be introduced into our colonies. This extraordinary growth seems to have been in great part due to Raikes' statements and appeals in the *Gloucester Journal*. In 1788 the Court ladies at Windsor were reported as passing part of their Sundays in teaching the poorest children. Raikes, being in that town about this time, was sent for by Queen Charlotte, and he has in a private note to a friend recorded the interest which the Queen evinced in the movement. The famous Mrs. Trimmer and Hannah More, no less distinguished in educational labours, rendered great service with their pens. Raikes meanwhile went steadily on his way, promoting new schools in his own neighbourhood and elsewhere.

The idea of conducting Sunday-schools by unpaid teachers is said to have originated in a meeting of zealous Wesleyans. Wesley says that as early as 1785 the masters in the school at Bolton gave their services gratuitously, and a few years later the same practice became general in Stockport. Every succeeding year added to the number of unpaid teachers, the Nonconformist Churches being especially ready to recognise the advantages of Sunday-school labour; and thus by degrees paid teachers were entirely superseded, and gratuitous instruction became the universal rule. The formation of the Sunday School Union in 1803 gave an immense impetus to the Sunday-school system. At the suggestion of James Montgomery, the poet, a jubilee was celebrated on the 14th of September, 1831, the anniversary of Robert Raikes'

birth. Hymns were written by Montgomery and Mrs. Gilbert for the occasion, a portrait of Raikes was also engraved on steel and a medal struck.

The children attending Raikes' Sunday-schools appear to have been, almost without exception, without previous training of any kind. His conditions were simply, "clean faces, clean hands, and hair combed,"—tattered garments and shoeless feet being no disqualification. The duty of the instructor was to teach them their letters, practise them in spelling, and hear them read. In a letter to Colonel Townley, Raikes says, "it is now about three years since we began, and I wish you were here to see the effect." "The going among them," he says in the same letter, "doing them little kindnesses, distributing trifling rewards, and ingratiating myself with them, have given me an ascendancy greater than I ever could have imagined, for I am told by their mistresses that they are very much 'afraid of my displeasure.'" In another interesting passage Raikes says, "You will understand that these children are from six years old to fourteen. Boys and girls above this age who have been totally undisciplined are generally too refractory for this government. A reformation in society seems to me to be only practicable by establishing notions of duty and practical habits of order and decorum at an early

age." It is pleasant to observe that with the disappearance of ignorance, rags and naked feet began to be less frequent. Raikes retired from business at the age of sixty-seven, but his interest in this movement continued to be unabated. He died on the 5th of April, 1811, at the age of 75, leaving a large family.

Robert Raikes seems to have been a man of liberal views, with no disposition to discourage but rather to foster innocent amusements. Music was always an important feature in the annual Sunday-school festivals in his days, and in one of his articles he defends, against a censorious correspondent, his practice of publishing in his paper notices of dramatic performances and other such amusements which took place at intervals in Gloucester. He is described as "rather tall, somewhat portly, of fair complexion, and most benevolent expression of countenance." This description is borne out by his portrait, in which he appears dressed, after the fashion of the day, in blue coat, buff waistcoat, drab kersey-mere breeches, white stockings, and low shoes.

In the diary of Miss Burney, the author of "Evelina," will be found some interesting references to Raikes, though the vivacity and earnestness of the Gloucester printer seem to have been hardly to the taste of that courtly lady.



A NATION'S LIBERATOR.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI was born at Nice on the 22nd of July, 1807, of respectable parents. His father was the owner of a trading vessel, and had been a seafarer all his life. Till the seventeenth year of the lad's life he also was actively engaged in maritime pursuits, the hazards of which he relished so much that at that age, with the permission of his father, he left the company of the ad-

venturous fishermen of his district, entered as a midshipman in the Sardinian navy, and soon became a skilful and fearless mariner, distinguished by his prompt decision in action and imperturbable presence of mind. When twenty-three years of age he was in command of the brig *Notre Dame de Grâce*, and about that time had, as a casual passenger, a fervid Italian patriot. Italy was then covered with a network of secret societies, which was the

only feasible form of national resistance to the two ruthless oppressors, Austria and the papacy. Turbulent, brave, imaginative, young Garibaldi must have been inflamed by the sanguinary ferocity with which an Austrian army had subdued a rising in Modena and the Papal States, while the brilliant letter of Mazzini's, addressed to Charles Albert, and answered by a decree of perpetual banishment of the daring young writer, must have fanned the patriotic fire which the casual passenger had lighted in the young commander's breast. One who aims at the moon shoots higher than he who aims at a tree: while Charles Albert, with all the powerful impetus of the patriotic upheaval around him, only succeeded in gaining pre-eminence in the land for Piedmont, there was one naval officer who hoped for greater things than ever sanguine subaltern dreamed of in his most dazzling visions of promotion. In 1833 Garibaldi formed an acquaintance with Mazzini and the leaders of the Italian liberal movement, and from that period his unquenchable hatred of despotism and devotion to the service of universal freedom exercised a dominant influence on all his actions, and ultimately became the *single* motive of his career. At that time all that patriots could oppose to the iron grip of the most subtle oppression was secret assassination. Mazzini pointed a more excellent way. He organized a new liberal league, called "Young Italy," with the paramount aim of Italy's republican union under one common law, and the extinction of foreign rule. The general principles of this new association also enforced the universal obligation to labour for a common moral regeneration, and the establishment of political equality over the world. Liberty, equality, and *humanity* were the watchwords of the body; "God and the People" their motto; white, red, and green their tricoloured banner; education and insurrection the great agencies of their operations; assassination was erased from their statutes, and the symbolic dagger of the Carbonari was replaced by the more

humane emblems of a book and the cypress. The first revolutionary expedition of "Young Italy" failed. Garibaldi, who had therein participated, was compelled to save his life by flight; and, after extreme hardship, succeeded in gaining French territory at the same time as his condemnation to death was published in Italy. Again he took to the sea, but his aroused faculties were not to be soothed by ocean's rough caresses. He offered his services to the Bey of Tunis, but life there was too inactive. When Rosas, the dictator of Buenos Ayres, attacked the republic of Uruguay, the fiery wanderer immediately flew to the republic's assistance, and showed such remarkable military ability that he was raised to the supreme command both of naval and military operations. The recollection of the Italian Legion, which Garibaldi equipped, is still vivid throughout the whole southern continent.

The Epicurean and cynic Lucretius sang: "It is *pleasant*, when the sea is tossed by furious winds, and we are in safety on the shore, to see unhappy wretches struggling against the tempest." Not so to Garibaldi; the experience which came to Garibaldi in these years of violence, treachery, and ingratitude, only served to make him regard future possibilities with a more wary eye, and never did he relax the discipline and maintenance of his legion. The year 1848, with its revolutionary tide, broke upon Europe, and so soon as it surged against Austrian power in Italy, the amphibious warrior and 200 like-minded with him sped to the waking land. After fighting independently for some time, the little, but to an Italian how important, republic of Rome was assailed in 1850 by France in overpowering night. For a month the French forces were spurned and repeatedly repulsed, but numbers told, and Garibaldi withdrew in sad dignity, while the French, under General Oudinot, poured in to replace their precious puppet, Pio Nono, who had previously consecrated the war in the eyes of the people by solemnly blessing the now-expelled banners. The

retreat which followed was accompanied with every difficulty and danger a remorseless enemy could conjure up, and crowned with a calamity which fixed unshakeably upon Garibaldi's heart deadly hostility to Austrian tyranny. His courageous and high-spirited wife, a Brazilian lady, had accompanied him through all his campaigns, as in this terrible retreat through districts densely occupied by Austrian troops. They had reached the coast and embarked, but so potent was the power of the oppressor that they were pursued even to the sea. Their small fishing-boat was pressed so keenly by Austrian vessels that Garibaldi's wife was seized with exhaustion and terror, so that ere they could reach the shore she died the death of Rachel, and her offspring perished too. Landing at random, Garibaldi had hardly time to bury her out of his sight, but eventually got to Genoa, and afterwards emigrated to the land of freedom—the land of Washington. There, we learn “he encountered neglect and outrage. When his poverty compelled him to resort to the humble avocation of a candle-maker, he was exposed only to plunder and to insult; and thus compelled to quit New York, he returned disgusted to South America.” The republics then enjoying an unwonted peace, Garibaldi obtained command of a trading vessel, and visiting England was received with every testimony of public admiration and sympathy. At Newcastle a public address was presented to him by the inhabitants while he was loading a cargo of coals for Genoa. It was then he sold his ship, the *Comodoro*, and purchased a small farm on the island of Caprera, where he stayed for some years, while “Austrian troops exercised a crushing tyranny, and from time to time Europe shuddered at the recital of the dark cruelties practised in the dungeons of Naples and Rome.” He could only wait, however impatiently, the growth of quieter but more effective forces of freedom. Cavour, at the Congress of Paris, Victor Emmanuel, in the Sardinian parliament, exposed the dangerous tyranny

to the world, and gave kingly encouragement to Italy. Garibaldi having publicly acknowledged such monarchy as existed in Piedmont, was therefore free to serve in the Piedmontese forces when the inevitable war broke out. France, ever on the lookout for tinsel glory, prepared for war jointly with Sardinia against Austria, and as was to be expected, when victories had been achieved at Magenta and Solferino, a peace most unsatisfactory to Italy was brought about, by which a confederation of the Italian States with the papal protectorate was proposed as the best solution of Italy's difficulties, a most disinterested scheme, when we think of the tenacious clutch France kept upon Rome, as one would retain a swarm of bees by securing the pampered queen, and her acquisition of Nice and Savoy in the following year. Garibaldi's singular power in exciting and organizing masses, under the influence of which the best men in Italy flocked to his standard and would recognise no other, overcame Victor Emmanuel's hesitation, and he received a general's commission to act as he pleased. At first he defeated the Austrians at Vercelli, afterwards at Varese; but subsequently fell into an ambuscade and sustained a severe check from D'Urban, a German, as fierce as himself. Quickly rallying, he defeated D'Urban at Como and Castelnedolo, and was about executing more important movements when the hollow peace restrained him. But a revolutionary outbreak occurred in Sicily, and on the 6th of May, 1860, Garibaldi, with 1,100 volunteers, sailed for that island from Genoa. He landed his troops partly under fire, and was immediately joined by another thousand men, and on the march armed peasants fell in, till his force was estimated at over 6,000 men, few of whom had had military training. The battle of Calatufimi occurred soon after. The royal troops, numbering about 4,000, were strongly posted on high ground, but were immediately attacked by Garibaldi, who had posted his Piedmontese volunteers on the enemy's right flank, with orders

not to return their fire, the volunteers which had joined since landing on their left flank, and the remainder in front.

But the Royalists attacked first, and began with the Piedmontese, who fell in large numbers as if killed, though in reality steadily advancing, as the worm crawls, up

the side of the hill. When close enough, they sprang to their feet, delivered one volley, and charged home with the bayonet. The other volunteers by this time had gained the summit from the other side, and the Royalists were forced down the hill, losing a great many men. Though they



ITALIAN PEASANTRY.

took up another position, they were driven also from that, and the conflict ended in their retreat through Alcamo. The Royalist excesses in Partenico were horrible as they fled from Garibaldi. Forty houses were burned down, and women and children murdered from motives of revenge and

robbery. The incensed inhabitants armed, and killed thirty soldiers. As Garibaldi passed through the towns he formed a government in the name of Victor Emmanuel, king of Italy. The handful of adventurers were soon at the gates of Palermo. In the capital were 25,000

Royalist troops and a strong citadel ; in the bay nine ships of war ; and across the bay were the fort, arsenal, and barracks, in addition to which 8,000 troops marched from Monreale to take the Piedmontese in detail, and then punish the revolted peasantry. But so disaffected were the people of Sicily, and so inspiriting was the name of Garibaldi, that even in such a position they planned a rising, while the ships in the bay and the forts had equally determined upon a bombardment of the city they were more than strong enough to hold and defend. An English officer who saw Garibaldi at this time, says that the soldiers around him were mere boys of from 15 to 18 years of age. The chief's tent was composed of a worn-out old blanket supported on pikes, before which a child, under the name of a sentry, was pacing to keep off the crowd. On the mountain were also three or four thousand men armed with old flint muskets, spears, scythes, and rusty cutlasses. They were told off in companies, with innumerable tricoloured flags, white, red and green, displayed around the camp, and were furnished with a host of musicians to incite them to martial deeds. At early dawn of the 27th, the desperate rising began, and Garibaldi advanced to the city. But the Royalists were fully awake to the danger. A body of soldiers opened fire at an imaginary foe, and fled along the shore towards the citadel. The insurgents hastened in a great body down the principal street to cut them off from the citadel, and found themselves trapped, but succeeded in getting back to the town and threw up barricades, whereupon the Royalist squadron opened an indiscriminate fire of shot and shell. The reply was startling, the bells of all the churches were set ringing together, the populace all rose, and by noon the city was in the hands of the people. Garibaldi had succeeded. But Royalist treachery was still at work for the intrepid chieftain. The British admiral had arranged for two Royalist generals to meet with Garibaldi on board the *Hannibal* to conclude an armis-

tice. At noon of the 30th all firing was to cease, and a truce to begin, while negotiations decided the question of an armistice, when the admiral was filled with surprise and indignation at the sound of musketry and a cannonade. Lieutenant Wilmot, who had been sent by him on a message to Garibaldi, states that on his way to that general's headquarters in the heart of the town, after noon, he suddenly found himself in front of some Bavarian Royalists, who were firing as they rapidly advanced. The insurgents of course replied in self-defence, and the lieutenant found himself between two fires. In vain he appealed to the Bavarian officer ; his men pushed on, until a Royalist superior ordered the Bavarians to halt, but retain the position they had treacherously gained. At this moment Garibaldi came near, with thirty or forty escort. He was "furious," and while angrily speaking to the Royalist general, a shell from a steamer which had been supporting the Germans fell close to the party of three. The lieutenant argues that this was a plan to surprise and capture Garibaldi. Again on the same occasion, while Garibaldi with his son were waiting for the Neapolitan envoys, pacing the landing-stage where the English cutters were moored, several shots were fired at him, which any fair marksman might have made fatal. The Royalist generals did not know him at sight, and as they sat themselves in the boat a little afterwards, were surprised at the coolness of the dictator, when they turned and found themselves face to face with the man they possibly thought was being detained by their worthy accomplices the Bavarians. The battle which decided the fate of Sicily was fought on July 20th, at Melazzo, between Colonel Boscoe, with 6,500 picked Neapolitan troops, and Garibaldi, with 4,400 Italians. Equal bravery was displayed on both sides, and Garibaldi, fighting hand to hand, must have been killed but for the determined gallantry of his aides-de-camp. From his astonishing successes in Sicily, the unresting liberator sped to Naples, where similar

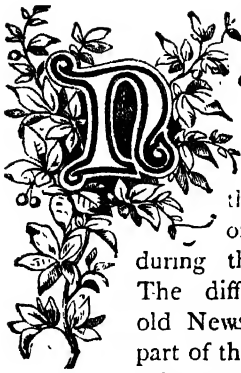
success was obtained. It may be mentioned that the blood of St. Januarius, who was said to be indignant at the invasion of the city, would not melt as was its wont when satisfied with the government; but to the surprise of the faithful the liquefaction took place three hours earlier than usual, according, it is said, to Garibaldi's orders. And though Garibaldi was pressed with such multifarious duties, he issued a decree that instead of closing during the whole eight days of this unsavoury miracle, the theatres should be closed but one, so that the actors should not be deprived of their living for a whole week. It was not in battle alone his daring was shown. He addressed the superstitious people of Naples thus: "Personal ambition has blinded the pope, and causes him to oppose the national movement, so great, so noble, so pure, and which stands alone in the history of the world. It is the Pope King who retards the complete liberation of Italy, he is the sole, the true obstacle to our unity. I am a Christian, and I speak to Christians, and I love and venerate the religion of Christ, because Christ came into the world to free mankind from the bondage for which God had not created him." He then even ventured to denounce all wicked priests and their parasites, till the cries of "Bene! Bene!" from the audience changed to murmurings of dissent. Then he exhorted the younger women above all, as they valued every moral quality and every chaste impulse of their nature, to open to God alone the secret thoughts of their hearts, and to avoid the inward contamination which auricular confession imposed. A day or two after this address he distributed medals to the survivors of the "Thousand who landed at Marsala." One recipient was a child not thirteen years of age, yet he had come unscathed through the fights of Marsala, Calatiformi, Palermo, and Melazzo.

The time had come when, victorious against the oppressors, Garibaldi, with insignificant means, had won Italy for the Italians. Much yet remained to be done.

Rome was yet to be freed. France was yet to be defied. Let all who have a lingering respect for French action in Italian matters, look not only broadly at history but under the surface, in the minutiae given officially by Admiral Mundy in his interesting book "*Voyage of the Hannibal*," they will see that Italy had to contend with Rome, Austria, and France. It was not in the power of Garibaldi alone to wrestle with these violent and subtle foes. It was with judgment and not with ingratitude that Italians hailed Victor Emmanuel as the keystone of the edifice of freedom. With what honest heartiness Garibaldi recognised the national voice may be seen in his address to his companions in arms on leaving Naples to wait for the chance of redeeming Rome:—"Providence has given Victor Emmanuel to Italy. Every Italian should unite himself to him. All should gather close around him. By the side of the 'Re Galantuomo' every strife should disappear, every rancour be dissipated. Once again I repeat my cry to you. To arms all—all! If the month of March, 1861, does not find a million of Italians under arms, oh, then, poor Liberty! Alas for an Italian existence!"

He retired a voluntary exile from the land which he had conquered, and, refusing all honours and emoluments from his sovereign to whom he surrendered the liberated land, was obliged to borrow a few pounds to defray trifling debts.

The fighting which occurred on the Volturno is still fresh in all memories, as is the visit, abruptly ended for diplomatic reasons, which Garibaldi paid to England in 1864. Two years after, he again took the field, was defeated, and was retrieving his losses, when, as before, the war was stopped. In 1867 he openly organized an invasion of the Papal States, but was made prisoner. He escaped, to be again defeated by the allied pontifical and French troops. In 1870 he once more left Caprera to take command of the irregular forces of the Vosges, during the memorable Franco-Prussian War.



NEWSPAPERS, PAST AND PRESENT.

or even the astounding advances of utilitarian science are more wonderful than the development of the newspaper press during the last half-century. The difference between the old News Letters of the latter part of the seventeenth century and the early impressions of the *Morning Post*, *Morning Chronicle*, and even of *The Times*, is not so great as that which separates those first issues of the Fourth Estate, as we understand it, from the newspapers of the present day.

Eighty years ago, the newspaper was made up of skits upon fashion and on famous personages, satirical poems, piquant scandals—in fine, it was such as the “Society” journals are now. There was a little foreign and war news; but home affairs were almost entirely ignored. Neither law nor police cases nor public meetings were reported. Perhaps, in the latter case, our ancestors had something to be thankful for, since it kept in their natural obscurity many obnoxious personages of whom we hear too much nowadays.

The first great impetus to journalism was given by the establishment of *The Times*. The *Public Advertiser*, the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Herald*, and the *Morning Chronicle* had preceded it; but the energy and skill with which the future “Thunderer” was conducted soon distanced all rivals. The first number appeared in 1785, but not with its present world-famous title. It was started under the name of the *Universal Register*. Mr. Walter, the grandfather or great-grandfather (?) of the present proprietor, had at this period a crotchet which he called logography, or word-printing—that is to say, a great number of the most common

words in the English language, such as “heat,” “cold,” “wet,” “dry,” “murder,” “fire,” “robbery,” were cast in blocks instead of being set up in separate letters; and, in spite of much opposition on the part of compositors, and its obvious inconveniences, he persisted in printing the paper by this system for some time. It had, however, ultimately to be abandoned.

On the 1st of January, 1788, the *Universal Register* was issued as *The Times*. It was a single sheet, without a leader, and with fifty-seven advertisements; and in the latter respect even then it was ahead of its contemporaries. It was printed by hand, at the rate of about 450 per hour; and its price was 3d., which was an advance of one halfpenny upon that of any other paper.

The last number printed by hand was published on November 28th, 1814. From that date the steam press, the first of its kind, was brought into use, and printed what was then considered the prodigious number of 1,100 per hour. So incensed were the pressmen at the introduction of machinery that threatened to supersede their labour, that it was considered necessary to call in the protection of the law in anticipation of an attempt being made at its destruction; but a promise on the part of Mr. Walter, that no man should be thrown out of employment by the change, prevented all mischief.

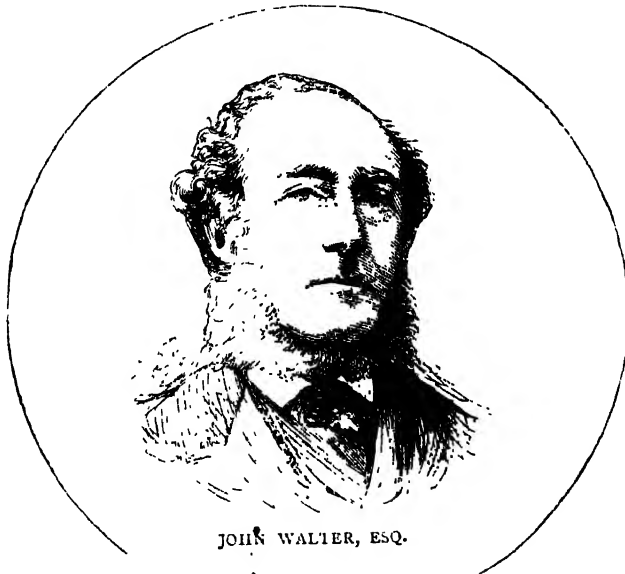
When the *Evening Standard* was started, in 1827, it was a single sheet, price 4d.; its circulation was only 700 or 800 copies daily, and its advertisements fell short of one column. We can only appreciate this change by glancing through its pages of advertisements, and by calling to mind that its daily circulation now approaches upon 200,000, that it is thrown off at the rate of 25,000 an hour on sheets of paper five miles in length, and is printed, cut, and folded by machinery alone.

One need not be very old to remember the first number of the *Daily Telegraph*. It was started in 1855, a single sheet, price 2d., and was a failure. It was then made over by its originator as a security for debt to Mr. Levy, who published it at 1d. Grant, in his "History of the Newspaper Press," tells us that the sum paid for advertisements in the first impression was *seven shillings and sixpence!*

Perhaps even more wonderful than these facts and results is the development of the system by which they have been brought

about, since the days when contributors to a daily journal might have been reckoned by units, to this year of grace 1880, when their number is legion; since news, like men, could only travel in post-chaises and letter-bags, to the days of Reuter's telegrams, when a detailed account of a battle fought in the wilds of India can be flashed across thousands of miles, and read here in London, within a few hours of its occurrence.

What a marvellous revelation it would be to Dr. Johnson, were it possible to re-



JOHN WALTER, ESQ.

suscitate him, with his remembrances of his old garret days, when he used to shape the rough notes, taken surreptitiously in the Gallery of the House of Commons, into speeches, which, under high-sounding Roman names, substituted for the true, were published in the *Gentleman's*, and were the only reports of Parliamentary proceedings that the public could obtain! What a revelation to the old Leviathan would be the present system of Parliamentary reporting, which works with the precision and exactitude of a machine!

The establishment of the Press Associa-

tion Telegraph, by which all newspapers obtain their home news in common, has greatly minimized that keen competition between different journals, of which old reporters tell us such capital stories, when all depended upon the ready wit and resources of their representatives, upon the speed of a horse, upon the state of the roads or the weather: when the breaking of a trace, the mare falling lame, the splintering of a shaft, taking the wrong road on a pitch-dark night, or any of the accidents incidental to quick travelling, would give an opposition paper the first of some coveted piece of

intelligence. And it may well be supposed that, in their eagerness for the first innings, rival reporters were not particular in resorting to something more than legitimate artifice; when they put up at the same hotel, their attitude was ever on guard, and even the roads they travelled were, if possible, kept secret from each other.

A good anecdote was told me some time ago by one of the actors in these contests. Sir Robert Peel was to deliver a speech, somewhere far down in the north of England, which was looked forward to with unusual interest, and it would be worth a considerable sum to the first paper who could issue the report. There were two,—the *Sun* and the *Post*, I think they were,—between which the competition was peculiarly keen. One,—the *Post*, I believe,—had made extraordinary arrangements along the whole line of road, securing short relays of the fleetest horses, and taking such precautions that not a moment's delay should occur in the transmission of the report. But the rival journal, while making equally complete provision for the speed of its representative, supplemented it with a clever expedient. Its sheets, printed with the ordinary news of the day, but with a considerable blank space left, were sent down to a certain printing office in the town in which the coveted speech was to be delivered; a large number of compositors were engaged, and bit by bit the speech, as Sir Robert was delivering it, was sent off to the office by the *Sun's* active reporter, and set up. As soon as it was completed it was printed into the blank space, and while the *Post* was tearing up the London road with its "flimsy," its rival was despatching copies to all the great towns about, and was following behind with

a cargo for town. Of course the *Post* arrived in London first, and some time after its arrival met the *Sun* entering at break-neck speed. The former's chuckle of satisfaction and cry of victory, however, was suddenly checked, although he could not understand the mystery, by his rival flourishing out of the chaise window the printed copy of *his* newspaper.

The special correspondent is a creation entirely of our own time. The intelligence in which he deals was formerly given in the tersest and driest form. Perhaps his peculiar style has been a little overdone of late; and the minuteness with which he describes everything he eats, and drinks, and wears, and how he sleeps, and what he thinks, is becoming a little tedious; but, for all that, we should very much miss his lively chat, and would not be content with the meagre, prosy paragraphs that contented our fathers.

Like every branch of literature, the newspaper is now nothing if not light and amusing. Such *feuilletons* as appear in the *Telegraph* are quite innovations upon the dignified sobriety of the old newspaper of twenty years back, of which *The Times* is now the only representative. Even the long-winded, ponderous leader, upon which so much labour was expended, which our fathers used to peruse with such conscientious deliberation, and which this irreverent age either skims or skips, is giving way to smartly-written paragraphs. Reviews of books, abstracts of lectures, dramatic and literary notices are lengthier and more frequent. Indeed, the form of the newspaper is rapidly changing; it is approximating more to the magazine, and is decidedly very much more readable for the change.

PRINCE BISMARCK.



WHO among our fathers who were thrilled by the Waterloo enthusiasm flashing through the land—so stirringly echoed by De Quincy—guessed that within the triumphant roar of that murderous battle an infant of weeks was gasping into a life that should lay France prostrate again, this time at his feet?

From Heseikel's interesting book, which, with true German minuteness, gives us details of a good half-hundred of Bismarcks, earlier or later, replete with legends, romances, and ghosts, from the Bismarck Louse to the Bismarck bugbear, we learn that this ancient family takes its name from Biesemarck on the Biese, a small town belonging to the bishops of Havelberg, who there erected a fort in defence of their *mark* or march: hence Bismarck is corrupted from Biscopesmarck, or Bishop's-mark. The most influential of the line, whose portrait we give, Otto Edward Leopold von Bismarck, was born at Schönhausen, on the 1st of April, 1815; his youth, however, was passed in Pomerania, whither his parents had removed in 1816. From 1821 to 1827 he was at the school of Professor Plamann in Berlin, which he left to pursue his more classical studies at the Frederick William Gymnasium. Neither expense nor trouble was spared by Bismarck's parents to give him a good education and develop his talents. His mother, a lady of great education and many accomplishments, possessing the sentimental religious feeling of her period, and inheriting liberal views, sought, at a very early age, to awaken ambition in her sons, considering the younger, Otto, fitted best for a diplomatic career, while the elder was destined for Privy Councillor (*Landrath*). Their father, a hearty and bluff gentleman,

fond of a country life, seemed inclined to spoil the young Otto, who won the affection of all with whom he associated. His mother's fear of the lad's getting spoilt has been assigned, rightly or wrongly, as the cause of his leaving home in his sixteenth year, which he always afterwards said was disadvantageous to him. He was treated with great severity at the Plamann boarding school, and became so miserable and homesick that when out walking he could not help weeping whenever he saw a plough at work. The system was the "thorough" of Jahn, "hardening up," by exposure, starving, and athletic sports; and the masters handled the young scion of nobility the more ungently because of their democratic tendency, and they were the more obnoxious to him, it is said, by the hatred of the French they constantly preached. But a very pleasant life was spent by him at the Frederick William Gymnasium; he became quite domesticated at the home of the principal, Dr. Bonnell, whose friendship he has always retained, but got into some disputes, especially with the French professor. As the pupils were allowed to choose either English or French for a prize theme, the scholar learnt English in an incredibly short space of time to avoid submitting to the French professor's test. His conduct was such that he was seldom censured. His talents and powers of understanding were so considerable that he did his required tasks without great exertion. Preferring historical studies, he there laid the foundations of attainments which afterwards became so formidable to his parliamentary opponents. As a boy and youth Bismarck was not usually very animated. He had a quiet, observant manner, especially evinced by the "blank" eyes, as they were once aptly called by a lady; these qualities were soon accompanied by determination and endurance in no ordin-

ary degree. He was obliging and thoughtful, always fond of dumb animals, especially of a magnificent and faithful Danish dog; fond, too, of riding and hunting, an elegant horseman, accomplished in swimming, fencing, and dancing. Life at Göttingen had many pleasures for the student, but with many frolics, alternated with a score of duels, he had little time to give to the lectures, but passed with credit, with the aid of his accurate and ready memory, and intense industry as examination-time loomed.

In 1835 Bismarck's brother Bernhard, having left the Dragoons, and taken a post under government at Berlin, and Otto having become examiner in the police, they jointly occupied apartments in the Behrenstrasse. In this period, even when weighted with the majesty of the law, occurred many pranks, of which the following, at least, is genuine. Bismarck was taking the evidence of a true Berliner, who finally so overwhelmed the examiner with his cool impudence that he jumped up and exclaimed, "Sir, behave better, or I'll have you kicked out!" The magistrate present patted the zealous official on the shoulder in a friendly way, and quietly said, "Mr. Examiner, the kicking out is *my* business." After this, the witness felt encouraged, perhaps, in his impudence, for very soon Bismarck again sprang to his feet, thundering out, "Sir, behave better, or the magistrate shall kick you out!" How one wishes a Hogarth could have been present to immortalize the ensuing varieties of expressions. Again, a bootmaker, after many express promises, neglected Bismarck's boots. The *last* time it occurred the shoemaker was roused at six the next morning by a messenger, with the simple question: "Are Herr von Bismarck's boots ready?" When the maker said "No," the messenger retired; but, alas, in ten minutes' time came another: "Are Herr von Bismarck's boots ready yet?" "No." In ten minutes' time again came another inquisitor with the same formula. "No;" and so it went on every ten minutes until in the evening the boots *were* ready.

The first meeting of Bismarck with King William, then Prince William, with hardly the prospect of a crown, took place in 1835. Bismarck was introduced to the prince at the same time as a certain Herr von Schenk, also very tall, and also a legal official. Noticing their stately forms, the prince said, "Well, justice seeks her young advocates according to the standard of the Guards."

In 1841, two years after their mother's death, Bernhard Bismarck married, and the younger brother, having before desired to divide the estates, as he spent more money than the elder, this was now done. The affection between the brothers was strong, as shown by the elder, although a loser, declining any partition. Bismarck now showed great prudence and activity, and having, when engaged in the usual military duties of a young Prussian, exchanged into another battalion of Jagers than that in which he served, for the purpose of attending agricultural lectures at the town where it was quartered, he was enabled to raise the value of his share of the estates till he felt also at liberty to return into the jolly society of neighbouring officers. "The less real pleasure he had in his wild career the madder it became, and he earned himself a fearful reputation among the elder ladies and gentlemen, who predicted the moral and pecuniary ruin of 'Mad Bismarck.'"

Two other characteristic incidents occurred about this time. "There was a case of cholera in Kulz; no one dared enter the house; the two Bismarcks went in, and declared that they themselves would not quit it until properly relieved. This shamed every one, and proper medical aid was obtained. This brave action was matched soon after by one for which Bismarck received his first decoration, for many years the only one which graced his breast, but which he still wears beside the stars of the highest orders of Christendom. In the summer of 1842, when on duty, standing with other officers on the bridge, his groom Hildebrand rode one of the horses to

water and for a bath in the lake, close by the bridge. Suddenly horse and horseman disappeared in the water, to the horror of the spectators; Bismarck threw off his sword and his uniform, and dashed into the lake. He came up with the drowning man, who, in his convulsive efforts desperately seized his master, who had to dive to get clear of him. The crowd were horrified at

this second disappearance; watching the bubbles they gave the two men up for lost; but when Bismarck rose to the surface, he brought his servant with him, and landed him, inanimate, but saved, upon the shore." Hence Bismarck obtained the simple medalion, "For rescue from danger," the well-known Prussian Safety Medal. He is proud of this mark of honour, and on



PRINCE BISMARCK.

one occasion a noble diplomatist, perhaps not without a tinge of satire, asked him the meaning of this modest decoration, then his only one. He replied: "I am in the habit sometimes of saving a man's life."

Suddenly there was a break in the restless adventurous life, some enchantment quieted the old mansion; some said a lady was to become mistress of the old place, but none came; whatever the cause, Bis-

marck studied much, and visited France and England, and then resumed the position of Referendarius under the State. One day his superior kept him waiting for an hour, and then curtly asked, "What do you want?" • Replied Bismarck, "I came here to beg for leave of absence, and now demand leave to resign." He became afterwards Landrath of Schönhausen, the original seat of his race, and in 1844 he

had the delight of seeing his only sister Malwin (the love of this brother and sister was proverbially compared to that of a bridegroom to a bride) married to the constant friend since his Gymnasium period, Oscar Von Arnim.

The next year his father died, and Bismarck residing in Schönhausen, became Deputy in the Saxon Provincial Diet at Merseburg, in which capacity, at the first meeting of the United Diets in 1847, he first attracted to himself the notice of the public. His letters to his sister about this time are tender and affectionate, amusing, as when he describes "the farce of fox hunting," graphic in the account of a flood in his country, and comically extravagant when he describes some dining-room neighbour, "A fat frog without legs, who opens his mouth before every morsel like a carpet-bag, right up to his shoulders, so that I am obliged to hold on to the table for giddiness."

On the 28th of July, 1847, Bismarck married Johanna Von Puttkammer, and on the journey which he took with his young wife through Switzerland and Italy, he accidentally met King Frederick William at Venice, and his royal master conversed with him for a long time, chiefly on German politics, which conversation led, perhaps, to the appointment of Bismarck to the post of Ambassador to the Federation; it unquestionably laid the foundation for the favour with which the king always regarded Bismarck.

It has been said "by the devotee of Bismarck, from whom we have already quoted, that "the interior defence of the Prussian monarchy, the rehabilitation of the liberty of Germany, so important for its own safety, and a dignified attitude towards foreign nations, constitute the unity of the policy of Bismarck." Shortly after this opinion this same devotee, who is very bitter against German liberals, gives a speech of Bismarck's, his first. In this speech of 1847, we find these sentences: "Since the emanation of the royal patent of the 3rd of February, I do not believe

that it would be consonant with the royal pleasure, or that it is inherent with the position of ourselves as estates, to approach his Majesty already with a petition for an amendment of it. The king has repeatedly said, that he did not wish to be coerced and driven; but I ask the Assembly what should we be doing but coercing and driving him, if we already approached the throne with requests for changes in the legislation? . . . Although I do not assume that the Government would allow itself to be coerced, I still think that it is in the interests of the Government to avoid the slightest trace of unwillingness as to concessions, and that it is in all our interests not to concede to the enemies of Prussia the delight of witnessing the fact that by a petition, a vote, we should throw a shade of unwillingness upon such a concession. It has been said that his Majesty the king and the Commissioners of the Diet have themselves pointed out this path. For myself, I could not otherwise understand this than that, as the king has done, so also the Commissioner of the Diet indicated this as the legal way we should pursue in case we found ourselves aggrieved; but that it would be acceptable to his Majesty the king and the Government that we should make use of this right, I have not been able to perceive. . . . Now, I ask, is not the edifice of our State firmer towards foreign countries; will not the feeling of satisfaction be greater at home, if the continuation of our national polity be inaugurated by the initiative of the Crown, than by petition from ourselves?" It must be recollected that this speech was given shortly after that of the king's on opening the Diet, an eloquent, spirited assertion of the Divine origin of the kingly prerogative, the necessity for his people to trust their king, his determination to hand unweakened to his descendants an unweakened crown, and in the middle of the speech a solemn avowal—his Majesty rising and speaking the words standing, and with right hand uplifted: "I and my house, we will serve the Lord." Recollecting, also, this took

place in that seething time when revolution had burst or was rumbling and heaving beneath the surface all over Europe, the royal speech assumes a kingly dignity, while that of his trusty subaltern is equally characteristic—adroit, bold, uncompromising. The powers of sarcasm for which Bismarck is noted are well illustrated in his speech during the Jews' debate: "On ascending this tribune to-day, it is with greater hesitation than usual, as I am sensible that by what I am about to utter, some few remarks of the speakers of yesterday, of no very flattering tone, will have to be reviewed. I must openly confess that I am attached to a certain tendency—yesterday characterised by the hon. deputy from Crefeld as dark and mediæval—the tendency which again dares to oppose the freer development of Christianity in the way the deputy from Crefeld regards as the only true one. Nor can I further deny that I belong to that great mass (which—as was remarked by the hon. deputy from Posen—stands in opposition to the more intelligent portion of the nation, and, if my memory do not betray me, was held in considerable scorn by that intelligent section), the great mass that still clings to the convictions imbibed at the breast, the great mass to which a Christianity superior to the State is too elevated. If I find myself in the line of fire of such sharp sarcasms without a murmur, I believe I may throw myself upon the indulgence of the honourable Assembly, if I confess, with the same frankness which distinguished my opponents, that yesterday, at times of inattention, it did not quite appear certain to me whether I was in an Assembly for which the law had provided in reference to its election the condition of communion with some one of the Christian churches. . . . Let us not deprive the people of the belief that our legislation is derived from the fountain of Christianity, and that the State seeks to promote the realization of Christianity, though that end may not always be attained." Says again our friend the devotee: "Bismarck left the United Diet with a thorn in his breast.

He had lost many of the youthful illusions he carried thither; the Prussia he found in the White Saloon was as remote as heaven from the Prussia he had hitherto believed in, and his patriotic heart was sorrowful. He perceived that the sovereignty of Prussia was about to encounter severe contests; that his duty lay with the monarch's idea, and that his native land must be rescued from the insolent pretensions of the modern parliamentary spirit, from the most dangerous of all paper governments. In short, he arrived with hazy, but somewhat liberal views, and he returned a politician thoroughly acquainted with his duty and his work, which consisted in aiding the king to restore the Estates' monarchy. . . . Bismarck has ever remained true to his patriotic duties, everywhere in earnestness, and at no time has he withdrawn his hand from the plough: he went bravely on, when so many cast away their weapons, and fled."

In 1862 the different forces represented by the term "liberal," had so increased in number and strength that Bismarck was sent for to defend the throne. Then ensued the disputes with Austria, and while Europe was daily expecting war between her and Prussia, came the announcement of the war against Denmark, with those very powers fighting side by side as allies. The sympathy which was felt in England for the Danes in their yet imperfectly understood war, no doubt had some influence upon English judgment of Bismarck. The ensuing war between Prussia and Austria was regarded very much as a quarrel over ill-gotten spoil, and when, from victory on to victory, Bismarck advanced to crush Prussia's hereditary foe, English feeling was strongly, though perhaps illogically, against him, although the Franco-German war was perhaps the most justifiable and beneficial to Europe—and to France—in its final results. What it was to Prussia herself is another matter. On domestic questions it would almost seem that Bismarck's difficulties are but postponed; his programme has been fulfilled; the monarchy has been

defended ; Germany is free and independent ; and has a seat of dignity at the council-board of nations. But the river of German progress has been diverted by this magician into a confined and granite bed ; no longer do the streams of national thought and feeling unite in one grand volume flowing on to the broad ocean of freedom whose only bounds are goodwill to all.

In addition to Hesekiel's somewhat pretentious book, another, containing many anecdotes—some amusing, some frivolous, some unreliable, has been published by Dr. Büsch. Bismarck has allowed a great many personal letters and anecdotes about himself to be published, but it is unfortunate that with many more important incidents, there are none to put the motives of the Danish war in a clearer light. There is a decided lack of ingenuousness, or a positive hastiness in this extract from a remark made in November, 1870, by the Chancellor when Russia cancelled the Black Sea treaty. Lord Granville having apprehended "future complications in consequence of an arbitrary action calling all treaties into question," Prince Bismarck burst out laughing :—

"Ha ! ha ! Future complications ! Parliamentary speechifying and all that ! Too timid to do anything ! The accent is clearly laid on *future* ! That is the sort of phraseology a man employs when he means to do nothing. There is as little to fear from these English now, as there was to hope from them four months ago. If they had forbidden it when Napoleon declared war against us, there would have been no war and no cancelling of the 'Treaty of 1856.' I really cannot see that Russian diplomatists are the vile, dishonest intriguers they are represented. Were they as bad as their reputation they would not have cancelled the Treaty, but constructed men-of-war in the Black Sea and given evasive replies when questioned. Instead, they preferred announcing their intentions."

On January, 25, 1871, the relations between Germany and England were thus

commented upon in the Prince's after-dinner talk :—

"Mr. Odo Russell spoke of an English gunboat coming up the Seine to fetch the English families resident in Paris. This is an unprecedented demand, and was refused by me. The thing was a pretext. What they really wanted was to see if we had laid down any torpedoes. The English are very angry that we have defeated the French in a great war, single-handed. In their eyes it is unpardonable of diminutive, despised Prussia to presume to get on in the world. They fancied the object of Prussia's existence was to fight England's battles, and get paid for it."

In regard to public opinion in Berlin the Prince says :—

"The Berliners always oppose Government. They would not think they were up to the mark if not wiser than the Government on all subjects. They have many good qualities, are brave soldiers, but incorrigible censors. In point of fact, it is the same in all large towns. Where many congregate, individual character is lost in the mass. Opinions are generated by talking and listening and reading, with no firmer basis than common report. Newspapers, meetings, and conversations combine to make these airy nothings appear something solid and worth having. A false set of notions is floated, a public superstition created and planted ineradicably. People credit what is not ; swear by it, deem it their bounden duty to abide by it, and get up an enthusiasm for absurdities. It is the same in all large cities."

This "beautiful explanation of what has been termed the people's soul," Herr Busch is anxious to point out to special notice. That the German Unity enthusiasm enabled Prince Bismarck to achieve what he has originated in these contemned readings and talkings is a slight circumstance overlooked by Chancellor and Secretary.

However, the contempt cannot be very deep-seated. If we see the vituperative Chancellor issue instructions daily for the drawing up of newspaper articles, we can-

not but conclude that he either regards journalism as good, or else—great man though he is—deems it politic to bow to what is too mighty to be ignored, even though he may not consider it beneficent. On a hundred pages of his diary Herr Busch owns to being instructed by the Prince to write to newspapers upon events and considerations connected with the war. One evening, we are told, the Prince sent six times for his Secretary to give orders for six distinct effusions. Another evening his literary friend has to telegraph to a Berlin paper that the general elections for the German Parliament will be held shortly; to send an article of the *Paris Français* to the English Press; to write to the Versailles German *Moniteur* about an outrage committed against a German nurse at Lille; to communicate with some other journal about the breach of neutrality attributed to the Luxemburg Government, etc.; and all this amid the excitement of a sanguinary campaign and in the turmoil of a camp larger than any the world has known. For an airy nothing Prince Bismarck took a mighty deal of pains.

"Thorough" in war, his expressions give even a brutal shade to his actions, which perhaps he deserves no more than another. Speaking of Jacoby's arrest, he says:—"It is a grievous mistake. Vogel would not, even set him at liberty at my earnest request. If he had cut him up and broiled him for his dinner, it would have been all one to me; but to arrest him—what good is that old dried-up Jew to us?" He does not cease to complain that the French are too well treated, and the Franc-Tireurs, more particularly, too leniently dealt with. He constantly derides the clemency of military commanders for sparing prisoners, peasants, and others convicted of firing on German soldiers. He has a grim laugh at a general who, after many previous warnings, at last sentences a culprit to death, and then gives his wife a letter of introduction to the Emperor to procure her husband's pardon. Of course, he is right enough in demanding that Franc-Tireurs,

with a modicum of military insignia removed at a moment's notice, should not be accorded a soldier's privileges. To watch for the Germans in peasant's garb and fight them as "soldiers" upon assuming a supplementary collar or a cuff was a practice which the victims justly declared illegal.

He is no less severe upon the Parisians, who defend their capital as a fortress and expect it to be treated as a city. Nor is he more kindly disposed towards the German generals who delay bombardment. The very highest personages in camp, including their wives, are sharply dealt with for preferring a "false humanity towards the foe" to quick victory and the sparing of their own soldiers' lives. The "sentimentality" of forming magazines for the provisioning of Paris after surrender is likewise cried down, as calculated to put off capitulation. "I could be hard were I a king. But I am not one."

When capitulation was at last accomplished by famine and cannon, the same man whose impatience had made him indulge in such warm language was suddenly metamorphosed into a calm, moderate negotiator. So long as his main points were yielded, details which might have lured a less sagacious mind into obstinacy and consequent trouble, were summarily dismissed by him. He loudly declares against spilling another drop of blood merely to inflict the humiliation of a German garrison in Paris. He does not even regard Metz as an indispensable acquisition, but might be satisfied with an additional indemnity sufficient to construct an equally strong barrier nearly opposite. He smiles at "professors" wanting Alsace, when his reason for securing it is that generals require Strasburg. He anticipates *revanche*, yet is too wise to precipitate it by exacting more than safety demands.

But an honourable feeling is his pathetic description of the hopeless work of M. Thiers. "Ah! the French have not been just towards that poor M. Thiers. He was a true patriot, however, and the most striking figure I have yet met

with in contemporary France. I had a kind of pity for that poor little old man, who went over Europe amid the rigour of winter to solicit impossible succour, who crossed and re-crossed the lines separating us from Paris, anxious to make peace, worried by the requirements of those who had remained in Paris, passing through musket shots fired at him by our posts, notwithstanding the strict orders which had been given them."

The celebrated smoking tale is thus given by Dr. Busch:—"Now, when I came to Frankfort I lodged for my cigar at military commission sittings, and seeing no reason why I should not have it, politely asked the presiding power to give me a light. This demand was received with universal astonishment and disgust. It evidently was an event in the eyes of all present. However, I got the light, and Austria and Prussia smoked. The other members present thought the incident momentous enough to report to their respective Courts. But the question was too grave to be decided in a hurry, so for six months running no one smoked but Austria and Prussia. After the expiry of that period, the Bavarian envoy took to asserting the dignity of his sovereign by lighting his first cigar in assembled conclave. We all noticed that Herr von Nostitz, the Saxon representative, envied the Bavarian Schrenckh his delicious weed. But his Court had not authorized the deed, so he had to abstain. When, however, at the next sitting we witnessed the Hanover man, Bothmer, indulging in tobacco, we knew that a special understanding had been entered into between Guelph and Hapsburg. Bothmer was very Austrian in his sentiments, and had a couple of sons in the Austrian army. Upon this, Saxony would not be left behind, and boldly kindled the audacious spark. Now there were only two members left who did not make chimneys of their mouths—Wurtemberg and Darmstadt. These unfortunates, not being addicted to the vice, could not join in. But the honour and independence

of their states imperatively required a sacrifice. Accordingly, the next time we met, the Wurtemberg gentleman took out a cigar—I see it before me now: a long, thin, straw-like *contrefaçon*—and smoked it half, as a holocaust made to Fatherland."

Of the religious feeling of his countrymen, Bismarck says:—

"Notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary, I contend that there is an active remnant of faith left in our people. The sense of duty, so general in Germany, could not exist unless this were so. Our sergeant has as keen a sense of obligation to king, country, and army as any officer of the lot. This pervading principle, which makes our men face death bravely in the dead of night at a solitary post, without fear or hope, is a strong feature of the race. But our privates know that there is One looking down upon them even though the lieutenant is absent. They do not think or reason about it. It is a feeling, a sentiment, an instinct. If they begin to talk upon religion, they sophisticise it away."

His own belief is not withheld by his Boswell:—

"I cannot conceive how a man can live without a belief in a revelation, in a God who orders all things for the best, in a Supreme Judge from whom there is no appeal, and in a future life. If I were not a Christian, I should not remain at my post for a single hour. If I did not rely on God Almighty, I should not put my trust in princes. I have enough to live on, and am sufficiently genteel and distinguished without the Chancellor's office. Why should go on working indefatigably, incurring trouble and annoyance, unless convinced that God has ordained me to fulfil these duties? If I were not persuaded that this German nation of ours, in the divinely appointed order of things, is destined to be something great and good, I should throw up the diplomatic profession this very moment. Orders and titles to me have no attraction. The firmness I have shown in combating all manner of absurd-

ities for ten years past is solely derived from faith. Take away my faith, and you destroy my patriotism. But for my strict and literal belief in the truths of Christianity, but for my acceptance of the miraculous groundwork of religion, you would not have lived to see the sort of Chancellor I am. Find me a successor as firm a believer as myself, and I will resign at once. But I live in a generation of pagans. I have no desire to make proselytes, but am constrained to confess my faith. If there is among us any self-denial and devotion to king and country, it is a remnant of religious belief unconsciously clinging to our people from the days of their sires. For my own part, I prefer a rural life to any other. Rob me of the faith that unites me to God, and I return to Varzin to devote myself industriously to the production of rye and oats."

Prince Bismarck's personal view of Christianity is still more accurately defined in a trait recorded in these memoirs. When fetched in hot haste to receive the captive Napoleon at Sedan, sundry devotional books and tracts were found scattered about his sleeping apartment. Among them were peculiar books, edited by and for the Herrnhuter, or Moravian Brethren congregations. They are conceived in the spirit of the doctrine of continuous inspiration. They admit daily miracles, and the immediate and momentary interference of the Deity in our thoughts and acts; they assert the Divine influence of certain texts over certain days of the year, and they carry mystic views so far as to assert the guiding hand of Providence in the verse the eye first lights upon on opening the Bible for counsel. These books the Prince—as his *valet-de-chambre* told our author—habitually reads at night.

In keeping with this nightly study is the Prince's avowal of his observance of days and dates. He objects to sitting down thirteen to dinner. He will conclude no treaties on Fridays, convinced that they will not prosper. He will not even negotiate on the anniversary of the battles

of Hochkirch and Jena, it being a black day in the Prussian calendar. He insists that no Pomeranian nobleman created a Count has ever seen his progeny thrive. He confesses having objected to his own elevation on this score, and is not quite at his ease even now. He knows the year of his death, deeming it a number of mystic import in his family.

The *Times* correspondent in 1878 gives this account of Bismarck, with which we will conclude:—

"It is really difficult not to be struck by the contrast existing between Prince Bismarck's terrible reputation and the patriarchal picture represented by the family of which he is the head. He is treated, indeed, by his family as a demigod and cared for as an infant. On hearing him chat with his family one is struck by the clearness with which he expresses himself, the grace with which he stoops to familiarity, and also by the feeling of irresistible force which he inspires, so that when once he has said anything it becomes law. Even when he unbends the most naturally, you are conscious that he has only to clinch his fingers to crush an adversary, and will do it without hesitation if it is a question of removing an obstacle or getting rid of an adversary. He is, perhaps, the only man living who exceeds his colossal fame, but he exceeds it by his defects as well as by his excellences. He begins to be immense at the point where he ceases to be great, and his disdain for others is mingled with a strong dose of self-esteem. He has a natural pride which renders him indifferent to praise and irritated at the slightest criticism. He has such an opinion of his own infallibility that he deems eulogy an impertinence and censure a blasphemy. He delights in conflict which always ends in victory, but the least rebuff seems to him a blunder committed by destiny, and he will never look at home for the real cause of it. He speaks of others with caution and circumspection; not out of indulgence, but because he thinks that every opinion he passes upon them is an historical judgment, and that he himself has a won-

derful virtue without which he would have been the most dangerous of men. With a profound respect for history, he feels that he is the prominent figure of the age, and does not imagine that history can twit him with any of those actions which tarnish a man's memory. It matters little to him that he is charged with being harsh and implacable, with having pitilessly crushed his opponents, with having impaired the greatness of his nation by sacrificing thousands of lives, with having retarded the development of his country's liberties, with being sceptical at heart and reactionary in act, with having the insensate pride of wanting the sole direction of a nation's fate, with rushing into every conflict without shrinking from any violence. It matters little to him, in short, to be charged with all the pride and audacity imputed to great men by history. What he will not tolerate is being reproached with petty defects or thought capable of falsehood or dishonesty. It is a vulgar prejudice, moreover, to fancy that a great diplomatist is synonymous with a great liar. I have not met with a single diplomatist worthy of the name capable of lying; and falsehood, if it was ever a diplomatic weapon, has become obsolete or is handled only by mediocrities. It is not Bismarck's weapon. He does not say, indeed, all he thinks, but what he does say he says bluntly, with the indifference of a man who considers himself strong enough not to conceal his ideas. He scorns pettiness. He has great qualities, and defects on the same scale as his qualities."

This correspondent gives an account of an interview with the eminent Dr. Virchow, who said of Bismarck:—

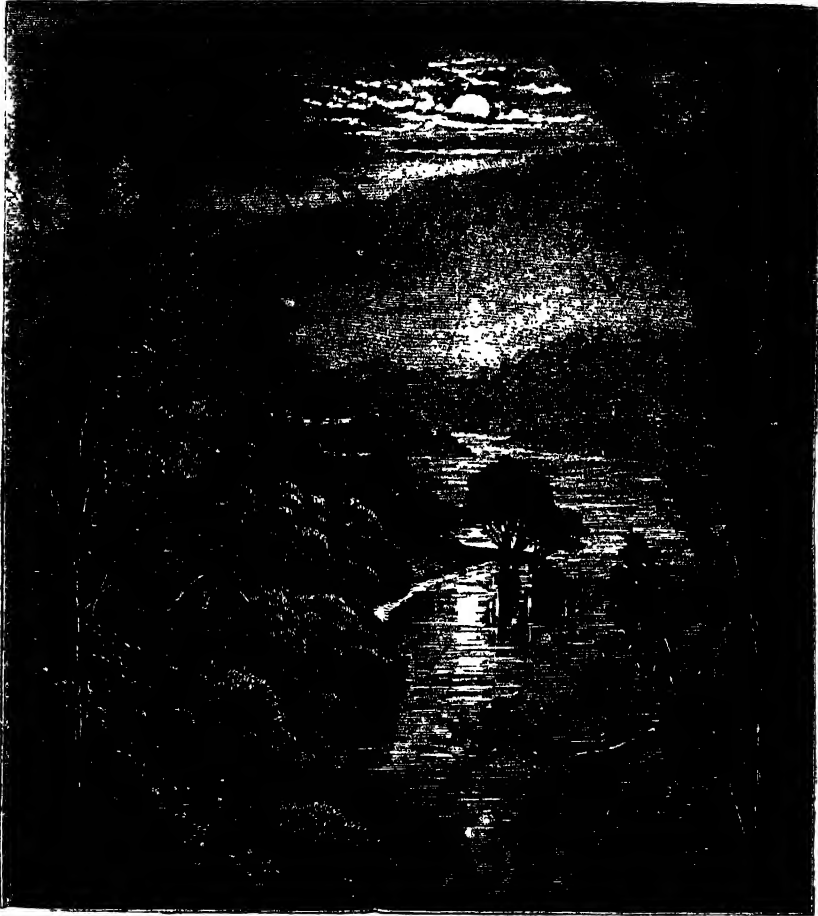
"What we reproach the Chancellor with is with wanting to impersonate all Germany, and to carry out, not a German policy, but, a Bismarckian policy. He has given us glory, but he has deprived us of liberty without giving us prosperity. He is a man who knows Europe, but does not know Germany. He treats us as if he had conquered us.

He does not consider our legitimate pride, or understand that we are as much interested as himself in our country's politics.

We have eminent economists, but they cannot realize their ideas because Bismarck is supreme there as everywhere else. He has tried a host of taxes—on beer, on tobacco, and so on, all which have yielded nothing, and we are the sufferers. So with everything. We do not want him to retire. Germany owes much to him. But we want to have a little hand in our own destinies, and to discuss our own interests. We do not want a man who overthrows us every time we attempt to resist him."

Dr. Virchow is right in complaining that Germany has paid for her glory with her liberty. The breath of liberty alone can extinguish the torch of fanaticism, whether Socialism or Ultramontanism. France is a striking proof of this. The liberty which for nine years, with rare eclipses, has prevailed in France, has done more to destroy Socialism than all the repression in the world; and Ultramontanism vainly attempts to gain ground in presence of liberty. In Germany, on the other hand, Socialism has been making alarming progress ever since the power of one man was substituted for the free will of the nation. Regicidal attempts burst forth there like water too compressed breaking its bounds; crime offers a hand to misty Utopias; and to ward off this danger, not venturing to turn towards liberty, Draconic but impotent laws are continually submitted against Socialism, while at Kissingen the despotic will of the Chancellor shakes hands with Ultramontane despotism.

Whatever the greatness and genius of a man, he fails in his mission as leader of a nation when he seeks to substitute his single will for the collective will of the people, and when, instead of training them in the wise exercise of liberty, he tries to make them share the melancholy lot of nations which abdicate in favour of one man, even though a man of genius.



LOCH KATRINE.

"THE ARIOSTO OF THE NORTH."

No Scotchman of his time was more entirely Scotch than Walter Scott; the good, and the not so good, which all Scotchmen inherit, ran through every fibre of him." Such is Carlyle's curiously-worded estimate of this great poet and novelist. Scott was undoubtedly typical of his race; but of how many men of genius or other eminence, can the idea of good and the absence of bad be

felt so appropriate? It is a pity that a man of such genius should have been so overworked; but had not such fearful responsibilities fallen upon him, would his ungodded enthusiasm have kindled his mind on from work to work, till they blaze like beacon fires lighting his career from youth to old age, now dulled, perhaps, by the damps of calamity, now clouded with the smoke of exhaustion, but flaming with inextinguishable vigour, till the warfare is accomplished and the victory won.

"The good, and the not so good" describes Scott's character, works, and genea-

logy. His birth was esteemed *gentle*, in the same sense apparently as William the Norman's ungentle followers claimed the word for themselves. For among the confused traditions of border struggles, a survival of the fittest is met with in the person of Auld Wat, of Harden, who, in 1567, brought home his beautiful bride Mary Scott, the "Flower of Yarrow," a lady of silent eloquence, as instanced when as the last morsel of an English bullock which had accompanied her husband from a visit southwards, had left the table, she replaced it with a pair of clean spurs, which led the company to consider whom they should call upon for their next dinner.

In the reign of James VI. Auld Wat's son and heir, engaging in a fray upon the land of Sir Gideon Murray, was overpowered and carried shackled to Sir Gideon's castle, and placed ready under the "doom-tree," while the indignant baron impatiently waited for the prisoner's last prayer before execution, when the baron's lady suggested that the culprit was born to good estate, and that she had three unmarried daughters. The result was that young Harden turned from the "doom-tree" with the sudden cares of a plain spouse, the plainest of the three perplexities. One wonders which, considering all things, was best pleased.

Other spirited ancestors had the great author, "the good, and the not so good," since the days when every man did that which seemed good in his eyes, so that in the matter of descent he could hold his head as high as his neighbours.

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, on the 15th August, 1771, and owing to the failing of a nurse, at the age of twenty-two months he was taken very ill, and for two years was a pining child, and was lame for life. Till 1786 he was subject to frequent juvenile sicknesses, and an aunt to whom he had been entrusted, possessing an immense amount of legendary tales, he greedily craved for them, and then devoured the romances of chivalry and the ponderous folios of Cyrus and Cassandra,

down to the most approved works of modern times.

With a precious command of language, and enforced leisure to yield to the force of the law of association, he delighted in inventing tales to pour into the ears of companions. He was surrounded by people who in different ways of life formed a link between his times and a stormier period, and in his rambles on foot or horseback, picked up many a legend, or part of a legend, as suggestive to him as an antediluvian bone to Professor Owen.

Whatever was surprising or romantic the delicate young scholar read with avidity, as is not surprising in a lad who a little time after learned French, Italian, and even Spanish, from a principle of romantic research; but Greek he did not and would not learn, and yet had the audacity in a routine essay required of him to weigh Homer against Ariosto, and pronounce the father of epic poetry wanting. For this, the Professor, though surprised at the out-of-the-way knowledge displayed, called him a dunce, which stuck to him, as did afterwards the charge of idleness, neither of which terms could correctly be applied. But one regrets, and he himself almost bitterly did so, that he had not learned Greek. What would not the fire, the conciseness, the dramatic power of Homer, have done for him whose great failing was too much quill? Now busy in lonely and desultory studies, now "driving through a sea of books, like a vessel without pilot or rudder," it is natural that his works should be unequal, and his persevering industry should induce verbosity.

There are two anecdotes which will show the incorrect use of the word dunce as applied to Scott. Occasionally, he said, he "glanced like a meteor from the bottom to the top of the form." Once he did so thus. Some laggard, being asked "What part of speech is *with*?" answered, "A substantive." The rector then asked the head of the class, "Is *with* ever a substantive?" but all were silent until the query reached Scott, who instantly replied: "And Sam-

son said unto Delilah, If they bind me with seven green *withs* that were never dried, then shall I be weak, and as another man."

The other anecdote is narrated by Mr. Rogers, as told him by Scott: "There was a boy in my class at school, who stood always at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day came after day, and still he kept his place, do what I would; till at length I observed that, when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure; and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it, it was to be seen no more than it could be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions."

Notwithstanding Scott's lameness and juvenile sicknesses, he grew to be a stalwart youth, rejoicing in rough sports, and in the year of his marriage took the lead in forming a body of volunteer cavalry, and with his majestic build and bearing looked very soldierly.

In May, 1786, Walter was apprenticed to his father in his law office, and however he may have disliked the general irksomeness and confinement, he had frequent absences on business, which took him into the Highlands, where he formed those friendships among the surviving heroes of 1715 and 1745, which laid the foundation for one great class of his works; while even his legal activity doubtless gave him an insight into the smaller workings of poor human nature. In 1792 he was called to the bar, and had fair success in his pro-

fession, and in 1797 was married to a lady of French birth and parentage. Two years after he received an appointment which brought him £300 a year, with little to do. Meanwhile he was gliding into the current of the literary activity which absorbed his faculties till death. After a few translations and minor works, in 1779 appeared *Glenfinlas*, the *Eve of St. John*, and the *Grey Brother*. Then three volumes of his *Border Minstrelsy*, and other works, and in 1805, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which raised him at once to popular favour. From that time till 1813 appeared his other poetical works, and anonymously, *Waverley*. Six other of the *Waverley* series appeared, and "the Great Unknown" became the idol of the hour. Then came a blaze of brilliant social prosperity, then bankruptcy, with liabilities of £150,000, then lodgings and drudgery, then paralysis, and a voyage to Italy, then the tedious journey home, and a calm death by the banks of Tweed.

It was most unfortunate that Scott should have thought himself a man of business. The story of his bankruptcy and its causes is a long, an old, and a disputed story. But no dishonesty can be laid to the charge of Scott. The tradeconnection with the Ballantynes, who were no more to be styled "business men" than poets, which led to it, was begun in 1805, at which time Scott's income was nearly £1000 a year independent of literary profits, and shortly after this time was doubled by a lucrative Government appointment. Scott was to blame in building a "romance in stone" from the profits of future "castles in air." As the minstrel "called forth a new creation with his magic line," so his desires for reproducing the magnificence of olden days increased in power, and Abbotsford became the expensive hobby in his prosperity. In the midst of the scenes of his most successful works, though in itself a bare, unlovely spot, Scott's sanguine temperament and hasty energy raised the Gothic pile of Abbotsford. Everything that could cherish his romantic dreams was bought at lavish cost, and thither came princes and peasant, enter-

tained at one and the same time to feasting, hunting, and unrestrained hospitality. In 1820 his prosperity was crowned by baronetcy as a special mark of royal favour. Yet his personal character never wavered from its pure rectitude. Flattery, fame, and honours never hurtfully changed the laird, unless, perhaps, they made him reckon more largely upon his strength and live more in accordance with his excited imagination. "Of all men," said Byron, "Scott is the most open, the most honourable, the most amiable." But there is better testimony than this. Scott visited a venerable, high-spirited uncle, who, though eighty-eight years of age, retained his erect figure, and unimpaired mental faculties through his next two years of life. The old man was reading, without spectacles, his Bible, but directly he was aware of his visitor, he rose with cordial alacrity, exclaiming, "God bless thee, Walter, my man! Thou hast risen to be great, but thou wast always good!"

The presumptuous rashness with which, in order to indulge himself in the theatrical pleasure of enacting the part of one of the favourite heroes of his imagination, he incurred this immense load of debt, cannot be palliated. From 1823, if not from an earlier period, novels were contracted for and paid in bills, before even the subjects or names of the future publications were fixed. This was not a mere speculation upon popularity: it was a wanton setting of health, mental and corporeal, and of life itself, upon the hazard. But to the honour of Scott, he did not flinch from the terrible responsibility he had so presumptuously incurred. "Gentlemen," he said to the creditors, "Time and I against any two. Let me take this good ally into my company, and I believe I shall be able to pay you every farthing." He surrendered the whole of his property; executed a trust-deed in favour of certain gentlemen, who were to receive the funds realized by his labours, and pay off his debts with interest by instalments; sold his house and furniture, retired into lodgings, and resumed his

literary labours with dogged resolution. "It is very hard," he said, in his deep, thoughtful voice to a friend who expressed his sympathy, "thus to lose the labours of a lifetime, and be made a poor man at last. But if God grant me life and strength for a few years longer, I have no doubt that I shall be able to redeem it all."

With stern and unfaltering resolution Scott toiled at his prodigious task: within the space of two years he had realized for his creditors the amazing sum of nearly £40,000, and there was soon every prospect that he might again front the world not owing any man a penny. In this hope he toiled on; but the limits of endurance had been reached, and the springs of the outworn brain broke in that stress of cruel and long-continued effort. In 1830 he was smitten down with paralysis, from which he never thoroughly rallied. The generous action of the Government of the day placed a frigate at his disposal for him to seek health in Italy. But in Italy he pined for the home to which he returned only to die. On the 11th of July, 1832, he was again in Scotland. But, alas, it was in a torpid state, prostrate in a carriage, that he descended the vale of Gala. Gradually he began to gaze about him. Presently he murmured, "Gala Water, surely, Buckholm-Torwood-lee." He brightened up whenever the winding road allowed him to see his own towers. It is affecting to read how his dogs assembled in a minute or two about his chair, they began to fawn upon him and lick his hands, and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them, until sleep oppressed him. Next day he felt so much better that he desired to be wheeled about his rooms, and kept saying: "I have seen much, but nothing like my ain house; give me one turn more!" He was still better the morning after, and desired Lockhart to read to him, who naturally asked from what book. "Need you ask?" returned the invalid: "there is but one." But Lockhart's narrative of the last scene becomes touching in the extreme: "His eye was clear and calm, every trace of the wild fire



MELROSE ABBEY.

of delirium extinguished. 'Lockhart,' he said, 'I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.' As he paused, Lockhart asked if he should send for his wife and daughters. 'No,' said he, 'don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night, God bless you all.'"

. . . About half-past one P.M., on the 21st of September, 1832, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes. Almost every newspaper that announced this event in Scotland, and many in England, had the signs of mourning usual on the demise of a king. With hardly an exception, the voice was that of universal, unmixed grief and veneration. Scott was buried beside his wife in the old Abbey of Dryburgh.

Sir Walter Scott might well be called a great and good man. Sabbath to him was not a day of gloomy silence. Lockhart says, "His Sunday talk was just such a series of biblical lessons as that in his 'Tales of a Grandfather.' He had his Bible, the Old Testament especially, by heart; and on these days unwove the simple or sublime enthusiasm of Scripture, in whatever story he was telling, with the same picturesque richness as he did in his week-day tales the quaint Scotch of Pitscottie." It is characteristic of him who knew the Old rather than the New Testament, that he should lay it down as an axiom, "Without courage there cannot be truth; and without truth there can be no other virtue." This supplies the clue to his action to a brother on the one hand, and his failing as a man of business on the other. The unfortunate ne'er-do-well, the blot of the family, of whom Scott al-

ways spoke as a *relation*, never as a *brother*, had been assisted to Jamaica, and failing, from habits of dissipation, to do any good there, returned. But the actual stigma under which he returned, his distinguished brother "regarded with utter severity." Being employed in some service against a refractory or insurgent body of negroes, he had exhibited a lamentable deficiency of spirit and conduct. Though he found shelter and compassion from his mother, Sir Walter would never see him again. Nay, when soon after, his health, shattered by dissolute indulgence and probably the intolerable load of shame, gave way altogether, the poet refused either to attend his funeral or to wear mourning for him like the rest of the family. But twenty years afterwards he spoke in terms of great and painful contrition for his austerity—twenty years after, when he himself was ruined by the same imperfect creed. His earliest piece of poetry, on a thunderstorm, composed at the age of twelve, gives deeper meaning than a merely juvenile rhyming fancy:—

"Loud o'er my head though awful thunder roll,
And vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Yet 'tis Thy voice, my God, that bids me fly,
Thy arm directs those lightnings through the sky;
Then let the good Thy mighty name revere,
And hardened sinners Thy just vengeance fear."

This quotation reminds one of a critical passage in one of Scott's letters, showing how he felt his own peculiar metre was most effective. Taking a few lines from Pope's Iliad, he underlines certain words, rightly declaring that their omission makes the piece more forcible and animated.

"Achilles' wrath to Greece, the *direful* spring
Of woes unnumbered, *heavenly* goddess sing,
That wrath which sent to Pluto's *gloomy* reign
The souls of *mighty* chiefs in battle slain,
Whose bones unburied on the *desert* shore,
Devouring dogs and *hungry* vultures tore."

That exclusive autocrat, Ruskin, might well select the description of Edinburgh from "Marmion," as an instance of Scott's wonderful power. In broad sweeps of splendour, not in sharp precise details, "Auld Reekie" is painted, enthroned upon

her hills, while the eye turns from the "dusty grandeur" to the clear north, and wanders from the heathy mountains to islands floating "like emeralds chased in gold."

The utmost that Byron at bay could find against Scott the poet, was the heinous charge of glorifying border forays. Quite refreshing is this pious horror from the author of "Parisina," "Manfred," "Beppo," etc. There is quite a Mephistophelian sweetness in the creator of "Don Juan" dedicating *Cain* to the "Ariosto of the North." Yet the great-souled man accepted the dedication, and gently criticised what others vehemently condemned.

Bold and brave men, courageous and gentle women, are his creations. And in his prose there is the same grand enthusiasm and courage. How we admire the man who, on hearing of the failure of a poem, turns like Hercules to another labour, and *will* captivate the fickle public by the power of prose.

But let us note another result of his life labours. An able writer in "Baily's Magazine," after giving many figures concerning grouse shooting in Scotland, states that about a quarter of a million brace of grouse was contributed by Scotland to the national commissariat. And "when we take into account that the annual sporting rental of Scotland (shooting and fishing) amounts to about £300,000, five-sixths of the amount being for grouse moors and deer forests, we are brought face to face with the old story of each bird costing him who shoots it one pound. . . I am not exaggerating the sportal rental of Scotland. There is in that country an enormous, a vast acreage, in fact, upon which nothing but heather will grow, and which has only the value that is conferred upon it by the circumstance of its affording a home to the grouse, and feeding also a few thousand sheep. It has proved a happy circumstance for Scottish grouse lairds that shooting has become a fashion, and they may thank Walter Scott for what he has done for them. He was the wizard who threw a

charm over the great ozone land that posterity will never let die; he sang of the beauties of Scotland, he depicted the wonderful scenery of the country in his immortal books, he painted the people as they live even to-day, in his novels, he *made* Scotland as a land of pictorial beauty, and instigated the residents of other countries to climb its mountains, to sail upon its waters, and to tread its heather. Scotland, had it not previously had the name, might have been called 'the land of Scott,' after the great 'wizard of the north.' It was he who conjured the wealthy Southron to its lone Highland glens and streams, and taught him how to shoot its black-cock, capture its salmon, and spend his superfluous cash. And no churl is that same Southron who travels twelve hundred miles to spend his twelve hundred pounds in pursuit of a month's manly recreation; to lend a hand, as we may put it, in gathering the grouse-harvest.

"In the golden days when Walter Scott lived and wrote, the Scottish moor-fowl was only possessed of a local value, nor was the man then living, not even Scott himself, who could have predicted that within thirty or forty years after the death of the distinguished novelist the wild bird of the Scottish moorlands would bring additional vitality and fortune to those who thought they were cursed because of the barrenness of their territory. The railway power which was to carry men from Cornwall to Caithness within a day and a night was then undreamed of; nor was it ever thought that the humble bird of the purple heather would draw to the poverty-stricken Highlands the annual thousands of the gold bestowing Sassenack." Is there no Scott for glorious Connemara?

And Abbotsford! Mr. Palgrave says: "To save that house he fought and suffered. But it was never tenanted by his family, it stands there like the castle of a dream, as if ready for the master's return, but silent meanwhile and uncheered by life. His children have long gathered to

their rest; the lands which he bought at price of genius have passed to another race, and one young girl, the child of his daughter's daughter, now preserves alone the blood of Walter Scott of Abbotsford."

Well might Scott's last writing be a pathetic comment upon the "Vanity of Human Wishes." Yet, as we think of the

charm of his works, of the glories of Abbotsford, of the heroic effort against disaster, and of the marvellous results which have followed his labours, uniting two nations in a bond of peace and prosperity, as we let fall the unnecessary pen, we can but exclaim with his own creation, the dominie, "Pro-digious!"

THE MAN OF DESTINY.



IN the singular career of Napoleon III., as in that of most remarkable men, there are breaks which divide it into distinct periods, without injuring the general dramatic unity. He was born seemingly to greatness. Apparently it threatened to elude him. He struggled after it in the face of adverse circumstances from the time he attained to years of discretion. He partly achieved it, partly had it thrust upon him, and after a success which should have satisfied his wildest dreams, he ended his active life an exile, as he had begun it. It would not be enough to say that Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was born in the purple. His cradle was at the Tuileries Palace, in the closest vicinity to the Throne. He was the youngest son of Louis, King of Holland, and of Hortense Beauharnais, the Empress Josephine's daughter. His father was Napoleon's third brother. "His name," we are told, "was written down at the head of the family register of the Napoleon dynasty." He was seven years old when he stood by his uncle's side at the great gathering on the Champ de Mai, during the Hundred Days, and, after Waterloo, he clung to his uncle's knees when the Emperor left La Malmaison, struggling against separation, as if instinct had told him that with the Emperor his own fortunes and those of the House were overshadowed.

The young Prince, reduced, with his

mother, to a private station, spent eight years then at the Augsburg Gymnasium; then six more as a student under domestic tutors at the Castle of Arenenberg, in the Canton of Thurgau, on the Lake of Constance, became proficient in history and mathematics, skilful in fencing, horsemanship, and swimming, and curious about military affairs; and joining the ranks of the Swiss militia, Louis Napoleon was taught to look for a change with as full a confidence as he would expect daylight at the close of the natural period of darkness. It little mattered when, where, or by what means the turn in his fortunes might come. Enough that an opening would be made. The man was there,—he would not have to wait long for the hour.

The July Revolution in Paris was hailed as the dawn, but it was only a momentary and deceitful twilight. The Prince's advances met with no favour from the men at the head of the movement in France, but a chance soon offered itself in Italy. The outbreak in the Roman States in February, 1831, found both the sons of Hortense in arms under the Italian tricolour. There was a bloodless campaign,—a mere promenade under Sercognani from Foligno to Otricoli; then a journey to Forli, where the elder brother died of the measles on the 17th of March. Louis Napoleon, attacked by the same complaint at Ancona, was tended by his mother, smuggled away to Marseilles, and Paris, and hence, after vain endeavours to obtain a resting-place,

conveyed, a convalescent, to Arenenberg. On the downfall of the Italian cause, the Prince was seized with enthusiasm for Polish independence. He travelled through Germany on his way to Warsaw, but the tidings of the final catastrophe met him in Saxony, and for four years, from 1832 to 1836, he was forced back to his life of expectant leisure on the Bodensee.

His devotion to France, however, was stimulated by other considerations than those of disinterested patriotism. Notwithstanding the greatest dissimilarity of mind and heart, his intense admiration for his uncle led him to a strange identification of himself with the great conqueror. His landing at Cannes, and "the flight of the Imperial eagle from steeple to steeple till it folded its wings on the towers of Notre Dame," were, he thought, feats only to be tried again to meet with the same success.

From the restoration of the bronze statue on the top of the Vendôme column in 1831 to the laying of the granite coffin beneath the dome of the Invalides in 1840, France was being turned into a vast Napoleonic monument. The Press teemed with little else but Napoleonic literature. The attack on the Strasburg barracks in 1836, and the landing at Boulogne in 1840, were only egregious blunders in so far that they took France by surprise.

Those miserable failures at Strasburg and Boulogne darkened the prospects of Bonapartism apparently for ever. Placed in the power of his enemies, after Strasburg, he gave proof of fortitude and dignity. In his intercourse with his captors, judges, and gaolers, he managed to have himself treated as a monarch, though a vanquished one. He repaid Swiss hospitality by a spontaneous departure from Arenenberg in August, 1838, when the gallant Confederacy professed its readiness to run the risk of a quarrel with France for his sake. Neither his six years' confinement in a State fortress—his "course of studies at the University of Ham," as he termed it, nor the two distinct periods of his not ungenial exile in London—1838 to 1840, and

1846 to 1848, were lost upon him. Amid the gloom of a captive's life, as among the dissipations of a small if not quite select society, the activity of his mind was uncommon.

Eighteen hundred and forty-eight came. The faint-heartedness of a king and the infatuation of a minister left France to her own mastery. A handful of dreamers and schemers pulled down the whole social edifice. On the 26th of September he crossed the Channel and made his first appearance in the Assembly. On the 10th of December, 1848, Cavaignac had a million and a half of the people's votes for the Presidency of the Republic. Prince Napoleon had above six millions. Upon that vote the supreme power of the Pretender could have been legally and peacefully founded for ever.

For the best part of the next two years the President and the still hostile Assembly were busy with the task of killing the dead. The President fought his battles with indifferent success in the Chamber, but his very defeats paved the way for his victories in the country.

From the beginning of 1851 everything was being made ready for a final conflict. Early in January Changarnier was removed from his command. In October and November the President proposed the repeal of the law of May 31, 1850, by which universal suffrage had been restricted. "That measure," said the President, "was tantamount to the disfranchisement of 3,000,000 electors." Had even the law really had such sweeping effects the President had but little to fear from an appeal to the people. To insure an overwhelming majority he resolved on the *Coup d'Etat* of the 2nd of December. He laid a violent hand on his most dreaded opponents. He dispersed the less dangerous. He dissolved the Assembly and the Council of State. He abrogated the law of May 31, and re-established universal suffrage. In the meantime he declared Paris in a state of siege; he deluged its streets with blood; he terrorized France by wholesale trans-

portation. He finally asked for a sanction or condemnation of his deed of violence. Seven millions and a half of Frenchmen against little above half a million gave sentence in his favour.

And now, at last, Louis Napoleon was back at the Tuileries. It would be to little purpose if we were to endeavour to realize his sensations, as, at the mature age of forty-four, the pale reminiscences of thirty-seven years since crowded upon him on the threshold of that lately desecrated Palace. Verily, the man's faith had its reward. That faith which never forsook him at the gloomiest periods of his career; that faith which, at a distance, raised a sneer at his expense, yet cast a magnetic spell over all who came within his reach—that faith proved to have been founded on unerring instincts.

It is not a little remarkable that the first enterprise of real magnitude in which France was engaged, after panting for so many years to avenge Waterloo, should have been planned in concert with the very country upon which vengeance for that defeat was to be mainly wreaked. Yet the Crimean war of 1854 was waged not only in obedience to what the majority of the French people were inclined to consider as English views, but also in subservience to what they regarded as English interests.

Equally sincere and unbounded was the Emperor's sympathy with the land which had witnessed his earliest exploits—Italy; and he never, perhaps, spoke more earnestly, never did greater justice to the generosity of his impulses, than when in 1859, calling upon the Italians to be men, he offered his help to free their country from the Alps to the Adriatic.

True, he extinguished the Roman Republic in 1849; he exacted the cession of Savoy and Nice in 1860; he accepted from Austria the temporary gift of Venetia in 1866, and he re-occupied Rome in 1867. All these, however, were not the spontaneous acts of the Emperor's own mind. He was influenced by what he considered due to French susceptibilities; to the

claims of the Great Nation to her "natural frontiers"; to her jealousy of her immediate neighbours; to her assumption of paramount authority as universal arbitrator; finally, to her half-chivalrous, half-selfish pretensions as Eldest Daughter of the Church.

Before Sadowa and Nikolsburg the Emperor's European policy appeared faultless in the eyes of the vast majority of the French people. But the first check naturally prompted a review of its course from the outset, and encouraged that criticism which is always extremely easy after the event.

The scheme of diverting public attention from domestic affairs by distant expeditions to China, Japan, Syria, and, finally, to Mexico, had little to recommend it on the score of originality. Most of the Emperor's Quixotic undertakings beyond sea proved, as was to be expected, barren of results, but one, the project of a Mexican Empire, as might have been feared, turned out fatal. For nearly two years the Emperor wavered between the two resolutions. To rush into war before Nikolsburg or after Prague was declared to be impossible, owing to the unreadiness of the French military forces. Yet to accept and even to applaud the rise of a rival nation close on the Rhine frontier, especially after all that had been said about territorial compensations, natural boundaries, and popular aspirations, was, perhaps, to inflict too sore a wound on French susceptibilities. Hence there began that tentative, faltering, fidgeting policy; those abortive negotiations at Berlin, at the Hague, at Munich, at Vienna; those mysterious journeys and ominous interviews, which at first bewildered and dismayed, and at last half amused, half wearied Europe. At Paris and at Lille, the Emperor talked of peace. At Luxembourg, Salzburg, Copenhagen, he sought allies, and nursed pretexts for war.

The year 1868 must have been one of great searchings of heart at the Court of the Tuileries. The interview of the German Emperors at Salzburg, although followed by

all manner of satisfactory assurances, kept minds uneasy as to the new relations of France with her neighbours, and stimulated the audacity of those reckless men who fish for profit and popularity in troubled waters. Ugly omens multiplied towards the close of the year, urging the Emperor towards some decided if not desperate resolution. The incident in the Hall of the Sorbonne, when, at the distribution of prizes, young Cavaignac refused to receive his at the hands of the Imperial Prince, must have shaken the Emperor's faith in the hold Imperialism had on the upper classes, while of a sudden the turbulent democracy discovered a martyr in Baudin, one of the victims of the *Coup d'Etat*, and even the eminent veteran Berryer contributed a letter and a subscription to the agitation.

The Emperor's resolution was taken. He would use his personal power and what remained of his *prestige* to promulgate a scheme of comprehensive Constitutional reform. Judging by the course of events, we may well doubt whether the resolution would have served him had he taken it earlier. As it was, he was late then, as he had so often been before. It seemed as if he was graciously making a gift of the power he felt slipping through his fingers. For the future his Ministers were to be responsible to the Chambers; they were to be chosen by the party that commanded a Parliamentary majority, they were to hold office by the votes of the House, as in England. Of course the Government obtained its commanding majority; but, unfortunately, Paris and the great cities had returned Opposition members as a rule. The logical deduction was obvious—the intelligence of the country is opposed to Imperialism, and the Opposition represents a moral force out of all proportion to its numerical strength. At length Cæsar proposed a *senatus consultum*, which resigned the power he had held in trust into the hands of the people, from whom it flowed originally, and charged responsible Ministers with the exercise of the people's authority.

A sinister incident occurred on the very day when the Chambers met the new Ministers. Prince Pierre Bonaparte shooting Victor Noir at Auteuil threw a weapon into the hands of the Red Republicans which they were not slow to lay hold of. Rochefort's language in his *Marseillaise* exceeded all measure. Noir was made a martyr, and the Empire was in more imminent danger on the day of his funeral than men suspected at the time. Had Rochefort been as daring in action as in speech, had his nerves not failed him before the starting of the funeral *cortège*, and had the impetuous Flourens taken his place at its head, it is hardly doubtful that there would have been a sanguinary collision in the Champs Elysées. The Empire would have triumphed for the day, for it was well prepared. But in its discredited condition a second carnage among the citizens of Paris could scarcely have failed to be a fatal defeat for it.

On the eve of the famous *plébiscite* the position of the Ollivier Ministry was more treacherous than ever, and the attitude of the Government was visibly ill-assured. The Ministry trembled between Liberalism and extreme Imperialism, and one of its genuinely liberal measures had terribly multiplied its difficulties by allowing full licence of language to all its most unscrupulous enemies. The Emperor had urged on the step with feverish impatience, in opposition, it was understood, to the advice of the Achitophels, by whom he had been wont to be guided. He waited the result with intense anxiety, although the vote was a foregone conclusion. With his superstitious cast of mind and his belief in destiny, he must have felt he had come to one of the turning points in his career, and no doubt he sought his horoscope in an analysis of the voting list, as soothsayers used to search for the omens on some solemn national ceremony. The omens were sinister, and although there were seven millions of ayes as against a million and a half of noes, the forebodings were confirmed which had induced him to tempt his fate. Not only was the vote against him in Paris and most of the great

cities, in the centres of industry, intelligence, and political intrigue, but 50,000 of his soldiers were with the enemy. The shock was severe; what was Cæsar in the face of adverse circumstances if he could not count on the fidelity of the legions?

It is idle to speculate on what might have

happened had the Emperor decided to play the patriot at all hazards—to accept facts abroad, and try to induce his subjects to accept them; to stake the fortunes of his family on his domestic policy. We have the authority of M. Thiers for asserting that the Empress urged him to make war for the



NAPOLEON III.

sake of her son, and the assertion seems not improbable. It is certain that a knot of the most Bonapartist of the Bonapartists unceasingly pressed war on him for the most strictly personal reasons. They deluded themselves with the idea of the military preponderance of France.

The most eminent politicians of France,

the men who might have had the confidence of the country, were in opposition or retreat, while disinterested veterans like Changarnier and Trochu were banished from his councils of war. The interests of an individual and of something far smaller than a faction were to decide on the destinies of the country at the moment

when its fortunes were trembling in the balance. But no man, even in that extremity, would have rushed blindly on ruin to escape the dangers which menaced him. Did the Emperor believe he could enter on the war with reasonable hopes of success? Lebœuf might have deceived him so far with that unhesitating answer: "We are

ready, and more than ready." But, after Lebœuf, there should have been no better judge of the situation than the Emperor himself. His muster rolls might have been falsified, yet, all deductions made, he could roughly estimate the effective strength of his forces. At least, he knew the numbers Germany could put on foot in a given



EMPERESS EUGENIE.

number of days, for the German military statistics were open to the world. He must have been aware that, unless he could strike before those nine days of mobilization were accomplished, even Northern Germany would have a great numerical superiority in the field. The probability is that he taxed his ingenuity to combat the remonstrances

of his common sense. In trying to deceive himself, he had plausible grounds to go upon. There was the reputation of those troops who had been the terror of Europe since the days of his uncle. They had only been repulsed by a combination of all the armies of Europe, when exhausted by unparalleled exertions. They had sustained

that reputation in his own time, although he might have taken warning from the considerations which persuaded him to sign in haste the unlooked-for peace of Villafranca. Then there were the chassepots, the mitrailleuses, and those new rifled cannon of bronze. *Morale* and armaments might compensate for lack of numbers, fortresses which could not be taken might be masked, and the French *élan* might carry him into Germany before the more sluggish Teutons had settled their plans or combined their operations. The communications once cut between the North of Germany and the South, he might find his allies in the enemy's country, and beat Prussia, as his uncle had done, with South German auxiliaries. It was the Emperor's misfortune that he was doubly deceived: that he was alike ill served in military affairs and in diplomacy.

Early in July the squall of the Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen candidate for the Spanish crown blew up. The Emperor found himself suddenly forced towards the resolution over which he had been hesitating so long. The Emperor saw safety lay in waiting, had waiting been possible; but he had no longer either the resolution or the time to hold by his old maxim: "Everything comes to him who waits." The matter was precipitately discussed with the brutal bluntness of the telegraph. The most momentous questions were decided by the readiest pen in cabinet councils held standing and in feverish exaltation of spirits. Stories were invented, and facts deliberately misrepresented by officials with the idea of provoking popular enthusiasm. On the 19th July the die was cast, and war was declared by Ministers almost as thoughtless as the *gamins* who raised the cry of "*A Berlin*" upon the Boulevards.

The war was declared, and the Emperor could have prevented or delayed it, but the French were never more unjust than when they subsequently insisted on holding him solely responsible. The error of declaring it once committed, the Emperor became only secondarily responsible for the disasters which

cost him so dearly. The moral and material efficiency Lebœuf had pledged himself for was lacking. A multitude of men who had been carried on the rolls were missing, and those who were actually under arms were never in the right place at the critical moment. The boasted *Intendance* system utterly broke down; magazines were found unfurnished, and supplies ran short. There were recrimination, disunion, and discontent among the leaders of the several *corps d'armée*. Time was lost when time was everything, and instead of France breaking ground with the swift advance that alone could have extenuated her precipitate declaration of war, her attenuated armies stood echeloned in a long line of observation along her assailable frontier. The plan attributed to the Emperor, of an aggressive movement that should sever Germany at once strategically and politically, had broken down before it could even be attempted. Had it been attempted it may be doubted whether it would not have proved more disastrous, if possible, than the one actually adopted.

The last pageants in which the unfortunate Emperor figured as the favourite of fortune were the arrival with the army of Metz and the war rehearsal on the heights above Saarbrück, where his son received his "baptism of fire." While the world was expecting that, whatever might be the issue of the war, victory at first would incline to France, the Emperor was figuring as Commander-in-Chief of all the armies in the field. Had things gone well, he would have accepted laurels of ceremony, like the Grand Monarque when he travelled in his lumbering coach to see a town taken by one of his marshals. But in reality, so far as the truth can be arrived at, it seems he only accompanied his troops in the capacity of spectator and adviser, perhaps as arbitrator in the last resort in some vexed question of combinations. Had all gone as well as in Italy, Cæsar's chariot or charger would have moved along in the middle of his victorious columns, through triumphs and ovations, and over roads

strewn with bloody laurels. After the famous "*Tout peut se rétablir*" that followed the defeats of Woerth and Forbach, nothing can be conceived more deplorable than the position of the Emperor. Conscious of an irretrievable error, and moving despondently in the shadow of the approaching end, among disorganized and half-mutinous troops, who in their looks or language made him responsible for their misfortunes, surrounded by generals who had lost head and heart, and had no comfort to offer to their master, he could do nothing by staying where he was, while he was sure to be made answerable for the defeats which impended when these demoralized troops of his should again be opposed to the disciplined and victorious Germans. The only thing more miserable than the scenes that were passing around him was the news which came from the capital. Paris would only receive him victorious; therefore, Paris would never receive him again. Now the Germans were in France, and Paris, as he knew, was on the brink of a revolution. For him and for his son there was no safe home in his wide dominions but the head-quarters of a beaten and retreating army. He had no choice left him when he turned back with MacMahon in that Quixotic enterprise of releasing Bazaine. MacMahon, with candid chivalrousness, has acquitted his master of responsibility for that wild bit of strategy, but the surrender at Sedan must have come as a relief from a situation that was growing intolerable.

Thenceforth the Emperor's life has a personal rather than a political interest. The surrender of his sword to the King of Prussia symbolized nothing. He had ceased actually to be Emperor when Jules Favre had dared to demand his deposition three weeks before. With the capitulation of Sedan it ceased to be; the Empress sought safety in flight from Paris, not an hour too soon, and "the gentlemen of the pavement" scrambled into authority over the fresh ruins of the personal power.

A howl of obloquy pursued the Emperor

over the Belgian frontier to his seclusion at Wilhelmshöhe. It was not unnatural. The war was in great measure his; it had brought unspeakable suffering and bitter humiliation on the country, and his accomplices execrated him for not influencing them for their own good, in virtue of the authority their votes had vested in him. But dispassionate spectators regarded the fallen man with very different feelings. It was not only that such startling reverses might well have silenced harsh judgment, but the manner in which he bore them commanded involuntary respect and esteem. History will find much to reproach him with, but it is certain his contemporaries have been very unjust to him.

We have lingered long on the last year of his reign, pregnant as it was with events. His sojourn at Chiselhurst may be dismissed in a few lines. His life passed there uneventfully and in apparent tranquillity. Silent, self-reserved, and self-controlled, he did not take the world into the secret of his regrets or remorse. The Emperor returned to England, whose life and people he had always liked, and lived like an English country gentleman whose shattered health condemns him to retirement and the society of a few intimates. There were attached friends with him when he died, and if constancy should command friends, few men deserved friends better.

It was unfortunate for his reputation that he was spared to live out his life. Had he succumbed some years ago to the first attacks of the disease he died of, he would have found eulogists enough to justify his policy by its brilliant success, and to deny that the Imperial system carried the inevitable seeds of dissolution. Had it collapsed after his decease they might have urged that the collapse was but a proof the more of his unrivalled genius, that such a man could leave no successor to develop the ideas he had originated. His best excuse was that he honestly believed himself and his system better adapted to the French than any other that could be substituted for it; and subsequent errors seem to have

shown that he was not altogether wrong. In considering himself to the best of his lights, he did the best he could for his country. If he misunderstood the people he governed when he treated them rather like children than men, we can only repeat, the fault was a venial one. Even though absorbed in an egotism almost inevitable under his strangely unique circumstances, Napoleon III. had the qualities which win personal affection, respect, and admiration. He had genuine love and friendship; he was loyal to his friends, true to all who worked with him, had his full share of personal courage, and was most grateful to all who had ever done him even a small service. It is not too much to say that he had the kindest recollection of everybody who had shown him even a passing civility in the course of his varied fortunes. He had a true love for his country, even though

he could not but identify her fortunes with his own. All his schemes for her domestic improvement, for the emancipation of her trade and industry, and the extension of commerce by new and unheard-of channels, were magnificent, their only fault being that in some instances their time was not yet and the cost beyond all hope of repayment. But France had to be occupied and interested, and better by works of peace than of war.

Had Napoleon III. been born in a station beneath the influence of those ambitions that tempt men to become criminal, he would have lived distinguished and died esteemed. As it is, if the circle of his devoted friends has sadly dwindled since his fall and abdication, we trust, for the honour of human nature, that there are many who mourn him sincerely in common gratitude.



THE MAHARAJAH DULEEP SINGH.

THE history of this distinguished Indian prince and heir of one of the most powerful provinces of India, has been peculiarly interesting and romantic. He is now about forty-five years of age. At the age of ten years he was placed under English instruction, and since 1855 he has resided in England, greatly respected and honoured, and where the Government has provided him a magnificent home near London. He is a gentleman of high culture, and is noted for his consistent Christian life and for his benevolence. He was the first royal person in India who became a Christian.

Dr. Butler, in his fascinating book "The Land of the Veda," describes him in his Maharajah costume, as he would appear at a state ceremonial in India, or receiving guests at his palace. "The dress shows a

vest of cloth of gold, slightly exposed at the breast; a loose-fitting coat falling below the knees, made of rich yellow satin from the looms of Delhi, bordered with gold embroidery; a Cashmere shawl of great value encircles the loins, and the usual 'Kummerbund' binds all to the waist of the wearer. The turban is made of several yards of fine India muslin, twisted around the head, heavily adorned with chains of pearls, and aigrettes of diamonds and precious stones. These, with the pearls encircling his neck, are of large size and extraordinary beauty and value, the heirlooms of many generations. He holds by his side his state sword, the hilt of which is studded with precious stones. To all this 'glory' might have been added the matchless Koh-i-noor diamond, for this prince was the heir of 'The Mountain of Light,' his father, the Maharajah Runjeet Singh, having been its last possessor; but the great diamond was sent as a present to

Queen Victoria, and he himself is handsome and happy enough without it."

Duleep Singh is the son of old Runjeet Singh, the "Lion of the Punjaub," a name which his military genius and his stout resistance to the British had won for him in India.

In 1839 Runjeet Singh died, and this son, then only four years old, was placed upon the throne. His uncles ruled in his name, and with their army invaded British India, but were repulsed and finally overthrown, and the Punjab were annexed to the British dominions and his possessions passed to the conquerors. Runjeet Singh had been at the head of the Sikhs of India, and an uncompromising heathen, especially opposed to the introduction of Christianity. On his costly funeral pile eleven of his wives were burned.

The young Maharajah was pensioned and placed by the Government under the care of a Scotch tutor at Futtehghur. Care was taken, according to the wish of his kindred, to prevent the inculcation of Christian doctrines; but becoming acquainted with other lads who were in the mission-school of the Presbyterian mission at Futtehghur, Duleep noticed, one day, a Bible in the hands of one of them, and was curious to examine it. That Bible, eagerly read and pondered, led the youth to become a Christian. After some time he was, at his own urgent request, baptized and received into the Episcopal Church.

This event created quite a sensation in many parts of India. To a Hindoo it is a great humiliation to publicly remove his turban: but Duleep Singh would have no compromises with his pride. When he received baptism he reverently kneeled, and taking off his turban, sparkling with jewels, he received upon his uncovered brow the Christian symbol. Nothing could have exceeded the astonishment of the whole native community; but the effect was salutary. The Name that is above every name had been honoured before a whole nation steeped in sin. To prevent political complications in India, the British Government

induced Duleep Singh to remove to England, at the same time settling upon him ample estates in addition to much that he had inherited from his father.

His marriage was a most romantic one. His mother, a persistent heathen, resided with him till her death, which occurred, about the year 1863. It was her request that her body should be borne to India and burned; it was while on his way to perform this filial duty that, being detained some time at Cairo by the illness of an attendant, he went one Sabbath morning to the Sabbath-school connected with the United Presbyterian Mission, and there he noticed a young teacher of one of the classes who greatly interested him.

He learned that she was a very worthy Christian girl, greatly beloved in the mission, and he sought an introduction. His interest in her deepened from day to day, till he finally offered himself in marriage. He had had opportunities to marry in England, but he said he preferred an Oriental wife, as better suited to him than an English lady could be, and he thought Providence had directed him to Cairo and to the mission Sabbath-school. His offer was refused at first, through modesty and fear; for, while he seemed a great prince, poor Bamba was a little Coptic girl, living with her mother in a back street, and still dressing like an Egyptian, and, Arab-like, eating her daily food from her hands. Besides, she spoke Arabic, while the Prince spoke only English and the languages of India. But the suit was pressed, her confidence was strengthened, an engagement was formed, and the time for the marriage fixed.

While Duleep pursued his way to India, the missionaries set themselves to polishing "little Bamba;" and a wonderfully apt pupil she proved to be. She put on English dress, sat daily at Dr. Lansing's table, learning the use of the knife and fork, made great proficiency in the language, and by the time the prince returned, she was prepared to astonish and delight him with the lady-like manners which she had acquired.

They were married at the mission-house

by Dr. Lansing, and in connection with the event Duleep Singh gave his wife a rich dowry in money and estates, and a casket of jewels which an empress might covet. At the same time, as a kind of thankoffering, he gave the mission a contribution of £1,000; what is more, he has repeated this offering on each anniversary of his marriage, now for seventeen years, making a total of £17,000. "Long live Duleep Singh and his little Bamba!" is doubtless the heart-felt prayer of that mission. At the time that we met the prince and his wife they were paying a visit to Cairo; in fact, spending the winter there, and their boat was purchased for a hunting trip on the Upper Nile.

"We often saw him," says an English traveller, "in the streets of Cairo, mounted on a fine charger, and having a falcon perched upon his wrist. But the last time we saw him the picture presented was a very instructive one. It was on the Sabbath. We were on board our Nile boat at Boulak (the Nile-port of Cairo) and Duleep's boat was near us.

We saw a lady approach the river on a richly-saddled donkey, and soon discovered that it was the wife of Duleep Singh. She had come from the morning service at the missions, and was returning to the boat. Her husband received her on board with every appearance of courtesy and deep affection. He ran down below for an easy chair, which he placed under an awning on the deck, and having seated his wife, he stood before her (think of this in an Indian nabob, whose early heathen training had led him to think of woman as only the humblest servant of her husband!)-he stood before her talking in an animated and pleasant manner, as if it was his chief joy to entertain her. In our memory that picture stands out distinctly after seventeen years. The prince, in his French coat and fez cap, curling the whiffs of his cigarette above his head, the pleased and happy little wife in her easy chair, the slant lateen sail of the

Nile boat, the tawny river banks, with here and there a water-carrier crowned with her earthen pitcher, the few palm-trees in the distance, and far to the west the great Pyramids standing against the lurid sky. It was a striking and purely Oriental scene; Oriental in all except the courtesy shown to woman.

Ten years passed away and we stood beside the tomb of Runjeet Singh, at Lahore. Under a superb dome of marble was a broad tablet on which stood twelve urns, said to contain the ashes of the Maharajah and his eleven wives. According to the accounts given, the funeral pile had been made of costly sandal-wood. Around the dead body the wives were seated, while attendants covered the whole company with jungle grass, saturated with inflammable fluids. The fire was applied, and in a few minutes the whole pile was one blackened and charred mass. We turned away almost sickened by the very monuments of such a scene.

And the mind fondly turned away to the contrast of that other scene on the Nile boat. This was dark and cruel heathenism; that revealed the light and love of Christianity. Here, wives were mere fuel for a husband's pyre; that there the one chosen wife was the subject of tender care. And yet these two husbands were father and son. They were only one generation apart. It was the gospel that had wrought the change!

Very naturally, we inquired about Duleep Singh and Bamba as we came through Egypt a month later. Dr. Lansing had paid them a visit at their country-house in England but a few months before, and he showed, in an album, their recent photographs, with those of their four beautiful children. He was enthusiastic in his praise of Duleep's wife, who with her abundant wealth lives to do good. She visits the poor, dispensing her charities, and always couples them with religious instruction and prayer. Thus a child of foreign missions comes to feed and teach the poor of a Christian land."



GEORGE SMITH'S ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.

THE interest attaching to the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris is of the widest kind, and, excepting the land of Palestine, no other part of the globe can compare with it in the importance of its traditions, its history, and its monuments. It is the home of man's earliest traditions, the place where Eden was supposed to have been; some of its cities are stated to be older than the Flood; it is the land of the Deluge and of the Tower of Babel, and it is the birthplace of the great race of Israel, which has played so important a part in the religious history of the world. In Babylonia arose the first civilized state, and its arts and sciences became the parents of those of the Greeks, and through them also of our own.

It is closely connected with the Old Testament history. Its more important dynasties and individual monarchs play an important part in the history of the Jewish people. During the captivity it was the home of Israel, and hence the birthplace of much of their later life. From Babylon they brought back to Jerusalem much of their later civilization. The Sanhedrim, their principal court, the Synagogue, their principal place of worship, the Pharisees, the principal religious party among the Jews at the time of Christ, all date from this era in their national history. From Babylon they imported manners and customs which were in use in Christ's time; the Jewish lamps, Jewish costumes, the Jewish habit of reclining at meals, many of the Jewish utensils were borrowed from Babylon. Thus all that we can learn of the civilization of this empire of the East, successively the Chaldean, Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian, throws light on much of both Old Testament and New Testament history.

And, fortunately, we can learn a great deal. For the nations that formerly occupied this vast territory with a teeming population, are not only dead, they are embalmed. The remains of their civilization have curiously been left behind them, and within a comparatively recent period excavations and investigations have been pursued by Christian scholars within this region, with results of a most interesting and sometimes extraordinary character. The latest researches are those of Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, pursued on the site of Nineveh, during 1873 and 1874.

Mr. Smith's investigations began in the British Museum. He always had great taste though but little leisure for Oriental investigations, and felt a strong desire to do something toward the solution of the questions which they involved. In 1866, by permission of Sir Henry Rawlinson, he commenced an examination of cuneiform casts and inscriptions in the British Museum. Most of them were fragments and imperfect. The first discovery was that of an inscription on a remarkable obelisk of black stone, discovered in the centre of the mound of Nimroud. On this obelisk there are five lines of sculpture representing the tribute received by the Assyrian monarch from different countries, and attached to the second one is an inscription which reads, "Tribute of Jehu, son of Omri, [here follow the names of the articles,] I received." It was recognised that this was the Jehu, of the Bible, but the date of the transaction could not be determined from the inscription. He also discovered an account of the war against Hazael, king of Syria, which related that it was in the eighteenth year of Shalmaneser, when he received the tribute from Jehu. This and some subsequent successes led to his appointment by the Trustees of the British Museum to aid Sir Henry Rawlinson in his work of investiga-

tion. He discovered successively notices of various historical events referred to in the Book of Kings, and finally in 1872 the tablets containing the Chaldean account of the Deluge.

In consequence of the wide interest created by these discoveries, the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* offered £1000 if Mr. Smith would go to the East and prosecute his investigation there. A fragment of the Deluge tablets was missing, and it was especially desired to find the missing portion. In this Mr. Smith was successful. A second expedition was prosecuted under the direction and at the expense of the Trustees of the British Museum.

These investigations were conducted chiefly at Kouyunjik, the ruins of ancient Nineveh, and Nimroud, another heap of ruins, near by, representing the Assyrian city of Calah. Not far distant are still other ruins, those of Khorsabad. All of these ruins being excavated, disclosed the remains of ancient palaces of immense size and once magnificent in structure.

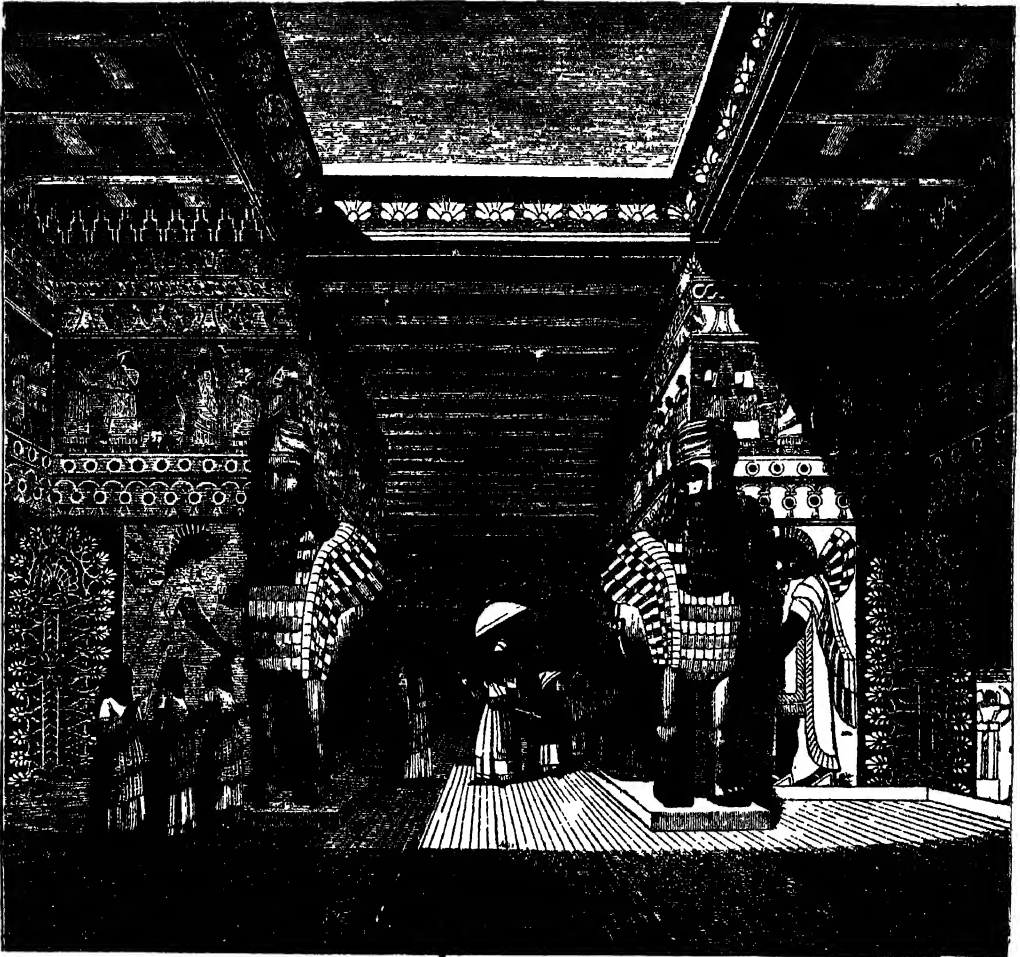
The mounds at Nimroud were Mr. Smith's first objective point. They consist of an oblong enclosure formed by the walls of the city; and a mound in the south-west corner which covered the palace and temples. The palace mound is the principal ruin; its length is about six hundred yards from north to south, and it is about four hundred yards in breadth, from west to east. At the north-west corner of the mound stands a lofty cone 140 feet in height; this covers the ruins of the great ziggurat or tower of Calah, which was excavated by Mr. Layard, and found to be square at the base and faced with hewn stone for the height of 20 feet, and 167 feet 6 inches each way. The northern and western faces show rude piers and some ornamentation. Entering a tunnel in the eastern face of the cone, Mr. Smith made his way through a succession of galleries in the base of the building, but these are now in a dangerous condition from the fall of portions of the roofs. Excepting for these galleries the whole structure appears

to have been solid, the body built of sun-dried brick, cased at the bottom with stone, and above with burnt bricks. South of the pyramid lies a ravine, and crossing this the investigator arrives at the north-west palace, one of the most complete and perfect Assyrian buildings known. This palace is about 350 feet in length and breadth, and consists of a central court 120 feet by 90 feet, surrounded by a number of halls and chambers, the principal entrance being on the north. The trenches excavated here by Mr. Layard are still partially open, and the gigantic winged human-headed bulls and lions at the entrance, the mythological scenes and processions, figures of the king and attendants, may be seen in their places; and many of the chambers can be traced.

The Assyrian city of Calah is said to have been founded by Nimroud, but of this original city nothing is now known. It was subsequently rebuilt and added to at various periods of Assyrian history from B.C. 300 to B.C. 680. Thus its ruins represent all the best periods of Assyrian history.

Mr. Smith's most interesting investigations appear, however, to have been conducted at Kouyunjik, the ancient Nineveh. These ruins are situated on the eastern bank of the Tigris; they consist now of a large enclosure covered with low mounds, surrounded by the ruins of a magnificent wall about eight miles in circuit, and broken on the western side by two great artificial mounds, Kouyunjik or Tel Armush and Nebbi Yunus. Through the middle of the city flows the stream of the Khosr, entering through the eastern wall and passing out through the western wall by the southern corner of the mound of Kouyunjik. The mounds of the wall of Nineveh are said to be in some places even now nearly 50 feet high, while the breadth of the debris at the foot is from 100 to 200 feet.

In investigating these ruins, after obtaining permission of the Turkish government, a difficult thing to do, a number of natives were employed and set to work digging out the buried stones. Their excavations are made in the form of trenches in the ancient



ASSYRIAN PALACE RESTORED.

mounds. Often former excavations impede the work ; and the fact that it has been conducted by different parties at different times, without unity of effort, undoubtedly impairs the results. In some places the ruins have served as quarries for modern structures. While at Nimroud, Mr. Smith put up a rude house for his own shelter. It was with difficulty that he could prevent the men from imbedding in the walls valuable inscriptions. The stones exhumed by the day's excavations were brought to the explorer, and he submitted their inscriptions to an examination. It was thus that he discovered, in one of the Kouyunjik mounds, the missing portion of the Deluge tablets. This was his most important, but by no means his only discovery.

Among the results of this first investigation were a small tablet of Esarhaddon, king of Assyria, some new fragments of one of the historical cylinders of Assurbanipal, and a curious fragment of the history of Sargon, king of Assyria, relating to his expedition against Ashdod, which is mentioned in the twentieth chapter of the Book of Isaiah. On the same fragment was also part of the list of the Median chiefs who paid tribute to Sargon. Part of an inscribed cylinder of Sennacherib and half an amulet in onyx, with the name and titles of this monarch, were subsequently turned up, and numerous

impressions in clay of seals, with implements of bronze, iron, and glass. There was part of a crystal throne, which is described as a most magnificent article of furniture.

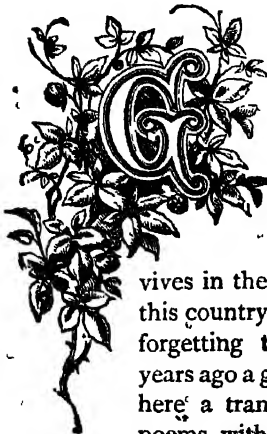
It must not be forgotten by the reader that the city of Nineveh has not since its origin been without inhabitants. It is, therefore, not always easy to say what is the date of the objects discovered. This requires the utmost skill of the antiquary. Thus, side by side with the ancient Assyrian sculptures are found signs of Roman occupation, as in the blue glass Roman bottle; a lamp in good preservation Mr. Smith believed to be Assyrian, though it does not differ from later Roman lamps. The lamp-feeder found with it is a curious instrument of Assyrian manufacture, in the shape of a sitting bird. There is a curious neck over the back, through which it was filled with oil, and a beak in front of the breast through which it discharged it into the lamp. He found two of these objects in the palace of Assurbanipal; one he brought to England, the other he gave to the Imperial Museum at Constantinople. Another curious and unique specimen in the new collection is a bronze fork, entirely Assyrian in style and ornament, and of very fine work. The end of the handle is ter-

minated by the head of an ass, the ears stretched out and lying one on each side of the handle, which is further ornamented with a spiral cable, and expands and becomes flattened out at its junction with the prongs, forming a shoulder. The length of the fork is eight inches, the breadth of the shoulder seven-eighths of an inch, and the length of the prongs two and a half inches. This fork was found in the palace of Sennacherib. The spoon is of bone, and is of ruder structure.

The most important portion of Mr. Smith's work, however, is his discovery and translation of ancient tablets containing inscriptions constituting the Assyrian substitutes for the modern book. Nearly 3,000 fragments of tablets were found by Mr. Smith, and from their position he concluded that originally a library containing these volumes of stone occupied an upper storey of the palace, and on the ruin of the building fell into the chambers below.

The translation of these tablets comprises a number of pages of his volume. They require, however, not merely translation but interpretation, to be intelligible to the common reader. But even the common reader will not fail to see in them a striking confirmation of the Old Testament history.

KÖRNER, THE POET HERO.



GERMANY may well be proud of her poet hero, Karl Theodore Körner, whose songs still live and whose memory still survives in the national heart. In this country there is a danger of forgetting them both. Many years ago a gentleman published here a translation of Körner's poems, with a memoir; but the work was not a success, and Körner has

not the abiding-place in our hearts that he demands. Yet few young men have left behind them a more spotless fame; and no more precious sacrifice was ever made in obedience to the call of duty or of Fatherland than that he made. Life with golden prospects was opening around him. As a poet, fame had already garlanded his name. Love in its fairest form had held its cup of nectar to his lips; and yet he was but a stripling, when the degradation of his country under the First Napoleon called him away from his dreams of bliss and beauty to the stern realities of the

soldier's lot and the battle-field ; and he fell, needlessly fell, because the man who then held, as he fancied, in his hands the destinies of Europe, determined that he and his brave companions in arms should be massacred, when actually an armistice had been granted and peace was about to be proclaimed. .

History is full of sad records, but it has few sadder pages than that recorded here. Napoleon's hatred against the Lützower volunteers was such that he caused the prisoners to be treated as prisoners of State. He knew the corps to contain the founders of the people's future, "the men of freedom, the flower of intellect, of enthusiasm, high principle, and love of country, in the persons of the gallant young men who had forsaken all for their country's independence. At the end of the campaign Major Von Lutzow found himself in Paris. He sought out the French colonel with whom he had dined at Gora, and who had given him a Saxon officer as safe conduct and commissary on his march. From the French colonel Lützow learned that the Emperor had ordered him to Dresden, had there with his own hands torn off his epaulettes and cashiered him for his honourable conduct to the black brigade."

Our poet hero was born on September, 1791. His father, Counsellor Körner, lived at Dresden with his wife and sister-in-law. His mother was the daughter of a well-known Leipsic engraver. Schiller the poet was the friend of both, and under their friendly roof, in their vineyard at Löschwitz, completed his play of *Don Carlos*. The father's literary attainments, his clear judgment, temperate wisdom, and acute powers of criticism, have been fully revealed to the world since the publication of his most remarkable correspondence with Schiller. High personages, the beautiful Duchess of Courland and Graf Geister, the Prussian Ambassador at the Court of Saxony, were godmother and godfather to the future poet. Happy was his home under the care of aunt and sister and mother. His love of music soon

made itself apparent, and grew to be a decided talent. He learned to play the violin. He was also a proficient on the guitar, to which he sang songs of his own composition. His health, which had been delicate in its infancy, gradually improved. He was known as the best dancer, the swiftest runner and swimmer, and the most accomplished fencer of them all. The stiff pedantry of the German Upper Ten was just giving way as the French Revolution made itself felt far and near, and Körner's house was one of the very few in Dresden where the sunbeams of the new times were hailed with joy and warmly appreciated. In time Körner had to leave it for Freiberg, where a first-rate academy for the pursuit of geological and mineralogical sciences had been founded, and where the celebrated gold and silver mines gave the student opportunities of studying mining under its practical aspect, and profiting at the same time by the lectures on chemistry and other sciences given by the great and good Professor Werner and his colleague Lampadius. At Leipsic, where we next hear of the poet, he got into a scrape. He was then sent to Vienna, where his father's friend, Wilhelm Von Humboldt, resided, and where Friedrich Schlegel welcomed our hero and introduced him to his own brilliant literary and diplomatic circle. At Vienna he won fame as a dramatist, and found a love in the person of Fraulein Adamberger, who acted there ; but Körner was called to a soldier's life, to fight for the Fatherland.

The times were bad. Since 1806 a dark, impenetrable cloud had hung over Germany. All the Princes of the Rhenish Confederation were bound to hold their troops at Napoleon's disposition, while he alone was to decide the strength of these contingents. Battle after battle had been fought and lost. Mismanagement, treachery, and indecision made Prussia's state hopeless. Friedrich and his Queen had been hunted from one city to another, and when the conquering Corsican dictated the Peace of Tilsit all seemed lost. In Vienna

it was dangerous then to whisper anything which might savour of disaffection towards the Austrian Emperor's imperial son-in-law. Externally all was at peace, and the iron will of the conqueror ruled and awed all. Yet there was life even under this shadow of death. Not a hand was as yet moved in protestation, because no one dared to act; but from the Adriatic to the German Ocean, from Rome to the Russian frontier—all was ready for the explosion, which came when, after the Russian campaign, the invader left his thousands and tens of thousands to die, while he hastened on to Paris with his lying bulletins, if possible, to deceive the world. The charm, however, was broken, and Germany flew to arms. Prussia and Russia resolved to agree together and revenge their many injuries. Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia appealed to his army and his people.

In her interesting life of the poet hero, the Countess Von Bothmer relates the enthusiastic uprising of the people:—

"And so Theodore, with dusty feet and exulting heart, walked into Breslau. Following the stream of the people, he was soon in a whirlpool of popular excitement, such as he had never before witnessed. Irresistibly he is impelled forwards, and now he stands before the majestic old Rathhaus, with its quaint Gothic turrets and gables, and mullioned windows, and arabesques, and gildings.

Greybeards and youths, men and women, boys and girls, delicate, aristocratic-looking ladies, and coarse peasant girls, burghers and beggars, townspeople and country-folks—all are pressing onwards, and side by side, high and low, rich and poor, one with another, they pass under the grand old Gothic doorway. On every face sparkles joy and expectation. Theodore observes that every man, woman, and child has some gift, some offering, however small, in their hands, and that a most heterogeneous multitude of objects are disappearing with their owners beneath the doorway. Impelled forward by the living stream, he comes ever nearer the entrance of the grand old Town

Hall, and above the door reads the words, 'Bureau for the freewill offerings of the nation, to aid in defraying the expenses of the holy war against Napoleon.'

And Theodore is riveted to the spot by the scene which meets his eyes. True, he knows his business is elsewhere, and that he ought to be seeking Major Lützow's head-quarters, where the recruits are enrolled; but he stands and looks and listens, with glistening eyes and a beating heart.

'Money!' says a voice in the crowd.

'Here!' answers one of the commissioners, and several sturdy burghers advance to the temporary counter where the official sits, and deposit heavy bags of silver and gold before him.

'As a loan free of interest?' asks the official.

'No! no! no!' exclaim the several voices simultaneously. 'What we give, we give out and out.'

'The country is in want; I bring what I can gather together,' says a portly merchant, depositing a bag of gold on the table.

The councillor of commission is about to give him a receipt in the name of the Government.

'Give me a receipt from Paris, written in blood instead of ink,' interposes the giver, who moves away to make place for a beautiful, aristocratic-looking woman, carrying a casket of great worth.

'I have no more money to give,' she says, putting the casket down upon the table. 'Take my jewels, and my prayers that they may prosper the good cause.'

'But, Countess, these are heirlooms.'

'The liberty of my country shall be the precious heirloom I leave my children,' answers the graceful aristocrat, proudly, but with a tear in each of her bright eyes.

And now a labourer stands by her side, and places a thaler on the table; a poor servant girl follows with her modest savings; a shabby, half-fed-looking artisan deposits a few silver coins with his grimy hands amongst the other gifts. A widow, with her fatherless children, stands before the commissioner.

'I have nothing to give but this,' she says, and drawing her wedding ring from her finger, kisses it reverently, and then casts it into the treasury.

'And we have brought our saving-boxes,' said the little ones, standing on tip-toe to reach up to the table.

Two old greyheards, pale, thin, and crimped, approach the spot at this moment. They are unmistakably veterans, and their shabby clothes seem to indicate they can have nothing to offer as a sacrifice on the sacred altar of patriotism.

'Mr. Commissioner,' said the elder of the two, 'we have nothing to offer at this moment; but we beg to renounce, for as long as the war lasts, half of our yearly pension.'

On the other side of the apartment, miscellaneous gifts were pouring in in bewildering abundance and almost comical diversity. Near the door stands a peasant emptying out his sacks of corn; here a waggoner pushes his way through the crowd to inquire where he shall deposit his cartload of hay. Near him, and occupying the attention of the little group immediately around the table, stands an exquisitely beautiful young girl. The modesty, simplicity, almost penuriousness of her attire cannot hide the true nobility and grace of form and feature. For a moment, blushing and irresolute, she stands silent before the commissioner; then, suddenly summoning courage to declare her errand, she advances a step nearer the table, and despite the mantling blushes which rise from cheek to brow, says, in a clear, resolute tone:—

'I also have a gift for my country. I scarcely know whether I may venture to offer it; but 'tis all that I have.'

'We are grateful for the smallest offer-

ings,' answers the commissioner, with an encouraging smile.

'Then here it is;' and the girl draws from beneath her scanty mantle two magnificent plaits of luxuriant golden hair, several ells in length, and thicker than her own delicate wrists. As she lays her gift modestly on the table, her hood falls back, disclosing the beautiful young head shorn of its golden glory.

'Your hair?' almost gasps the commissioner, whilst his honest face is flushed, and something very like a tear glistens in his eye.

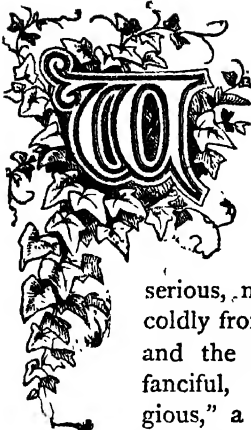
'I had nothing else to give for my country,' replies the young girl, timidly; and then, by way of apology, she hastily adds, 'but they tell me hair fetches a good price in the large towns, and this colour is dear.' With glowing cheeks she draws back, and makes her way towards the door. Deeply touched, with heart and eyes Theodore follows her. She is a living poem. Hastily he turns to a bystander, and asks him if he knows who the maiden is.

'Fraulein Ferdinanda von Schmettau,' replies the man, 'daughter of Major von Schmettau, and one of a dozen children.'

Such was the spirit in the Fatherland when Körner, full of life and poetry, became a soldier, and rode gallantly away from home and friends, and lady-love to die. One day in the autumn of 1813 there was a little inglorious skirmish between Gadesbush and Schwerin. The object was gained; but French bullets had done their work too well, and Körner was no more; but he lives—lives, as our authoress writes, "in the hearts and memories of the people as genius only lives, unimpaired by time, unaffected by change, beloved immortal."



CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND.



WHILE the life and authority of Elizabeth were waning together, and her loneliness deepened as she drew near the grave, and "her own England, serious, moral, prosaic, shrank coldly from this child of earth, and the Renaissance, brilliant, fanciful, unscrupulous, irreligious," a future king of England was born to the son of her vanquished enemy. Mary Stuart, of whom it was written: "Whatever policy is in all the chief and best practised heads of France, whatever craft, falsehood, and deceit is in all the subtle brains of Scotland, is either fresh in this woman's memory, or she can fetch 'it out with a wet finger." But, also, in the marvellous procession of human life, as unto royalty, so unto the people a son had been given, whose future strength was to hurl the Stuart from his throne, and restore to England the glory of Elizabethan days.

Charles I. was born at Dunfermline on the 19th of November, 1600, the son of the pedantic James and the grandson of Mary Stuart. Having an elder brother, Prince Henry, a boy of great promise and genuine worth, we hear but little of Charles's childhood, but it may have been then, from the good influence of his brother as well as his worthy tutors, that Charles acquired that better side of the duplex character which marked him through life. But in his twelfth year a double misfortune happened to the young prince. Henry, the hope of the nation, died, and Charles, as if it were not enough to lose the good influence of such companionship, was exposed to the constant power of his foolish father's latest favourite. George Villiers, the first Duke of Buckingham, of the same

age as Prince Henry, brilliant, handsome, bold, but utterly unworthy of the honours that James's folly lavished upon him, having easily secured ascendancy over the king, was now the ever-present evil genius of a lad to whom the sudden heirship of a kingdom was a misfortune in itself. The young prince soon began to share the general contempt in which his father was held, but apparently gained little respect for any one else. Yet he also shared James's Divine-right opinions; to him father, parliament, and people were but tools for him to manipulate.

To divide history "at the accession of Charles is to separate effect from cause, and to account for the reaping of the whirlwind without taking into consideration the sowing of the wind." The general and intensely bitter feeling of the English people against Spain is only to be compared with the feeling against France 200 years later. There seems some truth in the assertion that English Catholics feared the triumph of the Inquisition, but the overwhelming body of English Protestants, Episcopalians or Presbyterians, were at one with the enfeebled Protestants on the Continent; Spain was more than the champion of Catholicism to our ancestors then; she was the Diabolus among the powers of darkness threatening Mansoul. Yet this was the power James was assiduously courting. To Spain he sacrificed Raleigh, and for seven long years, like Jacob the over-reacher, he toiled with his mysterious king-craft to gain for Charles the Infanta, only to be over-reached by the crafty Laban, Philip. It was Buckingham who burst this bubble. He did not share the national animosity against Spain. He and Charles went to Madrid as Jack and Tom Smith, and, like many who go for wool, they came back shorn. Filled with indignation, they endeavoured to urge on the cowardly king

to a war with Spain. In the House of Commons, in 1624, Rudyard's proposal to attack Spain was received with rapturous applause. The Commons knew that Spain had been meddling in English domestic affairs to an extent which had roused the disgust of all Protestant Englishmen. Spain, and Spain almost alone, was ever present to their vision. War with Spain was regarded as a good thing in itself, needing no further justification.

"England," said Coke, "never prospered so well as when she was engaged in war with Spain. If Ireland were secured, the navy furnished, the Low Countries assisted, they need not 'care for Pope, Turk, Spain, nor all the devils in hell.'" The Commons seem to have been too excited to notice the difference between their desires and the king's. But "whilst the Commons wished to do as much as possible against Spain, and as little as possible in Germany, James wanted to do as much as possible for the Palatinate, and as little as possible against Spain."

James, Charles, and the country, indeed, were at cross purposes. "In 1613, Princess Elizabeth, James's youngest surviving child, had been married to Frederic, Elector Palatine (becoming thus the grandmother of George I.), who having been induced by the Protestants of Bohemia to accept the crown of that kingdom, which was elective, he was unable to maintain his position against the house of Austria; and his hereditary palatinate being wrested from him by the Imperialists, as a punishment for his temerity, he had to retire with his wife to the Hague, where they lived in poverty. Intimately connected with England, the misfortunes of the prince roused the utmost sympathy among the people, while the triumph of the Roman Catholic states raised alarm for the general interests of Protestantism." The public excitement was increased by the apathy of James, who regarded Bohemia as an appanage of the Imperial house, viewed the conduct of the elector as rebellion against the inalienable right of kings, and was deeply concerned

to avoid an attitude offensive to the Roman Catholic powers, lest the marriage of Prince Charles with the Spanish Infanta, then negotiating, should be interrupted." Now this dream of a Spanish marriage was rudely blown away by his son, and the sovereign, who vainly compared himself to Moses and Jupiter, begged that in addition to the money voted for the war, the country would give him something over and above for himself. He professed a "firm resolution not to make this a war of religion," only a war for the restitution of the Palatinate.

Charles, in "the duplicity which lavished promises because it never purposed to be bound by any, the petty pride that subordinated every political consideration to personal vanity or personal pique, had granted, in Madrid, demand after demand, till the very Spaniards had lost faith in his concessions. With rage in his heart at the failure of his efforts, he had renewed his betrothal on the very eve of his departure, only that he might insult the Infanta by its withdrawal when he was safe at home. But to England at large the baser features of his character were still unknown. The courtiers, indeed, who saw him in his youth, would often pray God that 'he might be in the right way when he set, for if he was in the wrong he would prove the most wilful of any king that ever reigned.' But the nation was willing to take his obstinacy for firmness, as it took the pique which inspired his course on his return for patriotism and for the promise of a nobler rule."

Mr. Gardiner gives a characteristic action of Charles's: "The Commons seem to have taken for granted that James's demands for payment of his own debts would not be pressed. In the Lords the matter was taken more seriously, and doubts were expressed whether it would be possible to raise subsidies enough for this purpose and for the war as well. The Prince of Wales, now a constant attendant upon the debates, was in his place when these words were spoken. He had long lost all patience with his father's doubts and hesitations,



and he was too ardent in the cause which he had adopted to reflect that by bringing royalty into contempt he was menacing an authority of which he would one day be himself the appointed guardian. Without waiting to consult any one, he boldly explained away his father's words. The king, he said, merely meant to let it be known that he was in want of money ; but he did not mean to ask for help himself till after the safety of the kingdom had been provided for. The effect of this marvellous commentary was immediate, all the more because the prince sought out the leaders of the Commons and told the same tale to them. The prince's impetuous interference between his father and the parliament was a step which would doubtless add to public favour. A subsidy was eagerly voted, and the next day the streets were filled with happy faces. As soon as darkness fell bonfires were blazing on every side. At last the long weary burden of years had been thrown off. Whatever else might happen, it would not be a Spanish princess who would be hearest and dearest to the future king of England. Neither Gondomar nor his master would again find an excuse for meddling with the administration of English law, or for thrusting aside sta-

tutes which, whatever we may now think of them, were at that time regarded as the bulwark of our religion and our liberty.' The thoughts of all men, including apparently the Catholics, were turned with joy towards the young prince. His kingly bearing, his strict morals, his taste in the fine arts, his evident personal courage, all tended, as his incapable sire began to stoop graveward, to make him the hope of the nation. And the national feeling was soon intensified by the death of James, on the 27th of March, 1625.

But little was generally known of the young king. His extreme reserve was doubtless closely connected with that want of imaginative power which lay at the root of all his faults. With all his confidence in his own thoughts, he failed to give to his ideas an expression which was satisfactory to others, or even to himself. His father's rapid utterance had swept his slow conceptions away, as with a torrent, before he could find out what he really meant to say, and he did not like to be contradicted. The man who is too vain to bear contradiction, and not sufficiently brilliant or wise to overpower it, must, of necessity, take refuge in silence. Unfortunately the defect which hindered him from being a good talker

hindered him also from being a good ruler. The firm convictions of his mind were unassailable by arguments which he was unable to understand, and unaltered by the impression of passing events, which slipped by him unnoticed. The wisest of men, the most decisive of facts, were no more to him than the whistling of the storm is to a man who is seated by a warm fireside. They passed him by, and if he heeded them at all it was only to wonder that they did not conform to his own beneficent intentions. "I cannot," he said on one occasion, "defend a bad, nor yield in a good cause." Conscious of the purity of his own motives, he never ceased to divide mankind into two simple classes; into those who agreed with him, and those who did not; into sheep to be cherished, and goats to be rejected. Such narrowness of view was no guarantee of fixedness of purpose. Whenever the moment came at last for the realities of life to break through the artificial atmosphere in which he had been living,—when forms unknown and unimagined before crowded on his bewildered vision—it was too late to gain a knowledge, the acquisition of which had been deferred too long, or to exercise that strength of will which is only to be found where there is an intelligent perception of the danger to be faced. The same explanation will probably, in a great measure, account for the special fault which has, more than any other, cost Charles the respect of posterity. The truthful man must be able to image forth in his own mind the effect which his words have upon others. He must be able to represent to himself the impression his engagements leave upon those with whom they were made; and he must either keep them in the sense in which they are understood by others, or he must openly and candidly show cause why it is wrong or impossible so to keep them. The way in which Charles gave and broke his promises was the very reverse of this. He looked too much into his own mind, too little into the minds of those with whom he was bargaining. When he entered an engagement

he either formed no clear conception of the circumstances under which he would be called to fulfil it, or he remembered too clearly this or that consideration which would render his promise illusory, or would at least, if it had been spoken out, have prevented those with whom he was dealing from accepting his word. When the time came for him to fulfil an engagement he could think of nothing but the limitations with which he had surrounded it, or with which he fancied that he had surrounded it, when his word had been given. Sometimes he went still further, apparently thinking that "it was lawful to use deception as a weapon against those who had no right to know the truth."

Historians have held the Duke of Buckingham responsible for many of Charles's actions; but the evil influence of this man seems at the utmost to have been rather of a kind like that of Mephistopheles over Faust,—a restless watchfulness, which prevented his victim from relapsing into any good work,—than of Lucifer in the "Golden Legend," who poisoned Prince Hohenlohe's mind, leaving him in his own way to do evil, thinking it to be good. The incidents of Charles's boyhood ought to have shown him, if not the falsity, at least, the danger of his father's mulish obstinacy in enforcing his exaggerated opinions, as well as the falsity of the opinions themselves. The Gunpowder Plot must have been something more than a sensational tradition to an intelligent boy of five, especially as he was to have been kidnapped had it succeeded; the resistance of the Presbyterians, the ominous self-exilement of the Puritans, the horrible revelations disclosed in the mock trial of Essex, the scarcely-repressed rebellion in Scotland, the indignant murmurs that accompanied the infatuation of Raleigh, these must have been lessons far more powerful than even the insidious temptations of a companion. But all these signs of coming storm were lost upon Charles. Had his house been built upon a rock it would have behoved him to look to all means of strength and safety;

but, his house being built upon the sand, he cleared away all defences, as if determined that great should be the fall thereof. He therefore retained that "grievance of grievances," Buckingham, and in six weeks after his accession, he married, by proxy, a Roman Catholic, Henrietta Maria of France, sending on the same day messages of hope to the Roman Catholics; met his first Parliament,—who would have been overjoyed to welcome him,—with something like disdain, and yielding seldom, and then with insincerity, he precipitated the storm which he alone, and he with ease and dignity, might have averted. An incident connected with Charles's coronation might here be noted. This did not take place till February 26th, 1626, on account of the plague. Charles characteristically chose to appear in a white robe. This was opposed by his friends, as contrary to precedent, purple being considered the badge of sovereignty. Superstition (and that age, witness Laud, and the next also, was imbued with superstition) was brought to bear upon the case. He was reminded, that of the two exceptions to the rule, Richard II. and Henry VI., who wore white satin at their coronations, both had come to a violent end. But Charles, who seems to have been equally superstitious in his preference, persisted in his purpose, and the third "white king" was crowned.

The new queen was the daughter of Henry IV., and, alas, of Mary de Medici, whose violent reversal of her deceased husband's policy, and her encouragement of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, was a dangerous past to associate with the name of a queen of a turbulent Protestant people. But as yet the English people knew no ill of her, or that her young heart beat with ardent hopes and plans for her people, the Catholics. Charles soon found his mistake, and her restless influence became most mischievous. She was received with popular welcome when she came into London, perhaps because a London crowd could not find it in their hearts to be uncivil to one so young and fair. It was rumoured,

too, that there were hopes of her conversion. Perhaps she herself had unwittingly given rise to the report. Some one had impertinently asked her whether she could abide a Huguenot. "Why not," she quickly replied; "was not my father one?" Then came domestic disputes, carefully fostered by the queen's French ladies, and occasional quarrels, till at last it was said that when Charles hesitated about arresting the five members, it was the queen's upbraidings which urged him to that fatal rashness: "Go, coward, and pull those rogues out by the ears, or never see me more." But there was undoubtedly great affection lasting unimpaired in spite of the superficial childish petulance on both sides.

Charles's being an active upholder of Buckingham rather than a passive tool, led to a great source of mischief, for that flighty favourite filled all places with his creatures, certain of support from his master. But in 1628 he was no more, having met from an assassin the punishment that was already looming, but not before he had succeeded in entangling England in a war with France. Henceforth the leading advisers of the crown were Laud, who was raised to the see of London, and Sir Thomas Wentworth, who eventually became Earl of Strafford.

But "nothing better marks the character of Charles than his conduct as to the Petition of Right. In this petition his third Parliament had complained of his fondness for martial law, and of the vexatious manner in which he billeted his soldiers upon the people. He had given assent to it, he was fond of bidding Parliament rely on his 'royal word,' but the thought of his pledge never seems to have troubled him for an instant. From the moment he began his career of government without a Parliament, every one of the abuses he had promised to abolish, such as illegal imprisonment or tampering with the judges, was resorted to as a matter of course. His penury, in spite of the financial expedients we have described, drove him inevitably on to the

fatal rock of illegal taxation. The exaction of customs' duties went on as of old at the ports. Writs were issued for the levy of 'benevolence' from the shires. Fines were levied on invented excuses altogether disproportioned to the alleged offences or the position of the imaginary offenders. The resistance of the London merchants was roughly put down by the Star Chamber. Chambers, an alderman of London, who complained bitterly that men were worse off in England than in Turkey, was ruined by a fine of £2000, and died broken hearted in prison." In regard to religious matters "no sooner had Laud been promoted by Charles to the see of Canterbury as the head of the Church, than he turned the High Commission into an attack on the Puritan ministers. Rectors and vicars were scolded, suspended, deprived for gospel preaching. The use of the surplice and the ceremonies most offensive to Puritan feeling were enforced in every parish." The laity were subjected to every galling means of annoyance which Laud's rigorous ritualism could find. Even the "Book of Sports" was again ordered to be read from the pulpit. One Puritan minister had the wit to do so, though the bulk refused to comply with the Archbishop's will; but this minister significantly added, "You have heard read, good people, both the commandment of God and the commandment of man! Obey which you please." Hundreds of Puritan ministers were cited before the High Commission, and silenced or deprived. The power of the Bishops' Courts revived under Laud's patronage, and he induced the king to make Juxon, Bishop of London, Lord High Treasurer, the highest official in the realm. So slight was the distinction between Laud's Ritualism and Romanism, that the grateful Pope untowardly offered him a cardinal's hat, which he refused to the great surprise of Rome. In Scotland, Laud followed, but with intense vigour, the line of Charles. The new archbishop forced, as he thought successfully, episcopacy upon Scotland.

In Ireland, Strafford carried to their

logical effect the views which Charles was vainly trying to carry out in England. Referring to the ship-money dispute, Strafford, writing to the king, argued, "Since it is lawful for the king to impose a tax toward the equipment of the navy, it must be equally so for the equipment of an army. What is law in England is law also in Scotland and in Ireland. The decision of the judges, therefore, will make the king absolute at home, and formidable abroad." The Lord Deputy of Ireland organized a standing army which enabled him to rule Ireland with an iron hand, but acted also upon the principle of conciliating the people to political bondage by promoting material prosperity. He advised a system of government for England, comprehending a fixed revenue, well-stored arsenals, fortified places, and a permanent military, a scheme he was accustomed to denote by the name of "thorough," referring to its adaptation to extinguish effectually all civil and religious freedom.

The long peace was producing its inevitable results in a vast extension of commerce, and a rise of manufactures. Fresh land was brought into cultivation, and a great scheme was set on foot for reclaiming the fens. The new wealth of the country gentry, through the increase of rent, was seen in the splendour of houses which they were raising. The contrast of this peace and prosperity with the ruin and bloodshed of the Continent afforded a ready argument to the friends of the king's system. But beneath this outer calm "the country," Clarendon says, "was full of pride and mutiny and discontent." In other words, even in such prosperity, the people were not blind enough to suppose they would be richer by suffering the continual encroachments on their liberties which had grown with it; this prosperity they were content to risk. In these years, as Charles had been repeating his father's history in other matters, so now he stayed not at the shedding of blood. Bad as was the sacrifice of Raleigh to a foreigner's hate, that of Strafford was accompanied with guilt of even

deeper hue. He who had made Strafford what he was, had encouraged him, and had his services; he who could shuffle and lie for money, could not even shuffle and lie for the life of such a servant, but could only use his royal force to compel him to appear before an enraged nation, from whom there was now no appeal. The last words of Lord Digby's terrible invective against him, when Strafford's ecclesiastical counterpart was already in prison, must have been like a death knell to the Irish tyrant: "That grand apostate to the Commonwealth must not be pardoned in this world till he be despatched to the other." For three weeks Strafford stood at bay, and then the nation signed his doom. His only hope was in the king; and he wrote to him: "Be sure on my royal word that you shall not suffer either in your life or in your fortune or in your honour." Strafford replied by placing his life at the king's disposal, rather than embarrass the monarch. Unembarrassed, therefore, the "royal word" decrees his death. Then said Strafford, "Put not your trust in princes," and three days afterwards was slain to the jubilation of bells and bonfires. The removal of his iron hand from Ireland was followed by a massacre of Protestant English, to which, with its accompanying crimes of lust and torture, the sheer slaughter of St. Bartholomew must have seemed merciful. When Charles heard of it he copily wrote: "I hope this ill news of Ireland may hinder some of these follies in England." In this Irish revolt the Parliament saw the disclosure of a vast scheme for a counter revolution of which there were other evidences. But the rebels had claimed to be acting under a commission from the king; and though it was a forgery, Charles's conduct gave colour to the report. The excitement in parliament increased; the crowds of excited Londoners mobbed the bishops; and the courtiers, declaring that there was "no free Parliament," strove to bring about fresh outrages by gathering troops of adventurers who were seeking for employment in the Irish war. The brawls of the two

parties, now nicknamed "Roundheads" and "Cavaliers," created fresh alarm in the Parliament, but Charles persisted in refusing it a guard. "On the honour of a king," he engaged to defend them from violence as completely as his own children; but the answer had hardly been given, when his attorney appeared at the bar of the Lords and accused five members of high treason, an act which set all constitutional law utterly aside. The Commons said they would consider it, and again requested a guard. On the morrow he summoned 300 gentlemen to follow him, and, embracing the queen, promised that in an hour he would return master of his kingdom. A mob of cavaliers joined him, and remained in Westminster Hall, as Charles entered the House of Commons. When he found them not there he closed his words of disappointment with a protest that he had not intended any force. Nothing but the absence of the five members and the calm dignity of the Commons had prevented the king's outrage from ending in bloodshed. "It was believed," says Whitelock, who was present, "that if the king had found them there and called in his guards to have seized them, the members of the House would have endeavoured the defence of them, which might have proved a very unhappy and sad business." Five hundred gentlemen of the best blood in England would hardly have stood tamely by while the bravoes of Whitehall laid hands on their leaders in the midst of the Parliament. Strange would it have been had the member for Nottingham, one Master Oliver Cromwell, first drawn his sword on behalf of his distant kinsman, Hampden, where his rugged eloquence had marked him as a man of power.

The land now was echoing with war preparations. The numerical strength on the king's side is rather surprising at first; perhaps because one gets the idea of Charles standing alone in his exaggerated notions of the royal prerogative, but no doubt many of the bravest and most influential of the country gentry considered the resistance to the king (of which, too, after nearly so

many years they were wearied) as almost impious. Charles used greatly to delight in musical parties at Oxford, and "Thomas Ken (afterwards the godly bishop), of New College, a junior, would sometimes be among them and sing his part," and he afterwards "in Charles II.'s presence spoke of the salutary effect of King Charles his majesty's father's blood, in healing one that was blind," and the good bishop was by no means credulous or superstitious, but of healthy intellect, holding the received opinions of miracles and visions in a lessened rather than an exaggerated degree. But we shall meet with stranger testimony to the awe with which the king was regarded in noticing the war.

Charles, with characteristic fierce suddenness, demanded the surrender of Hull; but "King Pym" had been beforehand, and had secured the Tower, and Plymouth as well, for the Parliament. Falkland, Colepepper, and Hyde, with thirty-two peers and sixty-two members of the House of Commons, joined Charles at York, and gifts of plate from the Universities and nobles of his party came in. The militia was rapidly enrolled by the two Houses. A loan was opened in the City to which women brought even their wedding rings: Lord Essex named commander of an army of 20,000 foot and 4,000 horse, English and Scotch officers were drawn from the Low Countries, and Lord Warwick commanded the entire fleet. Charles raised the royal standard at Nottingham - to an unresponsive country side; while Essex, who had quitted London amidst the shouts of a great multitude, with orders from the Parliament to follow the king, and, by battle or other way, rescue him from his perfidious councillors and restore him to Parliament, mustered his army at Northampton. Charles had but a handful of men, and the dash of a few regiments of horse would have ended the war; but Essex slunk from a decisive stroke, and trusted to reduce Charles to submission by a show of force. The danger of Fabian strategy was never better illustrated than in the conduct of Essex. The king fell back

on Shrewsbury, and the whole face of affairs suddenly changed; Catholics and Royalists rallied fast to his standard; and a bold march on London woke Essex to protect the capital. The two armies came into collision at Edgehill. The desertion of the strangely named Sir Faithful Fortescue, disordered the Parliamentary forces, while the Royalist horse on either wing drove their opponents from the field; but the reserve of Lord Essex broke the centre of the king's line, and Charles was only saved from capture or flight by the vigour of Prince Rupert. For a time the war went steadily for the king. He showed courage and ability; and had his character been at all reliable, as disaster after disaster fell upon Parliament, and clamourings for peace found echo even in the hearts of its generals, the war must soon have ended favourably for him. Instead of looming like a rock among the ebbing storm, he dallied with his enemies, and insulting them with insincere negotiations wasted his splendid opportunities, and re-woke their original indignant distrust. But one scheme in particular was more fatal than all. The massacre in Ireland had left the rebels the objects of a vengeful hate such as England had hardly known before; but with Charles they were simply counters in his game of kingcraft. The conclusion of a truce with them left the army under Lord Ormond, which had held them in check, free for service in England; and he secured a force of Irish Catholics to support a rising of Highlanders to overthrow the Government at Edinburgh. His great hope lay with the Presbyterians, and a great element of safety in the reverence of the people for royalty. The licence and rapine in which his followers indulged contrasted strongly with the chivalrous feelings they professed, and which doubtless bound the better part of his adherents together more strongly than could his personal character. There was one man among his enemies to see their weakness, and one iron will to gather them into a bond of invincible strength. Against men of chivalry he demanded and led men

of religion, praying men, whose religion was more simply, terribly sublime than that which allowed the Presbyterian Parliament almost to yield. What would Cromwell do should he meet the king? was asked of him. "I would as soon pistol him as any other," was the answer, seemingly strangely awful even to men who were risking their lives against the very king, and from one who had already lost a most promising son. Of such a man Royalists, Presbyterians, and Catholics were afraid. With Hampden, Pym, and many other staunch men dead, Charles began to hope in negotiations; but Cromwell, who was less to be moved by the shock of arms than any other Parliamentary general, saw the mistake of attempting to deal with such a shifty enemy other than in fair fight; and the man of Marston Moor was no less eager than the sanguine king or his impatient nephew for the fight on Naseby Field. "I can say this of Naseby," he wrote soon after, "that when I saw the enemy draw up and march in gallant order towards us, and we a company of poor ignorant men, to seek to order our battle, the general having commanded me to order all the horse, I could not, riding alone about my business, but smile out to God in praises in assurance of victory, because God would by things that are not bring to naught things that are. Of which I had great assurance, and God did it." What was there in Charles's character to compare with the spirit of this despised Puritan?

Perhaps the most important result of this crushing victory, was the capture of the king's cabinet, containing his correspondence with the queen and other important papers. The letters were forwarded to the Parliament, read to the citizens in Guildhall, and then published. They amply confirmed every suspicion that had been entertained of the writer's insincerity. It was conclusively shown that he had only consented to open negotiations to gain time, and that he considered no concession made to his opponents binding, no promise obligatory. A hundred defeats would not have been more ruinous to the cause of

Charles. The king wandered about seeking fresh friends, and more lives were lost, but the war was over for him. Of the devoted loyalty of such men as the defender of Basing House, Charles was utterly unworthy. But significant were the words of Sir Jacob Astley, one of the first to take up arms for his king, and now the leader of his last detachment, to his conquerors, "You have done your work now and may go to play unless you fall out among yourselves." And the captive Charles did his utmost to make them fall out among themselves, and again Parliament and Presbyterians had almost again become his tools, when Cromwell broke through all difficulties and tore from Parliament, who sought his life, at once the king and their power; and before the nation could well recover from its surprise, the king was doomed. The death warrant was prepared on Monday, the 29th, and received fifty-nine signatures, and the next morning was Charles's last. About one o'clock he was on the scaffold, and after a brief speech, calm and grave, justifying all his views of sovereignty, he declared that he died a member of the Church of England. "I have," said he, "on my side a good cause and a merciful God." "There is but one stage more," said Juxon; "it is full of trouble and anguish, but it is a very short one, and consider, it will carry you a great way from earth to heaven." "I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where I shall have no trouble to fear." None could help noting how his dignity had returned at the call of death. Whatever had been the faults and follies of his life, "he nothing common did or mean, upon that memorable scene." He then gave his George to Juxon with the single word, "Remember," and the next second he no longer "nourished a blind life within the brain;" his head fell at the first blow, and as the executioner lifted it to the sight of all, a groan of pity and horror burst from the silent crowd. And what wonder! Even now we cannot look back upon the life of Charles but across the shadow of his death.

JOHN PENN THE ENGINEER.



THE name of this eminent engineer is inseparably associated with the development of steam as a propelling power at sea, and with the changes thus gradually effected in the naval power of this and other maritime countries. Mr. Penn will also long be remembered as one of the chief leaders in stamping on the mechanical workmanship of England that simplicity and elegance of design, just proportion, and perfect finish to which our machine shops owe their world-wide reputation.

John Penn was born in 1805 at Greenwich, where his father had during the close of the last century established a business as a machinist and agricultural implement manufacturer. It was there that at a very early age John Penn acquired that proficiency at the forge, the lathe, and the vice-bench, by which, in after-life, he was enabled to teach his men the excellence and accuracy in workmanship for which the firm became famous. Yet the technical skill could have achieved but a very small portion of the results which he accomplished had they not been combined with a remarkably clear judgment and a fine perception of what was practicable in that branch of mechanics to which his chief attention in life was devoted. At the age of twenty he had fitted the steamers *Ipswich* and *Suffolk*, running to London along the East Coast, with beam engines, each of 40-horse power, and in 1835 four passenger boats to run between Greenwich and London were similarly engined by him. In 1838 his well-known oscillating engines with tubular boilers were applied to some of the boats running above London Bridge. The admirable way in which these worked, their finish and compactness, soon attracted general attention, and in 1844 the Lords

of the Admiralty were induced to place their yacht, the *Black Eagle*, in his hands. He replaced her former engines by oscillators of double their power, with tubular flue boilers, the change being effected in the same space and without any increase of weight. The *Black Eagle*, by these and other improvements, from being a very slow ship, had her speed so increased that an immense number of orders followed to fit up ships on the same principle. Among them we may mention Her Majesty's yacht the *Victoria* and *Albert* and the *Great Britain*, as examples of the swiftness and regularity thus secured.

But if Mr. Penn's success was great with his oscillating type of engines, it was still more remarkable with the trunk engine, designed for the propulsion of fighting ships by the screw, and capable of being placed so far below the water-line as to be safe from an enemy's shot. In 1847 he was commissioned to fit Her Majesty's ships *Arrogant* and *Encounter* on this system, and he executed these orders in a manner so satisfactory that as a result he has applied trunk engines to no less than 230 vessels, varying in power from the small gunboat of 20-horse power to such ships as the *Sultan*, giving an indicated power of 8,629 horses, and the *Neptune*, giving upwards of 8,800 indicated horse power. These, we believe, are the largest amounts of power hitherto realized with one pair of engines since the use of steam for marine propulsion began; and when we recollect that such astonishing results have been developed within the lifetime of their projector, and to a large extent by his genius and skill as a mechanic, it must be felt that Mr. Penn takes a prominent place among the great workers of this age and country. A complete list of the ships which he and his firm fitted with improved machinery would occupy too much space,

but we may quote as samples the *Bellerophon*, *Northampton*, *Ajax*, *Agamemnon*, *Hercules*, *Sultan*, *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, *Achilles*, *Minotaur*, and *Northumberland*.

In 1854, at the commencement of the Crimean War, when Admiral Napier found himself powerless in the Baltic for want of gunboats, it became imperative to have 120 of them, with 60-horse engines on board, ready for next spring, and at first the means for turning out so large an amount of work in so short a time puzzled the Admiralty. But Mr. Penn pointed out, and himself put in practice, an easy solution of the mechanical difficulty. By calling to his assistance the best workshops in the country, in duplicating parts, and by a full use of the admirable resources of his own establishments at Greenwich and Deptford, he was able to fit up with the requisite engine-power 97 gunboats. That performance is a memorable illustration of what the private workshops of this free country can accomplish when war with its unexpected requirements comes upon us. The lesson which it taught will not soon be forgotten abroad, and it is to be hoped that we may remember it at home. Altogether during the Crimean War 121 vessels were fitted with engines for our Government by Mr. Penn.

During his career he made it his business to visit all the best workshops, not only in this country, but in Belgium, Holland, France, Switzerland, and Italy; and wherever he came on excellence, either in the skill of the labourer or the ingenuity and effectiveness of his tools, his gratification was extreme. His own establishments are filled with appliances of the most approved form, many of them invented or improved by himself, and all designed with special reference to the gigantic exigencies of marine-engine construction in these steam ironclad days. Mr. Penn has taken out numerous patents for improvements in steam-engines, and one of these, now in universal use, aptly illustrates his fertility of resource as a mechanician. In the early days of screw propulsion no bearings

of brass or other metal could be got to stand the strain of the stern shaft; and at one moment it seemed as if the screw must be abandoned and the paddle-wheel reverted to. Mr. Penn solved the problem by using "lignum vitæ" wood bearings, which, lubricated by water, were found to act without any appreciable wear; and in this simple, economical way the screw has already been able to reach a point of development from which we can now calmly look back upon the financial risks and terrors which beset the early days of ocean steam navigation.

Mr. Penn's admirable social qualities, sustained through a long life and preserved even amid declining health, had endeared him to an unusually wide circle, while his sound judgment inspired a confidence which caused his opinion and advice to be sought under circumstances of difficulty by all who had access to him; and he was always most accessible to every one who had the slightest claim on his time or attention. His benevolence was quietly but most liberally exercised. For several years he had been reduced to a very helpless state, being paralysed and blind; but the activity of his mind remained unimpaired. To the last he took cruises in his beautiful yacht, the *Pandora*, and was glad to receive the numerous friends who came to inquire after his health. A distressing accident, the second of the kind in his family, had recently deprived another son of the sight of one eye while out shooting in Scotland; but Mr. Penn's death was entirely due to natural causes.

Mr. Penn was elected a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1828, and a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1859. He was also a past President of the Society of Mechanical Engineers, and he had received many marks of distinction from the various foreign Governments who had availed themselves of his professional services. He retired from business in 1875, after sixty years of work, not more honourable to himself than it has been useful to his country and the world.



NIAGARA, FROM THE AMERICAN SHORE.

WATERFALLS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

When the adventurous Jacques Cartier was the first European to visit Niagara; this was in the year 1535. The wonderful sight that met his astonished gaze has in modern times been

visited by a yearly increasing crowd of tourists. In his "American Pictures," Dr. Manning gives a graphic account of a recent visit: "'Were you disappointed in the first view of Niagara?" is the question

commonly addressed to the visitor, and as commonly answered in the affirmative. I cannot say that I was so. It was exactly what I expected—neither more nor less. Having read scores of descriptions, and seen hundreds of pictures of the falls, the whole scene was perfectly familiar. Of course, the sense of grandeur and immensity grew upon me as I gazed hour after hour at the wonderful spectacle. This is the effect of all grand natural scenery. But it is especially true of waterfalls. Sit down before a cascade of only moderate size. At first it seems nothing very remarkable; but gaze and listen long enough, and the ceaseless rush and roar, the sublime monotony of sound and motion, acquire a mysterious charm. At Niagara, the grandest cataract in the world, the impression becomes absolutely overpowering and fascinating.

Let us take our stand at the edge of the great Horseshoe Fall on the Canadian side. To the right the river is rushing toward us in a furious torrent. The rapids, as they approach the abyss, seem conscious of their impending fate, and writhe and struggle as though vainly endeavouring to escape from it. As they reach the edge of the fall the agitation ceases, and gives place to "the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below." A mass of water, twenty feet in thickness, bright as a mirror, clear as crystal, green as an emerald, curves over the wall of rock, and plunges down the ravine at our feet with an awful roar. In the clouds of spray which rise from the "hell of waters," swallows are seen darting to and fro, now emerging into the sunlight, and then lost to sight in the dense masses of vapour. Innumerable rainbows are formed amongst the shifting clouds as the wind rolls them hither and thither. The river below the falls is white with foam, but the agitation is less than might have been expected. Indeed, it is smooth enough to allow a ferry boat to ply upon it. The truth is, that the force of the descending torrent is so great, that it is carried down for a considerable distance under the superincumbent mass of water, and only comes

up to the surface at the distance of a mile or two. The rocky walls of the ravine through which the river rushes are of a ruddy tint. Trees and shrubs and flowers grow out of the crevices of rock, and by their exquisite verdure add a new beauty to the scene. About two miles lower down the gorge is spanned by a graceful suspension bridge, the admirable proportions of which make it an ornament rather than an eyesore.

Looking right across the glassy curve which forms the top of the fall, the eye rests upon a cluster of islands covered with the richest verdure—Goat Island and the Three Sisters. They stand boldly out into the torrent which roars and rages round them as though endeavouring to sweep them away. Failing in this, it rushes past them and plunges over the American Fall, which, though smaller than the Horseshoe or Canadian Fall, is a very grand and impressive object.

The deafening roar of the cataract is said to have been heard, in some conditions of the atmosphere, at Toronto, forty-four miles away. It is constantly heard at a distance of eighteen miles. The late Colonel Kelson told me that in the war of 1812, being in command of a small detachment of British troops, to which some Indian allies were attached, he was aroused at night by a sentry who said that he could hear cannon at a distance, showing that an engagement was in progress. As he listened, he heard distinctly the long roll of heavy artillery rising and sinking on the wind, and at once ordered the alarm to be sounded, and the men to be got under arms with the least possible delay, that they might march to the scene of action. But an old Indian chief, lying down, put his ear to the ground, and then, with a grunt of contempt at his white friends, told them that it was Niagara they heard. This proved to be the fact, though they were seventeen miles distant.

It is only by passing right under the falls that any adequate sense of the force and volume of the cataract can be gained. Enveloped in a suit of oilskin, we descend

a rough staircase, inclosed in a wooden shaft, which is fixed with iron clamps to the rock. Our fragile foothold shakes and trembles with the wild turmoil around it. Blasts of cold clammy air, densely laden with vapour, rush in through all the openings of the shaft. As we step out from it, having reached the bottom, it is difficult to breathe, not merely from the spray which fills eyes and mouth and nostrils, but from the density of the air, which seems to be forced in upon the lungs like a solid mass — such, at least, was the sensation which I experienced. Few visitors penetrate beyond this point, but I persevered and made my way over the slimy boulders as far as it was possible to go. I found myself under an overarching canopy of rock, whilst the great mass of Niagara came pouring down in front of me from some mysterious height overhead. The blasts of cold wind, the blinding showers of spray, the deafening uproar, the oppression on the lungs, all combined to prevent any accurate observation of the marvellous scene. I have only a general remembrance of a dense mass of water falling with awful force and velocity, through which a dim green light made its way, whilst myriads of jets of water separated themselves from the body of the fall, and projecting themselves, like descending rockets, into the air, were caught by gusts of wind and dispersed into showers of foam.

Little, if at all, inferior in impressiveness to the falls themselves is the whirlpool. It has just been said that the vast mass of water plunges down to the bottom of the river-bed, and forming a subaqueous torrent only emerges to the surface at a distance of two or three miles. The channel at this point narrows considerably, and then turns round sharply at right angles to its former course. The result is a furious maelstrom, in which the centre of the current rises to a height of ten feet above the sides, whilst waves of prodigious size are flung upward to a yet greater height.

In the attempt to describe Niagara, one's words convey the idea of rage, fury, wild

and passionate turmoil. Yet, strange to say, this is not the impression made upon the mind by the scene as a whole. It is rather that of majestic calm, of awful and irresistible might, guided and controlled by a silent, mysterious law. Whilst all the details suggest violent agitation, the serene beauty of nature asserts itself as the dominant sentiment. I felt this most impressively when, one afternoon in early summer, I sat hour after hour by the edge of the great Horseshoe Fall. The sun went down; the calm, pensive shades of evening settled over the landscape; the distant woods and fields grew dim; the stars came out in the pure azure; innumerable fireflies were weaving their intricate mazes around me, and still the thunderous roar went on ceaselessly, and the rush of waters continued as it had done from the creation of the world. It was as though the harsh discords and hoarse cries and angry turmoil of life had been hushed and harmonized into a Divine peace. This I have always felt to be the deepest and most abiding impression left upon my mind by Niagara.

Often when giving expression to this feeling, I have been laughed at, as indulging in paradox, or as affecting singularity. It was therefore with some surprise and pleasure that I found the same sentiment expressed by Dickens in his *American Notes*: 'Then when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was peace. Peace of mind, tranquillity, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness; nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty; to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat for ever.'

Travellers' tales are notoriously full of wonder; but every wanderer is not a Baron Munchausen. Hunters and mountaineers in the distant regions of Western America were hardly believed when they spoke of the marvels existing in the

heart of the Rocky Mountains, about 300 miles south of the British possessions. A few marauding Indians, fleeing from the vengeance of settlers, disappeared mysteriously from sight. Their pursuers little thought they had rushed into a place which to them was a veritable inferno,—a centre of natural marvels eclipsing in grotesqueness and beauty any place of similar dimensions. At length a party of nine men attempted

the exploration of the strange district, so fearful to the Indian. With five cavalry men they left Fort Ellis; and, though for some distance watched by Indians, the little party soon reached the narrow entrance to the wonderful region. Then suddenly mountain rocks of startling size and shape disclosed themselves, with waterfalls of beautiful or majestic appearance, falling down their precipitous fronts. One



THE NEVADA FALL, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

especially, the Bridal Veil Fall, is uniquely graceful, although its leap is one sheer descent of 630 feet perpendicular; then, striking on a sloping pile of debris, rushing over it in a series of cascades for nearly 300 feet more. "The effect," says the "Yosemite Guide Book," "is finest in early summer, when the body of water is not too heavy; since then the swaying from side to side, and the waving under the varying

pressure of the wind as it strikes the long column of water, is more marked. As seen from a distance, at such times it seems to flutter like a white veil, producing an indescribably beautiful effect." Another wonderful fall is the Nevada, 700 feet in height. But what are we to think when we read of one 1600 feet in height; another 2634; another 3000? In one place, a stone might be dropped more than 3000

feet without striking the earth. From that height the Merced River, which runs through the valley, appears a tiny rivulet. Glacier action is supposed to have been the agency by which this valley was produced; but no explanation can answer all the difficulties. Of other wonderful phenomena which the survey party discovered, there are good accounts to be found in many popular books, notably, in "American Pictures,"

already referred to, which contains an interesting and instructive view of Niagara Falls in 1677, showing how the falls have receded and broadened to an extent that makes one imagine the time when the channel shall have been worn away.

Science had nearly a martyr in one of the party. Mr. Everts had been missed during the survey; and when the party had returned they furnished two mountaineers



GLACIER POINT AND MERCED RIVER, FROM THE VALLEY, BELOW.

with six weeks' provisions, and offered a large reward if they succeeded in finding their lost comrade or his body. They found him, quite exhausted and nearly famished. His horse had got away from him the day after he left the party. His gun was made fast to the saddle and his revolver was in the holster, so that he had no means of providing himself with any food. During a snow-storm he had built

himself a shelter of pine boughs above a warm spring. For thirty-seven days he lived on roots and two minnows he caught in his hat—a feat in existing which proved as much scientifically as Dr. Tanner's codling starvation sensation.

The Bridal Veil is one of the four great waterfalls in the far-famed Yosemite Valley. The creek which supplies the water, and to which the fall has given name, is about

40 feet wide. It rises in a lake at the base of a bold cliff some thirteen miles away, a little east of south, and below the snow line. Because the source is below the snow-line the quantity of water diminishes rapidly as summer advances, and scarcely any remains when Nevada and Vernal falls, fed by the everlasting snow, have a large volume.

Over the Bridal Veil I have seen a torrent pouring like that of Yosemite in an ordinary season in June, and again, have seen the volume shrunken with the heat of summer until there was left only a mere line of fleecy white, irregular like bursts of spray rolling over and over—waves of mist chasing each other down the perpendicular wall to break their wave-like form and gather into a tiny brook instead of a roaring river among the débris at the base.

Sheet after sheet of spray, a remarkable feature of the fall, may be due chiefly to the nature of the rapids just where the fall begins. The bed of the creek is irregular and the water sometimes forced over like successive upsettings of many different-sized vessels.

The height of the fall can be given only in round numbers. It varies according to the depth of the water in the rapids and the point at which the water strikes the sloping pile of débris at the bottom. As the fall is seen from the valley, this débris is hidden by the water and trees, and the fall appears perpendicular for about 900 feet. The débris is piled up about 270 feet, leaving only 630 feet of perpendicular fall.

Bridal Veil is the most appropriate of all the names which have been given to it since the discovery of the valley by the whites. One says the fall is "more like the veil of a coquette than a bride."

The Indian name is Pohono—whose evil breath is dark and deadly like the "Night Wind." The Indians are said to avoid it with utmost care. They pass hurriedly by, lest in lingering near they find the cause of a speedy death. Neither urgent persuasion nor mighty reward will induce them to sleep near it. Several of the Indians are

said to have perished, being caught in the rapids above the fall—one of whom was a woman who lost her hold while gathering berries near the top of the fall, and was hurried over the precipice. Now their superstition hears the voices of the lost perpetually calling to others to shun the evil place!

However accurate the picture may be, it is only as one gazes upon it hour after hour that the immensity and grandeur of the wonderful spectacle grow upon and overwhelm him. The rush and roar of the evergoing water, and the graceful swaying of the beautiful mist break up all dull monotony, and unite sounds and motion. Fitful streams of light playing in the mist give extraordinary effects of colour to dark huge masses of rock behind ferns and trees, and to the myriads of drops and floating particles that glisten and sparkle like the brightest gems.

To one approaching closely, the long wavy sheets of spray form a column that sways to and fro as gracefully as bends the weeping willow. The misty veil is now as light and nice as the folds of drapery that touching each other do not hide the figure they adorn; and now they are dense and heavy as the impenetrable veil of the future.

One of the prettiest effects is the rainbow. In the afternoon there may be seen one, two, and sometimes three rainbows of different widths, and the eye may follow the falling particles, moving in different directions, into and through the space where, at different angles to the eye, the violet and then all the colours are concentrically arranged in their order. The rainbow may be seen at any of the falls, but here its beauty is unsurpassed. And here, with the loftiest and most imposing scenes of nature, the infinite God who watches over the sparrow, has blended beauties so minute and delicate, that majestic rock, finest mist, and rosy light entangle themselves with a thousand other things until you would separate none from the harmonious whole, and yet you may see

most striking wonders in the smallest combination, or in either snow, plant, rock, or rain drop.

But grand as are these wonderful waterfalls, nearer home is one which has charms more than sufficient to captivate any mind which is not obliged to seek the marvellous or stupendous. In scenes of vastness many beauties must be lost. Nature does not paint large scenes only fresco fashion; the eye and mind are often more impressed, pleased, and rested by a smaller display of associated charms. And also it has always seemed wonderful when one thinks of what Sir Walter Scott's writings have done for Scotland that no one has yet risen to do the same for Wales. A most romantic and adventurous history seems to be that of Owen Glendower, the last so-called Prince of Wales, maternally descended as he was from the truly last Prince of Wales, Llewellyn. He had a liberal education, was entered at the inns of Court in London, and became a barrister. Quitting the law, we find him squire of the body to Richard II., whose fortunes he followed till their mutual captivity in Flint Castle. Soon after his liberation he became entangled in disputes, and treachery at court led the king to think him a traitor. Regarded as an ungovernable, plundering, rebellious race, the Welsh were scorned as barbarians, and their bards punished by the English as vagabonds; and the country was dotted with English garrisons. The bards declaring him to be gifted with supernatural skill, and spreading prophecies concerning him, Glendower proclaimed his genealogy, and, asserting his claim to the throne, marched against the power of Henry IV. in 1400 with a large, bold, but superstitious body of troops. For five years Glendower ravaged the country, the glens, around Snowdon being his headquarters; now successful, bursting into England; now defeated, hiding in glens and caves of the earth; till at last, in the reign of Henry V., this turbulent chieftain died, strange to say, a natural death, leaving

Wales much poorer than he found it, meriting, by his selfish, revengeful warfare, the name of the scourge rather than the protector of his country. How many people think of him as they rest delightfully musing on the varied beauties of the fall of Aberglaslyn, which Miss Costello has thus beautifully described: "There, forty feet above the river, hangs in air apparently, just touching the two mountains, a one-arched bridge clothed with a robe of ivy, whose festoons wave to and fro as if the action of the leap had disturbed the drapery of some nymph whose form had hardened into stone as she performed the wondrous feat. Below, beyond, around, the waters rave and foam and rush; and here for the first time I recognised the beautiful colour familiar to my eyes in the Pyrenees, which has given the name of the 'Blue Pool' to this lovely spot." The mountain-sides, clothed with lichens, and here and there mosses and shrubs; the varied shades of green verdure; the flashing and leaping of the fall, now hidden, now revealed, as one proceeds; the sudden life given by a wilful breeze to both the fall and its surroundings,—these and a thousand other things go to make up a scene than which "earth has not any scene to show more fair."

A recent visitor thus describes his visit to this district: "The ascent of Snowdon has been so often described, that we need only say it was unexpectedly easy. The beauty of the path with which it began, up the bank of a mountain torrent ending in a strange and lovely waterfall, beguiled the first portion of the way, and the latter part opened up continually such glorious views, that the fatigue was lightened, if the progress was a little impeded, by long pauses of admiration. At length we reached Moel-y-Wyddfa, "the far-seen summit," and were upon the highest spot in England and Wales. Of the near prospect the chief wonder, to us, was the number of lakes, or llynns, visible. For this we were unprepared, and the endlessly diversified outline of these gleaming pools contrasted strikingly

with the dark mountain masses amid which they lay. The distant views were at first very clear—Skiddaw (so said our guide) in the north, the Isle of Man in the west, appearing like a shadow on a sunlit sea, Cader Idris and Plinlimmon in the south, with the valleys lying green among the hills, and here and there the line of some sparkling

stream, while the habitations of man were dwarfed to insignificance, or indicated only by dim patches, as of smoke, hanging in the air. Suddenly a chilling breeze passed across the mountaintop, and we were glad to find shelter in one of the little huts which crown—we will not say adorn—the peak. As the mists now began to gather, it was judged time to descend. The path, little more than eight feet

wide, lay along one of the narrowest spurs of the mountain, while on both sides are tremendous precipices. To walk over this path in clear, calm weather would be a trial to the nerves; but now the mists were seething and whirling below, ever and anon rapidly parting, so as to disclose glimpses of bare rocks apparently rising out of an ocean of cloud, or miniature meadows of

sunny green at unknown depths, or, strangest of all, leaden-coloured lakelets, each enclosed by its bank of fog. It was a weird scene, and though the path itself was tolerably free from mist, the sight of these abysses on either hand, suggesting the consequences of a slip, kept us all very quiet, very wary in our steps; and we were thank-

ful when we reached the point where the mountain spur expands into a broad, safe, though steep and rugged, hill. Here we descended swiftly, and soon found ourselves upon the turnpike road to Beddgelert, our destination.

This level dell, set in the midst of mountains, which rise on all sides, clothed at their base with rich woods, and then towering upwards, bare and rugged against the sky, surpassed



PONT ABERGLASLYN.

all our expectations by its magnificence.

We ended the day by a stroll up, to Pont Aberglaslyn, that most romantic of defiles, the only defect of which is, that it is too short. The road leads on one side by the "blue torrent," which dashes through the pass with headlong, tremendous force; on the other by towering mountain sides, clothed with lichen, mosses, and shrubs.

MARSHAL ESPARTERO.



MARSHAL ESPARTERO, Duke of Vitoria, was born in 1792 in the little town of Granatula, province of La Mancha, and at his death had reached the patriarchal age of 87. His father, a wheelwright by trade, maintained by his manual labour a large family of children, of whom the Marshal was the youngest. Before he had completed his studies, the French invaded Spain. Espartero, then in his 16th year, quitted his college and entered as a volunteer in a corps consisting chiefly of young men who were preparing for the same profession, which, from that circumstance, was designated the "Sacred Battalion." By the time that Espartero had obtained his commission as Sub-Lieutenant in the Line the French had been driven from the Peninsula, and soon after Napoleon ceased to be the ruler of France. There was no prospect of employment at home, but for the young soldier there was a world elsewhere.

The young subaltern, who had an earnest inclination for the active duties of his profession, tendered his service to General Morillo, who commanded the expedition sent out to reduce Venezuela and New Granada to obedience. He was at once accepted, and shared in the promotion accorded to officers proceeding on service to the colonies. Morillo soon had an opportunity of appreciating his capabilities, natural and acquired, and on landing in America appointed him secretary and aide-de-camp. Among the insurgent chiefs who from the outset of the struggle made themselves remarkable for personal intrepidity and skill was La Madrid. He had some time before surprised an important fortress held by the Royalist troops. Alarm spread along the whole line of

fortified places; the reserve battalions were brought up to defend them and to drive the rebel chief into the passes from which he had suddenly emerged, and by a vigorous attack prevent the patriots from establishing defences. It was determined to storm the surprised fort at once, and take it, if possible, at the point of the bayonet. A battalion volunteered as the storming party. Espartero, employed on the personal staff of the General, had as yet done no regimental duty, and longed, with the ardour of a true soldier, for an opportunity of distinguishing himself. He asked and obtained permission of his chief to join the party. The fortress was attacked, and after an hour's fighting the Royalists were repulsed with loss and their commanding officer killed. They returned to the charge, and were again driven back. The third time the Royalists, who had lost nearly half their number and most of their officers killed or severely wounded, were for withdrawing altogether.

The young aide-de-camp insisted on making one more attempt. He sent word to the General that if he had a supply of ammunition and 100 men he could take the fort in an hour. "Tell him," said the chief, "that he shall have 200 and I give him four hours; if he succeeds, he shall not go unrewarded." Before the promised ammunition and reinforcements came up, Espartero (the senior officers having been killed or disabled) led the remnant of his force to a part of the fort which was weakly defended. He rallied those who had fallen back, put himself at the head, and shouted, "Twenty ounces of gold to the man who pulls down the rebel flag!" He dashed forward at the same instant, some 200 men followed, and the attack was so furious that the patriots, though more numerous, abandoned the works with hardly any attempt at resistance. In half an hour the Re-

publican flag was torn down from the parapet by Espartero himself, and the Royal standard was floating in its place. He was named to the command of the battalion he had led so well, and soon after distinguished himself in another important combat in which La Madrid was again beaten.

The following year he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, with the command of a regiment; and with this corps he routed the bands of Rueto. In 1822 he was made Colonel, with the command of a brigade; and from that year until the fall of Ayacucho, in 1824, and the signal victory gained by the patriot General Suare against the Viceroy La Serna, which secured the independence of Bolivia and put an end to Spanish domination in that part of America, the soldier of fortune gave numerous proofs of professional skill and personal gallantry.

Espartero returned to Spain when the evacuation of the American Provinces by the Royalist army became inevitable, and was sent with despatches to the Madrid Government, in which the General-in-Chief did full justice to the services of his subordinate. He was promoted to Brigadier-General and named to the command of Logroño, the chief town of the Rioja. He was then in his 32nd year, manly and soldier-like in appearance, and of pleasing manners. Here he became acquainted with the daughter of a wealthy proprietor named Santa Cruz. The intimacy ripened into affection, and they were married in 1825. Soon after his marriage he was transferred to the command of Palma, the capital of the Balearic Islands, where he continued for some time in perfect tranquillity and in the enjoyment of all the happiness which ample means, local rank, and the society of an amiable and accomplished lady could bestow.

On the death of Ferdinand VII. (September, 1833) Espartero unhesitatingly declared for the cause of his daughter, then only three years old, sent in his adhesion to the Queen Regent Maria Christina, and asked to be employed on active

service in the province where the Carlist insurrection originally broke out, or wherever the Government might deem his services most useful. The request of a man who had already distinguished himself was immediately granted, and he was appointed to the command of the province of Biscay. The Queen's forces were at that time distributed in a number of weakly-fortified posts at a distance from each other. The Carlists, who had hitherto kept in the mountains, occasionally descending to make sudden attacks on detached corps, assumed the offensive in the spring of 1835.

There was at that time attached to the brigade of Jaureguay (called El Pastor, from his original occupation before he became chief of a guerilla band against the French invaders) a sort of regular corps known as Chapel-Gorris, or Red Caps, consisting principally of Guipuzcoans. They were useful in the Basque mountains as *éclaireurs*, were very brave, very gay, and good fellows enough in quarters; hated the Carlists intensely, but had loose notions about property; were unscrupulous where there was an opportunity of plunder among friends or foes, and were, consequently, objects of much fear and dislike to the peasantry. They had been guilty of divers excesses and had too often escaped punishment. On a recent occasion some of these men had committed outrages of a more than ordinary character which could not be passed over. On the 7th of December General Cordova, accompanied by General Evans, who commanded the British auxiliaries, left Vitoria for Burgos to confer, it was said, with some envoy on his way from Madrid to Paris. Espartero, on whom the authority devolved in the absence of his superior, resolved to profit by this occasion to make an example which would not soon be forgotten; particularly as it was rumoured at head-quarters that he had been sharply remonstrated with by the Government for not checking the excesses of his men.

On the morning of the 12th of Decem-

ber the unconscious Chapel-Gorris were marched out a few miles on the Miranda-del-Ebro road. On their arrival at the place of rendezvous they were ordered to take position on a rising ground. Here they beheld drawn up a force of 6,000 infantry, artillery, and some squadrons of cavalry, which had preceded them from Vitoria. They were halted to pile arms, and then moved to some distance; the cavalry in the meantime advanced and occupied the ground between them and their piled arms. At that moment only they seemed to understand that they were brought there for some sinister purpose. The General appeared before them, and in an energetic address called upon them to denounce the ringleaders, the most guilty participators in the crime. They were silent, but some seemed as if they would attempt to repossess themselves of their muskets; they were prevented by the cavalry. Orders were then given for lots to be cast for decimation. The order was executed, and sixty unfortunates stood apart from their comrades. From these, ten were drawn by lot. The firing party were ready, and in a few minutes the ten who paid the penalty of their own crime or that of others were lying dead at the foot of the hill. All were not dead, however, for one fine young man, who was but slightly wounded in the ear and the arm, had the presence of mind to throw himself on the grass and remain motionless on his face until the troops had all marched past and withdrawn. In a few days he was carried into Vitoria in secrecy and finally recovered. It is probable the matter was not unknown to the General, who, perhaps, thought the example sufficient for his purpose; at all events, the young man was not molested.

The mutiny of the sergeants and privates of some battalions of Provincial Guards on duty at San Ildefonso, where the Queen Regent and her daughters then were, on the night of the 11th of August, 1836, produced the dismissal of the Isturitz Cabinet and the adoption of the Constitu-

tion of 1812. The excitement was so great that the Ministers fled from Madrid and retired to France; but the Military Governor of the capital fell a victim to popular resentment. After a short lapse of time Espartero was gazetted Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Operations in the Northern Provinces.

The Carlists were not slow to profit by these disorders and by the diminished strength of the Queen's army. They again, for the second time, invested the important city of Bilbao. The force available to Espartero for raising the siege was comparatively small; but the garrisons numbered nearly 7,000 men, and General Evans despatched from San Sebastian, where he then had his headquarters, 1,300 Spanish troops to their assistance and a battalion of the British auxiliary force. The steamer in which the latter embarked was driven back by stress of weather. Lord John Hay, commanding the naval station on the north coast, sent also 12 guns and an effective detachment of Royal Artillery. In the meantime the troops that had been sent in pursuit of the Carlist chiefs Gomez and Sanz in their expedition to the interior successively returned, and Espartero soon had 20,000 men at his disposal. The positions of the Carlists were strong and formidable, and the Azua, an unfordable river, had to be crossed by the relieving army under a heavy fire from the crest of a mountain ridge. A bridge was thrown across and the passage was effected by the troops. It was midnight on the 25th of December, during a heavy storm of snow, when Espartero, though suffering from a painful affection, placed himself at the head of his men and led them to the charge. The Carlist positions were carried; and when day broke the enemy were in complete flight and left in the hands of the victor the whole of their stores and 25 guns. Espartero was foremost in the attack, and by his undaunted bravery on this and on all other critical occasions he proved that the personal exposure of a chief often does

more for victory than mere generalship. This brilliant affair obtained for him the title of Count of Luchana.

Early in the following year (1837) a combined operation was agreed on with the object of driving Don Carlos out of Guipuzcoa.

The principal strongholds in Guipuzcoa being captured, a Carlist expedition left the Basque Provinces towards the end of May, and made a circuitous march through parts of the kingdom, during which they had several severe actions with the Queen's troops. They gained no adherents in the northern division of Aragon, nor even in the mountains of Catalonia. They made the best of their way to the districts occupied by Cabrera, but those districts could not afford them the supplies they needed. They then penetrated into Castile, where they were joined by reinforcements from the provinces, which increased their strength to 16,000 infantry and 1200 horse, nominally commanded by Don Carlos, and approached to within four miles of Madrid. The only garrison of Madrid consisted of some 8000 national guards, well armed and equipped, and Espartero was summoned in all haste from the northern banks of the Ebro to the defence of the capital. On his approach the Carlists at once fell back. He pursued them without loss of time, came up with the rear guard at Aranda-del-Duero and attacked and drove them into the mountains of Soria. Here the remains of the enemy separated into two columns of about 6000 each, with one of which Don Carlos was. Espartero got between this column and the other, which was commanded by Don Sebastian, who, with the Generals Zariategui, Villa Real, and other chiefs, made their way by rapid marches back to Biscay. The other column, with Don Carlos, wandered about for several days, and, by night marches through the forests of the Sierra, escaped Espartero's pursuit and sought rest and safety on the northern bank of the Ebro, which they reached in a most miserable condition, after traversing

the country to the extent of nearly 1000 miles.

It has been seen how Espartero checked the excesses of the soldiery in the affair of the Chapel-Gorris. He was not less resolute in dealing with their superiors. The murderers of Escalera at Miranda and of the Governor Alvarez at Vitoria were tried and shot. The colonel of a well-known regiment of the line, who, if he had not taken an active part, had at least connived at the murder of Sarsfield, was arrested, tried, and shot the same day near Pampeluna in presence of his own men; and the leaders of each rank during the mutinies were dismissed the army, or otherwise punished. By these energetic measures order and discipline were soon restored.

In the following year (1838) the Carlists attempted another expedition to the south of the Ebro, without success, and one column was destroyed or made prisoners by Espartero.

During the summer of the following year Espartero completed his work by the defeat and expulsion of Cabrera and his bands from the mountains of Catalonia and Lower Aragon. The Civil War, which had lasted seven years, was now at an end, and throughout Spain there was not a single Carlist in arms. Espartero, hailed by the nation as the pacificator of his country, was created Duke of Victoria and Morella, Grandee, and Knight of the Golden Fleece, having for his previous deeds received all the military orders of chivalry known to Spain. The English Government, in recognition of his great services to his country, conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Bath.

In 1840 an insurrectionary movement immediately broke out in divers parts of the country, while it was known that the army declared for its General. The Ministry fell. Espartero, fresh from his crowning victory in Catalonia, entered Madrid in triumph, and was named President of the new Cabinet. The Queen Mother, who was then at Valencia, resigned her functions as Regent of the kingdom, and embarked

for France on the 12th of October. In May the following year Espartero,—after a struggle between those who wanted a Regency of three and those who would have but one,—was elected by the Cortes sole Regent of Spain during the minority of Queen Isabella, and proceeded, amid the enthusiastic shouts of the people, to take the oath of fidelity to the Queen and the Constitution.

His services were too remarkable and his position too high not to excite the jealousy and dislike of men whom he so much surpassed and who set themselves to conspire against him. In November the same year a military insurrection broke out simultaneously in Pampeluna and Madrid. O'Donnell, who was at the head of the former, gained over a certain number of the garrison and got possession of the citadel during the night. The leaders of the movement in Madrid were Concha and Diego Leon, Count of Belascoain (sometimes called by his admirers the Murat of Spain), General of Cavalry. O'Donnell threw a few shells into Pampeluna to force the national guard to declare for the Queen Mother, but without effect; and the Madrid leaders, whose object was said to be to obtain possession of the Queen's person and carry her off to the Northern Provinces, attacked the Royal palace. Vigorous resistance was offered by the halberdiers, or household guard, and the fighting was continued to the very doors of the Royal apartment. All Madrid was now thoroughly roused, and the national guard and troops hastened to the spot. The issue was not long doubtful. The plot failed ignominiously, and the leaders fled in all directions and in various disguises, and some lay hid during the night under the arch of a bridge. One or two of the subordinates were taken, and Diego Leon was discovered a day or two afterwards in disguise at some short distance from Madrid, waiting for an opportunity to escape. He was tried by court-martial, convicted, and shot, the exasperation of the national guard being so great that the Regent did not venture to pardon or commute the

punishment of his old comrade. The plot having failed in Madrid, O'Donnell quitted the citadel of Pampeluna by the postern gate and with most of the soldiers whom he had gained over made the best of his way to France. Espartero, who had gone up to the Basque Provinces after the flight of O'Donnell, returned to Madrid, where he was received with acclamations.

Towards the close of the following year (1842) another insurrection broke out in the ever-turbulent city of Barcelona, where means had been taken to make the manufacturing classes believe that Espartero was sold to England, and was projecting a commercial treaty which must be the total ruin of Catalan industry. Van Halen, Count of Peracampe, was Captain-General of the province. There was some fighting between the troops and the populace, and some shells were thrown from the fortress of Montjuich. Espartero set out for Catalonia when he got news of the insurrection, which was put down before he arrived. He did not enter Barcelona, but remained for a few days in the environs.

An old story was revived about the Regent having actually signed a commercial treaty with England, and thus sacrificed Spanish interests to "perfidious Albion." The disaffected deputies hastened to the provinces; in a few weeks the manufacturing towns of Catalonia rose, and their example was followed in some places in Aragon and in the South. The Revolutionary Junta of Barcelona proclaimed the deposition of the Regent, who had left Madrid with a portion of the army to quell the insurrection, and, by anticipation, the majority of Queen Isabella. A Provisional Government, formed principally of Serrano and Lopez, began by denouncing Espartero as a traitor to the country and depriving him of the rank and honours which he had so well earned. He tried to put down the movement, but the army had in great part been secured by the conspirators. His partisans accused him of remaining too long inactive in Albufera in Murcia, and thus allowing his enemies to gather strength.

But he was well aware that he could no longer place implicit reliance on the troops, and after some ineffectual attempts he escaped to Cadiz at the end of July, where he embarked with a few faithful followers on board an English man-of-war, and arrived in England in August, 1843.

Towards the close of 1847 the disgraceful decree which had proclaimed him traitor was rescinded and his honours were restored. He returned to Spain after four years of exile, and entered Madrid early in January, 1848. His first visit was to the Queen, married two years before to her cousin Don Francisco d'Assise, who received him affectionately, at least in appearance. He took his seat in the Senate, where he was received with every mark of respect. The street (the Calle Montera) where he had his temporary residence was day after day so thronged with the crowds who waited to catch a sight of him that it was difficult for him to make his way through it. The enthusiasm of the Madrid population, who remembered only the victor of many fields and the restorer of peace, soon began, however, to give serious umbrage to the Government, at the head of which was his old enemy Narvaez. His friends, fearing that the attitude of the people might afford a pretext for some act of violence, thought it more prudent for him to leave the capital. He took their advice and retired to Logroño, where he lived tranquilly until 1854.

In 1854 there was a rising in Madrid against a most unpopular Government, at the head of which was Sartorius, Count of San Luis. O'Donnell, who had returned some years before from his Captain-Generalcy of Cuba, put himself at the head of the insurgent troops. A fight occurred at Vicalvaro, near Alcala de Haneres, with doubtful result. His first proclamation was not liberal enough for the *Progresistas*. He now found it necessary to repair his fault, and presently many generals and their troops gave their adhesion to him. The Queen, who feared for her throne, turned to Espartero in her danger. The Ministers were dismissed, and Espartero, who had

just been named Generalissimo by the Liberal Junta at Aragon, hastened to Madrid and accepted the post of Prime Minister, with O'Donnell as Minister of War. A split occurred among the *Progresistas*, some of whom adhered to Espartero, some to O'Donnell.

O'Donnell insisted on the dismissal of an obnoxious member of the Cabinet, Escosura, or his own resignation. All the Ministers, including Espartero, retired, and O'Donnell had the satisfaction of being named as Prime Minister, and, as such, charged with forming a new Cabinet.

The fall of Espartero was followed by a formidable insurrection in Madrid, which was relentlessly put down. He took no part in it, and once more returned to his retreat in Logroño. After the deposition of the Queen he might have been King of Spain or President of the Republic, but he invariably and wisely declined the perilous distinction, and preferred to remain in the peaceful seclusion of Logroño. Whatever military critics may say of Espartero as a general, it is certain that from the time he held an independent command he was always successful against the enemy; and he brought the long and desolating Civil War, which had baffled all his predecessors could do, to a close. For some years his popularity was universal in Spain; engravings of his interview with Maroto on the plain of Bergara filled every shop window; even after his fall there was hardly a garret in Madrid that had not a likeness of the "Morenito," as, from his dark complexion, he was popularly called; and still, after many years, and many vicissitudes, the memory of the soldier of Luchana is gratefully cherished. Unlike so many contemporaries, his honours were won in the field against the common enemy. He was a Field-Marshal, a Duke, and a Grandee of the highest class before the events of 1840, which raised him to the Regency on the resignation of the Queen Mother. For England he always cherished an affectionate regard, and was ever kind and generous to those who had any claim on him.





LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY.

THAT the continent which was the seat of the world's oldest civilization, that of Egypt, itself the birthplace of much of Jewish civilization, whence we in turn derive the impetus of our own progress, is to-day almost as much an unknown continent as was America in the days of Columbus, is an extraordinary fact, in some sense the extraordinary fact of this nineteenth century. That it is not wholly unknown, is largely due to the labours of David Livingstone. The famous voyage of La Salle down the Mississippi river does not surpass in its importance, and does not equal in the romantic interest of its adventures,

nor compare in the high and noble purpose of the adventurer, with the explorations of this modern discoverer.

On the 19th of March, 1866, he left his home at Zanzibar, on the west coast of Africa. In the spring of 1873, the exact date is not given, his faithful followers, Chuma and Susi, returned to Zanzibar, bearing with them the body of the loved and honoured dead. For seven years Dr. Livingstone had voluntarily buried himself in the wilderness. During these seven years he had gone through an incredible amount of toil, privation, and actual suffering. A part of the time unable to lift his head, he was carried on a rude palanquin by those whom he had attached to himself by the ardency of his own enthusiasm of humanity." He

was no anchorite, indifferent to the enjoyments of cultured society; no "brave," undertaking exploits for the very delight of adventure. He was a simple, earnest, great-hearted Christian, about his Master's business. This entry in his journal on that March morning when he started breathes the prayer which continually repeated extracts show that he prayed, almost literally, without ceasing: "I trust that the Most High may prosper me in this work, granting me influence in the eyes of the heathen, and helping me to make my intercourse beneficial to them." During all this seven years he was truly dead to the world. So utterly lost was he to civilization, that the world without began to think him literally dead. When, with a rare instinct, he had been tracked by Stanley through the almost pathless wilderness, and reports of his life and work were brought back, an incredulous public were for a time almost equally divided on the question whether the reports were genuine or false. Not St. Anthony himself became a more perfect recluse, and no mediæval saint ever suffered a voluntary solitude under such noble inspiration, and to such good purpose.

Happily, yet strangely, though the unknown continent has returned to us, not the explorer, but his corpse, it has preserved to us, without so much as a missing page, or line, or word, his journals. Since the preservation of the Old Testament Scriptures through all the dark periods of Jewish history, and of the New Testament Scriptures through all the destructive turbulence of the middle ages, there has been no more marvellous, no more providential preservation of a sacred record than this. Sacred record we call it, because the narrative of a life so high, lived in such constant communion with God, and consecrated so unreservedly to Christ, is truly sacred. The very existence of these journals is almost a miracle. Dr. Livingstone's custom was, to have metallic note-books in constant use, in which the record of each day was jotted down. When time and opportunity afforded, these "day-books" were posted in what we may call

his literary ledger. But during his long exile materials gave out, note-books, ink, pencils. And our readers may imagine that stationery is not among the articles of aboriginal commerce. "In some of his last note-books," says Mr. Waller, "we find lunar observations, the names of rivers, and the heights of hills advancing toward the middle from one end, while from the other the itinerary grows day by day, interspersed with map routes of the march, botanical notes, and carefully-made drawings. In the meantime the middle portion of the book was filling up with calculations, private memoranda, words intended for vocabularies, and extracts from books; while here and there the stain of a pressed flower causes indistinctness."

Still a continuity is preserved. The date always accompanies the entry. Sometimes there is nothing but a date. As the days of feebleness and the near approach of death came on, the diary grows briefer and more fragmentary. To see the strength for writing thus gradually give way, is itself one of the most touching features in a volume which is full of unconscious and artless pathos. At one time the note-books gave out altogether. Then some old newspapers, yellow with age, were sewed together, and the notes were written on them, across the type, with a substitute for ink made from the juice of a tree. Some fac-similes of these journals are given in the volume. They must have taxed the deciphering power of the editor, aided though he was by the explorer's daughter.

*We should have sadly failed to catch the spirit of the departed if we did not recognise in the preservation and translation of these records the hand of the same protecting Providence which guided and guarded the author. We do this none the less because, for their preservation, as for the return of Dr. Livingstone's body to repose in Westminster Abbey among England's honoured dead, we are indebted, primarily, to the two companions of his travels, Chuma and Sisi. The former was liberated from slavery by the Doctor in 1861, the other had been with



REV. ROBERT MOFFAT, D.D.

him, at least, ever since 1864. Their devotion to him affords a singular witness to the largeness of his love, since only a great heart could enkindle so great a devotion. In crossing the swollen rivers of the interior these brave fellows carried the doctor on their backs, once, at least, when Susi bore the burden, with the water coming up to the mouth of the bearer. When he sickened and could no longer walk, they made a rude palanquin and carried him slung in that. When he died they took, by universal suffrage, command of the little party. They determined to bring the body, at whatever cost, from the wilds of Africa to the coast. They built a little hut to contain it, and surrounded it with their huts as a protection against wild beasts. With a rude sort of embalming they prepared it for removal. They erected a rude monument to mark the place of death. They resisted alike the persuasions of the natives and of some of Dr. Livingstone's own countrymen to forbear from the perilous undertaking. Threatened with open resistance, they feigned acquiescence, made a fictitious corpse to deceive the natives, and sent it back for burial, then carried forward the body, concealed in what appeared to be a bale of calico. Greater courage, persistence, fidelity to a sacred trust, history does not record than that of Chuma and Susi.

To attempt to follow the course of Dr. Livingstone's narrative in the compass of so brief an article as this, would be utterly futile. We must content ourselves with showing for what purpose this long, painful, and hazardous expedition was attempted, and what results have been accomplished by it.

It was partly scientific. The Doctor carried with him the necessary instruments, and his journals include a register of the daily rainfall, a record of the temperature, barometrical and hypsometrical observations; in brief, an immense amount of matter, the value of which has yet to be measured by the scientists.

It was partly geographical. The earnestness of desire to discover the problematical North-West Passage is, in a different form,

repeated in the desire to discover the mysterious sources of that river with the unknown mother, the Nile. This Dr. Livingstone has not done. But he has made a small contribution to the discovery in demonstrating that Lake Nyassa, latitude 12° south, belongs to a totally distinct system of waters from that of Lake Tanganyika. If he has not absolutely discovered the watershed of the African continent, his discoveries indicate what is. He has furnished the world with its first map of the interior of Africa. He has brought to light inland seas before unknown, and has measured the depth of new rivers by the simple expedient of fording them. New rivers by the hundred he has laid down. His journals abound with information concerning unknown or but slightly known animals, birds, and fishes, and descriptions of scenery, not only before unknown, but whose very features have no parallel in other continents. Yet he does all with a simplicity so great that the casual reader scarcely appreciates the significance of his work. Who, for example, from this entry, would guess that he records the discovery of one of the largest of the inland lakes of the African continent.

"July 17, 18. Reached the chief village of Mapuni, near the north bank of Bangweolo. On the 18th I walked a little way out, and saw the shores of the lake for the first time, thankful that I had come safely hither."

But to Livingstone, and to us, the life of men is more than the phenomena of nature or the habits of animals. God and his fellow-men, this was the inspiration of his life; science only as it is their servant, and so the handmaid of a true religion. Whether he looks with a kinder eye on the natives than does Sir Samuel Baker, or whether the Southern and Central tribes are of a different type of humanity from those of Northern Africa, we cannot tell; but his book gives a kindlier and pleasanter impression of the African aborigines than we derive from Ismaila. Looked on often with suspicion, and always believed to be actuated by some ulterior motives of self-interest, he is in

general, fairly and sometimes handsomely treated. The reception accorded to him by Chitapangwa may be in some sense exceptional, but it is also typical. "Chitapangwa sent to inquire if we wanted an audience. Being tired with marching I replied, 'Not till the evening,' and sent notice at 5 p.m. of my coming. We passed through the inner stockade, and then on to an enormous hut, where sat Chitapangwa, with three drummers and ten or more men, with two rattles in their hands. The drummers beat furiously, and the rattlers kept time to the drums, two of them advancing and receding in a stooping posture, with rattles near the ground, as if doing the chief obeisance, but still keeping time with the others." At the close of the "reception," Chitapangwa presented the Doctor with a tusk which had served him as a seat, and with a cow.

The civilization of these aborigines does not appear to be greatly different from that of our own continent; on the whole, however, more advanced, certainly more peaceful. Pottery appears to have been known to them from the earliest times, for fragments are found everywhere, even among the oldest fossil bones. Their pots are made by the women, by hand, and shaped alone by the eye, for no machine is ever employed. They are first sun-dried, and then baked with fire. The "stone age" and "iron age" appear to be contemporaneous. The blacksmith's shop is a large stone sunk in the ground, one workman holds the metal upon it, the other with a primitive hammer, a large stone bound with the strong inner bark of a tree, with loops for handles, beats it into shape, the fire is kindled on the ground, the bellows "consist of two goat skins, with sticks at the open ends, which are opened and shut at every blast."

Among the greatest plagues of the country are the mosquitoes. The natives get used to them, "as the man was, who said that he would get used to a nail through the heel of his shoe." Dr. Livingstone constructed a mosquito curtain which protected him completely, a bit of civilization which surprised the natives. He was not so fortunate in

defending himself against the ants. When they make an incursion, there is nothing to be done but to endure. "To describe the attack is utterly impossible. I wakened covered with them. One by one they cut into the flesh, and the more they are disturbed the more vicious are their bites, they become quite insolent. I went outside the hut, but there they swarmed everywhere; they covered my legs, biting furiously; it is only when they are tired that they leave off." It is but small comfort to revenge oneself on these creatures by making a meal of them. Caught and fried, a certain species make palatable food. So at least the Doctor says, but we suspect it must be palatable for Africa. At certain times, apparently when the winged ants are about to swarm, the natives erect a sort of umbrella over the ant-hill. As soon as the ants fly against this canopy they fall down, and their wings become detached from their bodies. They are then swept up into baskets to be cooked. The tsetse fly is more dangerous than either mosquito or ant. It happily only attacks the animals, but its bite is generally fatal.

We cannot refrain from adverting to what is above all characteristic of these journals, the earnest religious spirit of the great explorer, who was above all else a true missionary. To him, indeed, the work of the missionary is not merely the conversion of individual souls, but the reclamation to Christ of a continent. His first entry in his diary is a prayer for the Divine blessing; his last act was a prayer of committal of his spirit to the Great Father who was in all his guide and God.

The story of his death is touching from its very simplicity. The native guides are called by a watcher, who fears lest he is dead, he has been quiet so long. Passing inside the hut, they looked toward the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backward for the instant. Majwara said, "When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead." The lad knew not how long he

had slept; the men drew nearer. A candle, stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. He was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him; he did not stir; there was no sign of breathing; then one of them, Matthew, advanced softly to him and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient; life had been extinct some time, the body was almost cold; the noble-hearted, self-denying Livingstone was dead.

His remains are entombed at Westmin-

ster Abbey. Among all the brave men whose bodies there await the trump of God; there is none more worthy of this last honour that England can pay her dead. And on his tomb are inscribed, a fitting epitaph, the words with which, in May, 1872, one year before his death, he closed his letter to the *New York Herald*, appealing for help to conquer the slave trade, Africa's greatest curse: "ALL I CAN ADD IN MY LONELINESS IS, MAY HEAVEN'S RICH BLESSING COME DOWN ON EVERY ONE, AMERICAN, ENGLISH, OR TURK, WHO WILL HELP TO HEAL THE OPEN SORE OF THE WORLD."



NATIVES GOING TO MARKET.

LIMBURG AND ITS CATHEDRAL.



LIMBURG is one of the most ancient towns on the Lahn, and was, until the French Revolution, the property of the Archbishop-Electors of Trèves. The Cathedral was erected in the earlier part of the thirteenth century, and was served by a provost and canons elected by the Archbishop of Trèves. In the year 1815, by the Treaty of Vienna, Limburg was united to Nassau, and made the seat of a Roman Catholic bishop.

The cathedral is a fine and perfect example of the transition from the Romanesque style to the Gothic, and is one of the few buildings in Europe which is all of the same date and entirely complete. It is also the only cathedral in Europe which possesses seven spires all finished. It is, however, not large, being only about 200 feet long. A remarkable feature in this church is the great vaulted gallery over the aisles, called the "Männerchor," and used, as its name suggests, by the male portion of the congregation. This gallery is not the same thing as the "triforium" of an English cathedral, which feature is also to be seen at Limburg in the form of a low arcade between the "Männerchor" and the clerestory window. From this it will be seen that the cathedral at Limburg, instead of being divided horizontally into three parts, is divided into four.

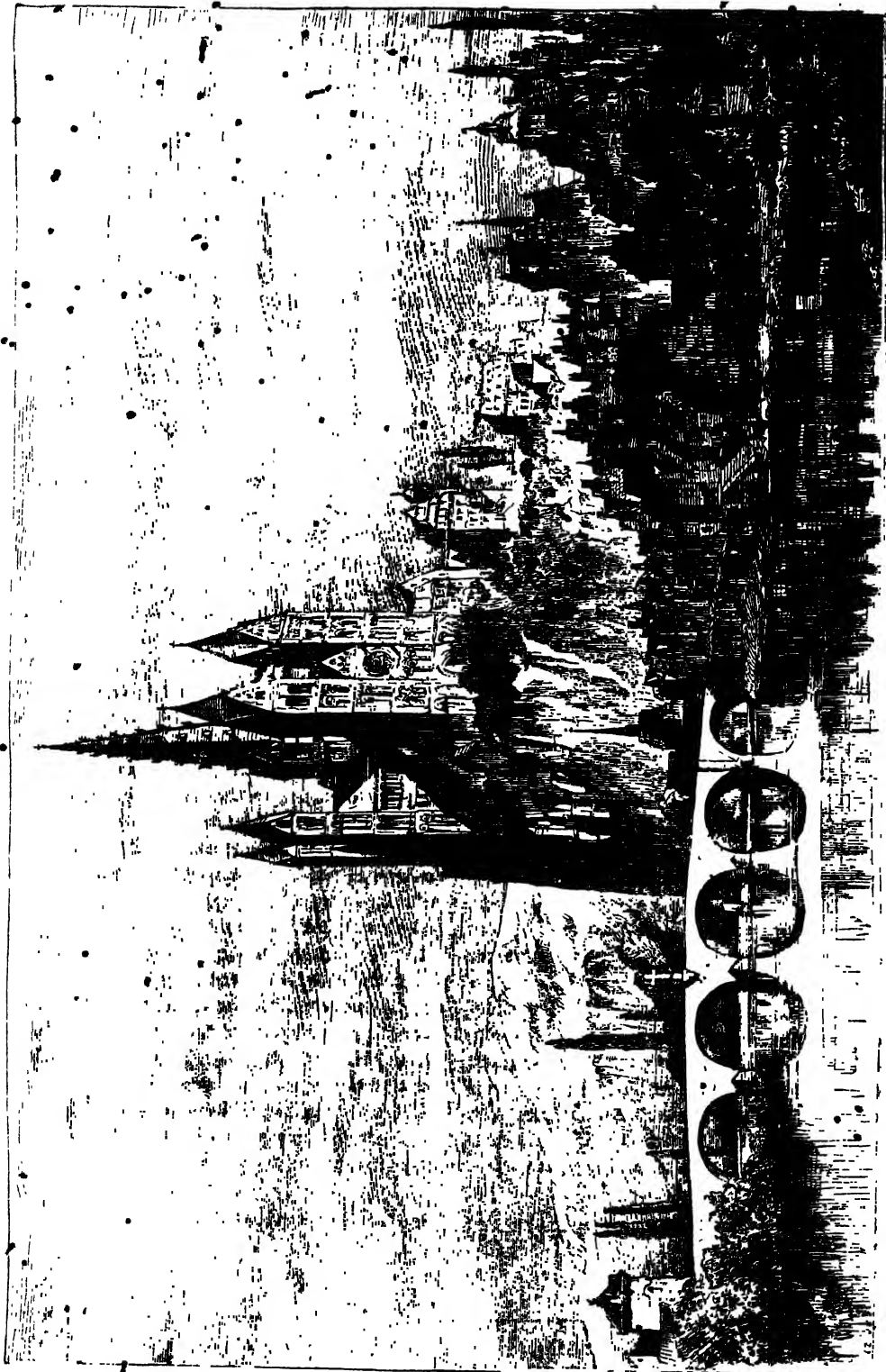
The church contains a fine thirteenth-century font, a monument of the same date, and an elegant tabernacle or "Sacramentshauslein." The sacristy is well worth a visit, as it possesses many objects of mediæval art, amongst which the most interesting are two copies of the Gospels, written on vellum, of the thirteenth century, the bindings of which are beautiful examples

of early metal work, and several ancient vestments, which are good specimens of old embroidery.

To the east of the cathedral is a singular castle-like building, now nearly a ruin, in which the canons originally lived.

Limburg contains four other churches, one of which belonged formerly to the Franciscans, and is a fine example of a church erected by the mendicant orders during the best period of Gothic architecture. It dates from the year 1251, and contains several objects of interest, amongst others a very beautiful stained-glass window coeval with the building, and some ancient metal shrines and church plate in the sacristy. Attached to this church is the residence of the bishop, where several ancient mitres, crosiers, and curious old books are to be seen. The third church, dedicated to St. Anna, possesses a fine stained-glass window, nearly hidden behind a hideous altar-piece, and some good carved wooden figures of the fifteenth century.

The fourth church has nothing remarkable about it except the fact that it is converted into a synagogue. We have heard of synagogues being turned into churches, but this is the only example we ever met of the inversion of the process. The streets of Limburg are most remarkable, they are very narrow and nearly dark from the overhanging stories of the lofty ancient houses on either side, added to which they wind about in the most wonderful way, and, as an Irishman might say, every street which does not run up hill runs down hill. Limburg gives its name to one of the most ancient books in Germany, the "Limburg Chronicle," and also to a cheese which is in great repute, and which is very good if you can only convey it to your mouth without smelling it.



LIMBURG CATHEDRAL.

LORD LAWRENCE.

JOHAN LAIRD MAIR LAWRENCE was born on March 4th, 1811. He was about five years younger than his brother Henry, who gained great distinction as a soldier and administrator in the Indian service, and who was killed by a shell at the Lucknow Residency in 1857. From his boyhood the younger brother was destined for service as a civilian in India. Having passed through a course of education at Foyle College, Londonderry, he was sent to Haileybury, and in 1829 he received his nomination as a Writer. In those days the voyage to India was still performed by way of the Cape, the "overland route" being yet unused. In 1831 John Lawrence was appointed Assistant to the Chief Commissioner and Resident at Delhi; in 1833 he became an officiating magistrate and collector; in 1836 he received the post of joint-magistrate and deputy-collector of the southern division of Delhi. At the end of the same year he was made officiating magistrate of the southern division, and in 1838 he was engaged in settlement duties in Jillah Etawah.

Early in 1840 he took his first furlough to Europe, and was absent from India for nearly two years. In August, 1841, he married Harriette Katherine, daughter of the Rev. Richard Hamilton, rector and vicar of the parish of Cudaff and Cloncha, county Donegal. Some time after his return to India he became magistrate and collector in the central district of the Delhi territory, and earned by his diligence and abilities the important post of Commissioner of the Trans-Sutlej Provinces, to which he was appointed in 1848. For short periods about the same time he acted also as Resident at Lahore. The second Sikh War, which broke out in 1848, and resulted in annexation, brought important duties to

both the Lawrences, who were appointed, together with Mr. Charles Grenvill Mansel, as a Board of Administration for the Punjab. An onerous task devolved upon this Board. The population of the extensive territory committed to its care included warlike races, and was bitterly antagonistic to the British. A state of lawlessness, moreover, had hitherto prevailed. It was the duty of the Board, against all obstacles, to carry out the principles of British rule in the newly-acquired territory, and the success of the administration was signally manifest during the Mutiny of 1857.

At Lahore, in that terrible emergency, the vigilance and energy of John Lawrence made themselves felt, and contributed materially to the work of upholding English supremacy in India. He had already, in 1856, been made a K.C.B. for his work in the Punjab, and in 1857 he was promoted to the dignity of G.C.B. for his services on the outbreak of the Mutiny. In 1858 he was further honoured by being created a baronet. He was made a member of the Privy Council, and on the institution of the Order of the Star of India was created a K.S.I. The Court of Directors of the East India Company granted him a life pension of £2,000 a year, which he continued to enjoy, together with his full salary, when he became Viceroy of India. He succeeded Lord Elgin in that post in December, 1863, and held it for the usual period of five years. In April, 1869, he was created Baron Lawrence of the Punjab and of Grately, in the county of Southampton.

After his final return from India, Lord Lawrence took a prominent part in philanthropic and educational movements in this country. On the formation of the London School Board in 1870, he was chosen to be its Chairman, and he held the post till November, 1873, when he resigned. In questions of Indian politics he continued to

take an active interest, and in the year 1878 letters from him were frequently published, warmly opposing the Afghan policy of the Government, a policy which was a distinct departure from that which he had carried out in India.

For some time Lord Lawrence had been in a delicate state of health. He had lost the sight of one eye, and that of the other was much affected. A chill led to a serious illness, which terminated in death between ten and eleven o'clock on the evening of June 28, 1879, at his residence, Kensington. Lord Lawrence had reached his 69th year.

In a leading article the *Times* thus refers to Lord Lawrence: "Last night there passed away from our midst one whose name will ever be inseparably connected with the history of British India. Englishmen of all parties and natives of all creeds will truly mourn the loss of John Lawrence of the Punjab. The son of a soldier who had gained distinction in India, Lord Lawrence's thoughts as a boy were turned to the East, where two of his brothers were then serving. At the early age of sixteen he carried off the chief prizes at Haileybury, and in 1827 entered upon his career as a civil servant of the Honourable East India Company. The early years of his service were passed in magisterial and revenue duties in the North-West Provinces, and there he laid the foundation of that deep insight into the condition of the peasantry of India which enabled him in after years to complete so satisfactorily the settlement of our newly-acquired province of the Punjab. As a political officer he accompanied Sir Henry Hardinge during the first Sikh war, and on the conclusion of peace was appointed Commissioner of the ceded territory within the Sutlej.

His administrative abilities now found ample scope, and the district entrusted to his charge, though peopled with Sikhs against whom he had but lately been warring, and with whom it was evident we should soon be once more engaged, speedily became as tranquil as any in our Empire. Under his guidance a brigade of local

troops was recruited from the peasants themselves, and when the second Sikh war broke out these men showed themselves worthy of the confidence John Lawrence had placed in them by loyally acting against their own countrymen. In the interim between the first and second Sikh wars Lord Lawrence on more than one occasion acted as Resident at the Court of Lahore; and on the annexation of the Punjab, he, together with his brother, the late Sir Henry Lawrence, and Mr. Mansel, was appointed a member of the Board of Administration selected to rule over the kingdom of Runjeet Singh.

The Punjab at that time was in a most deplorable condition. The Sikhs, the dominant race, were a purely military people, who despised and trod under foot the more peaceful of their fellow-subjects. The province was overrun with disbanded soldiery clamouring for arrears of pay, or endeavouring to carry out the system, permitted by their late monarch, of extracting from the Mahomedans of the country a livelihood for themselves. The exactions of subordinate officers had been carried on practically unchecked for generations. Tyranny was rife, and misery the normal condition of the people. Mr. Lawrence stepped in as champion of the oppressed. The barbarous laws which the Sikh chiefs enforced at their pleasure were abolished, and the Indian Criminal Code promptly introduced. A survey of the country for revenue purposes was thoroughly carried out, and the land settled on a fair and equitable basis. A local police force was established, many of the old disbanded soldiery being re-enrolled in its ranks; and the Punjab Irregular Force for the protection of our North-West Frontier was incorporated with the local regiments raised by John Lawrence when Chief Commissioner of the Cis-Sutlej States. The force as then constituted comprised five regiments of cavalry, four regiments of Sikh and six of Punjab infantry, the Corps of Guides, and five batteries of artillery; and it was practically under the immediate orders of the

Board of Administration, who were responsible for its pay, equipment, and discipline.

Of the unfortunate disagreement between the brothers it boots us not to speak. Sir Henry was removed to Rajpootana, and John remained Chief Commissioner of the Punjab. Possessed of an iron frame, of indomitable courage, unbending will, and untiring energy, John Lawrence visited every part of his kingdom, which covered an area of upwards of 50,000 square miles. The border tribes, who, under the Sikh *régime*, were wont to descend from their mountain fastnesses and ravage the whole land between the Suliman range and the Indus, were made to feel that their reign of blood was over. They were permitted to trade with us as of yore, but the incursion of armed bands was promptly repelled by force. The headmen of the clans were summoned to conferences with the Chief Commissioner and invited to settle in our districts. In a few years the Trans-Indus border changed its character. When John Lawrence took over charge, no traveller dared move unless accompanied by a considerable escort. Now the frontier highway is as safe as the Bath road. The disarmament of the Punjab,—a step forced on us by the lawless nature of its inhabitants,—was carried out with much tact and firmness, owing mainly to the judicious orders issued to his subordinates by Lawrence.

On the outbreak of the Mutiny all eyes turned to the Punjab, our latest acquisition. Peopled by a race naturally warlike, who hated every dynasty except their own, who regarded the British as the worst because the most powerful of usurpers, and who looked upon us as the gaolers of their sovereign, it would have been a matter for small surprise had the Sikhs taken advantage of the Mutiny to rise against us. The crisis called forth the magnificent administrative abilities of Sir John Lawrence. He knew his subordinates were, like himself, men of iron, and he trusted them. Right loyally did they stand by their chief. The Sikhs likewise knew and trusted him. Chieftain after chieftain personally tendered

his allegiance and offered the use of his own contingent. The offers were accepted, and names which now have become familiar as furnishing detachments during the Afghan war then first came into note as swarming down to our aid at Delhi. The Punjab Irregular Force was doubled; its gallant commander, Neville Chamberlain, hurried down to the army in the field; and Lawrence set his whole energies to work to draw from the military population of the Punjab an army which should subdue the faithless Sepoys from Oude.

Lawrence proved himself a true general, for he detected generalship in others, and he shunned no responsibility. Reference to higher authority was impossible; and though he had no more authority to grant commissions than he had to create bishoprics, he deemed the emergency so great as to admit of any stretch of authority. Major Nicholson, the district officer of Bunnoo, was made a Brigadier-General, and as such took precedence of men who held her Majesty's commissions as colonels. It speaks well for the discipline of the army that such a step passed unchallenged; but it speaks volumes for the character of Lawrence that he dared to undertake it. By holding the Punjab in his iron grip, by diverting every available soldier to Delhi, by mercilessly stamping out rebellion wherever it reared its demon head, Sir John Lawrence enabled Archdale Wilson to storm the capital of the Great Mogul before a single reinforcement reached him from England. With the fall of Delhi the hopes of the mutineers were extinguished. Our power in India was re-asserted, and the pacification, not the subjugation, of the country became the task for its rulers.

For his share in suppressing the Mutiny Sir John Lawrence was created a Baronet and a Grand Cross of the Bath. But forty continuous years of active service fully entitled the Saviour of India to a rest; and at the close of the Mutiny he gladly handed over the Punjab to one of his most trusted lieutenants, and retired to his well-earned pension in England. He was immediately

elected to the Indian Council at home, where his large and varied experience, his cool judgment, and firmness of purpose were soon felt. Five years later, during a serious embroilment with one of the most powerful of our border clans, Lord Elgin, the Viceroy of India, succumbed to disease, and with a commendable promptitude Sir J. Lawrence undertook the onerous duties which fell to his successor. His career as Viceroy was marked by no startling episodes. The Umbeyla war was at an end when he landed in India, and, with the exception of the Bhootan and Hazara expeditions, his tenure of office was one of unbroken peace. His one endeavour was to ameliorate the condition of the Indian poor and to lighten as far as possible the burden of taxation which falls so heavily on them. In this he was but partially successful. His relations with foreign States have been much criticised, and his policy of "masterly inactivity" was by many considered the main cause of the recent Afghan war. In

1868 his term of office expired, and he returned home. He was rewarded with a peerage, and mindful of his past career, he chose as his title Lawrence of the Punjab, and as his supporters an officer of the Corps of Guides and a Sikh Irregular Cavalry officer, with the appropriate motto, "Be ready."

As a peer, Lord Lawrence took an active part in all debates on Indian politics, and though latterly much enfeebled in health, and suffering from a partial loss of sight, his interest in Indian matters was no whit diminished. He died in harness; a few days before his death he spoke in the House of Lords during the debate on Indian finance, condemned the remission of the cotton duties, and warned Government of the danger of reducing our armies in India. Lord Lawrence's career is one on which Englishmen may look with pardonable pride. He not only helped to build, but he was one of the saviours of our Indian Empire.

THE AUTHOR OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE."



PERHAPS there is no work of fiction that ever emanated from the imaginative brain of the novelist which has exercised so wide and so enduring an influence as "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." Romantic as the stories of the "Arabian Nights," it yet displays sufficient realism

to impress the mind of the young, and excite in them an enthusiastic desire to emulate the adventures of the hero of the tale; and many a youthful reader has imbibed a yearning for a life of adventure on land and sea by a perusal of its entrancing pages.

Sir Walter Scott has felicitously recorded that—"There exists no work more generally read or more universally admired than

'Robinson Crusoe.' It is difficult to say in what the charm consists by which persons of all classes and denominations are thus fascinated; yet the majority of readers will recollect it as amongst the first works which awakened and interested their youthful attention; and feel, even in advanced life and in the maturity of their understanding, that there are still associated with 'Robinson Crusoe' the sentiments peculiar to that period when all is new, all glittering in prospect, and when those visions are most bright which the experience of after life tends only to darken and destroy."

The life and career of the author of "Robinson Crusoe" was almost as romantic as the work which has immortalized his name, for he passed through vicissitudes which exhibited continual alternations of wealth and poverty.

Daniel De Foe was born in London in the year 1661, his father being a butcher in a fair way of business in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate. De Foe doubtless received such education as was given at that period to the sons of tradesmen. At an early age he is said to have shown that indomitable spirit of independence which accompanied him through life. He made his first effort in authorship at the early age of nineteen, though he cannot be considered as having then become a member of the "guild of literature."

In 1685, De Foe joined in the insurrection of the hapless Duke of Monmouth; but whilst others were captured, tried, and executed, he had the good fortune to escape and return unnoticed to London; and when the Revolution came he was one of its warmest supporters.

In 1688, De Foe was carrying on business as a hosier in Cornhill, and subsequently he received a Government appointment in connection with the glass duty—probably as a reward for political services, for he was a keen politician, and it was as a political writer that he first became known. In 1701, De Foe, in answer to a poem entitled, "The Foreigners," brought out his famous satirical poem, "The True-born Englishman," the object of which was to show the folly of the popular objection to King William and the Dutch by a people who were themselves a mixture of so many different races—"for," said he, "speaking of Englishmen *ab origine*, we are really all foreigners ourselves." The work met with royal approbation, and secured its author the honour of an interview with the king.

In 1702, De Foe having published a satirical pamphlet entitled, "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters; or, Proposals for the Establishment of the Church," which proved obnoxious to the Government then in power, he found himself in a position of dangerous popularity. To evade the vengeance which threatened him, he absconded; the Government, however, issued an advertisement for his discovery, describing his person, and stating him to be the proprietor

of certain brick and tile works near Tilbury Fort, in Essex. A considerable reward was offered for De Foe's arrest, and the printer and publisher were taken into custody; but the author, to prevent their being punished, came from his retirement, and he was tried on the charge of "writing and publishing a seditious libel," for which he was sentenced to stand in the pillory for three successive days in different parts of the City of London, to be imprisoned, to be fined two hundred marks, and to find sureties for his good behaviour for seven years. His appearance in the pillory, however, was rather a triumph than a punishment, for thousands of the people gathered round him each day; and instead of the usual rotten eggs and garbage, they decorated the pillory with garlands, provided him with refreshments, and protected him from insult. Never, perhaps, had a pilloried prisoner been so generously treated; for it was at that time no uncommon occurrence for persons subjected to that punishment to die from the ill-usage of the mob. During his imprisonment, De Foe wrote a "Hymn to the Pillory," in which he thus apostrophizes that relic of a barbarous age—

"Thou art no shame to truth and honesty,
Nor is the character of such defaced by thee,
Who suffer by oppressive injury.
Shame, like the exhalations of the sun,
Falls back where first the motion was begun,
And he who for no crime shall on thy brows appear,
Bears less reproach than they who placed him there."

On his release from prison De Foe went to reside at Bury St. Edmunds, and, again employing his pen in political warfare, advocated the union of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland with such zeal and ability that the Government sent him to the latter country to further that object. A few years later he again came into collision with the authorities on account of his political writings, and once more suffered imprisonment, from which he was released through the influence of the Earl of Oxford. His health having become impaired by the excitement and vexations consequent upon the variations of fortune to which he had

been subject, he retired from the political arena, and devoted his versatile pen to miscellaneous literature, producing many essays and other works of considerable merit.

In 1719, De Foe produced his work, "Robinson Crusoe," in connection with which his name will ever hold a place in the records of English literature. The author had great difficulty in procuring a publisher; but William Taylor, who at last had the courage to accept it, cleared a thousand pounds by the book—a great sum in those days. The romance is founded upon the well-known incident of Alexander Selkirk, a Scotch seaman, being abandoned on the lonely island of Juan Fernandez, in the Pacific Ocean, where he remained five years. He was discovered in 1709, and the episode furnished the groundwork of "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe;" and in after years supplied Cowper with the topic of one of his most pleasing poems—

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

The originality of De Foe's work at once secured its popularity, and it received increased favour from each succeeding generation, vying, in this respect, with Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

De Foe was an indefatigable writer, and gave to the world a host of works, amongst which was the "History of the Plague," being the supposed experiences of a citizen who had been a witness of all the events of that melancholy visitation. The very natural manner in which the work was written is said to have made it pass for reality with the well-known Dr. Mead.

In addition to his literary labours at different periods of his life De Foe engaged in various businesses; but being unsuccessful in all of them, it was mainly the cause of the embarrassments with which he was at times harassed. But it is to his credit, that after being freed from his debts by a composition, he paid most of them in full when his circumstances had improved.

In allusion to the many changes of fortune which he had encountered, De Foe wrote, "I have gone through a life of wonders, and am the subject of a vast variety of providences. I have been ~~fed~~ more by miracle than Elijah when the ravens were his purveyors, I have, some time ago, summed up my life in this distich:—

No man has tasted different fortunes more,
And thirteen times I have been rich and poor!

In the school of affliction," he continues, "I have learned more philosophy than at the academy, and more divinity than from the pulpit. . . . I have seen the rough side of the world as well as the smooth, and have, in less than half a year, tasted the difference between the closet of a king and the dungeon of Newgate. I have suffered deeply for cleaving to principles."

De Foe died on April 24th, 1731, at the age of seventy. Owing to the success of his works, his latter years were probably free from pecuniary embarrassment; but his life was embittered by the undutifulness of his son. He died in the parish in which he was born, and was buried in Bunhill Fields burying-ground, where an obelisk was erected to his memory in 1870; but no memorial can be so lasting as his writings, by which he will be held in delightful remembrance so long as the human mind can be bound by the chains of fancy.





THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

MARCH 2nd, 1880, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of Alexander II. to the imperial throne of Russia. It is a pleasing and frequent custom to celebrate the auspicious completion of a quarter of a century of business, social, or political life by appropriate recognition of the noteworthy event; and the return of such an anniversary of the reign of the monarch of so prominent a power as Russia would ordinarily be observed with enthusiastic fervour by his devoted subjects.

The distracted state of things in his empire, and the terrorism inspired by the prevalence of the baleful ideas of the Nihilists, will, however, dampen their ardour, if it does not prevent any public expression of loyalty and affection. Indeed, the repetition of the attempt to assassinate the Czar and his family, occurring but a short fortnight before the eventful anniversary must have cast a shade over the palace, that would have dispelled all idea of festivity.

The present Czar was the oldest son of Nicholas I., and was sixty-two years of age on the 29th of April, 1880. In early youth he showed a fondness for books and



THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

the society of men of culture, rather than for military tastes, so that when he came to the throne, at the age of thirty-seven, he found that his enlightened and liberal plans were opposed to the prejudices and passions of the old Russian party. He, however, has been able to carry them out to a great extent, and the fact that he was successful in securing the abolition of serfdom throughout his empire within six years after his coronation, is an imperishable memorial of the power of his influence, and the humanity of his disposition.

He has also in other important directions improved the administration of affairs, so that the moral and material advancement of Russia over its position in his father's reign, is said to be as great as has been that of England, during Queen Victoria's reign, over that of George III. Russia is now open to the circulation of the Bible,

restrictions on the press have been removed, education has been encouraged—every soldier of the army being now required to read, great reforms in the administration of justice have been introduced, and the education and morals of the priests have been greatly improved. It had been hoped that the Emperor would signalize the recent anniversary of his accession by proclaiming entire civil and religious liberty throughout his dominions, but various obstructions have retarded the progress of the reforms to which he had so heartily committed himself.

Alexander Alexandrowich, the heir of the crown, is not the eldest son of the Emperor Alexander II., but the second. His elder brother, Nicholas, a very bright young man, died in 1865, and then Alexander became Czarewitch, i. e., Crown Prince, taking not only the place of his brother in the empire,

but also his brother's betrothed bride, the Princess Dagmar of Denmark, as his wife. She is the eldest daughter of King Christian of Denmark, and is said to be a very good wife and mother. Her younger sister, Alexandra, is the wife of the Prince of Wales, and her youngest sister, Thyra, is the wife of the last King of Hanover. The Czarewitch, now in his thirty-fourth year, is a kind husband and father, having three children, two sons and a daughter. He is Commanding-general of the Garde de Corps, and chief (Hetman) of all Cossacks.

In regard to politics the Czarewitch is a representative of the old Russian party, which is extremely conservative. He differs widely in his views from his father. The Czar is a warm friend of Germany and of the German Emperor, who is his uncle. The Czarewitch is said to hate Germany, although his own mother is a German princess. The opinion is widely spread throughout Germany, that when the Czarewitch comes to power, a war between Russia and Germany is a certainty.

The Empress Maria Alexandrovna, who was born on August 8th, 1824, was the only daughter of Ludwig II., Grand Duke of Hesse, sister of Ludwig III., his son and successor, and aunt to the present Grand Duke, the widowed husband of the late Princess Alice. Born thus a German, the names which she received at her baptism were Maximiliana Wilhelmina Augusta Sophia Maria; and as the Princess Maria she passed her childhood and youth at the miniature Court of her father in Darmstadt. Amongst her own circle she was esteemed and loved for a kindliness of heart and a thoughtfulness of head far beyond her years. The time came when that eventful journey of the Czarewitch was undertaken which was destined to make the young Princess the consort of the heir of the reigning Emperor and Autocrat of All the Russias. The journey, it is well established, was undertaken, as so many others have since been, for the benefit of the health of the Czarewitch.

Originally entrusted to the tender care of his mother, a daughter of the gentle Maria Louisa of Prussia, he was subsequently transferred to the custody of military tutors and governors, the stern *régime* of whom quite broke the spirit of the young man, and caused him to seek in the society of the female members of his mother's family and the distractions of foreign travel a relief from that irksomeness which rendered life a burden. The Czarewitch had thus visited the Court of Prussia and many of the minor Courts of North Germany, not only in search of health, but also in quest of a wife; when, either by chance or design, he visited Darmstadt, and saw the young Princess Maria, then only sixteen years of age. According to the generally accepted story of the marriage, the Princess of Hesse was one of the young ladies who had been selected as suitable for his bride; but, according to another, she was not upon the list of marriageable princesses with whom the union of the Czarewitch would be possible. Whichever version may be correct, the young man was evidently enamoured of the juvenile Princess, and in spite of the protestations and objections of his circle, on the 28th of April, 1841, the young people were united, with not only the consent, but also the approbation of the Czar. The Czarina, on adopting the orthodox faith, discarded her baptismal names, and assumed those of Maria Alexandrovna.

No sooner was the marriage completed, and the Czarewitch settled in his residence in St. Petersburg with the Czarevna, than the hostility between the Czar's eldest son, Alexander, and his brother, Constantine—the gulf between whom had been for some years continuously widening—much increased, and after the birth of Alexander's first child matters arrived at such a climax that the Czar was compelled to interfere, and require from Constantine that he should swear an oath of fidelity to the heir to the throne. The oath was taken, and again upon his deathbed Nicholas obtained from both a solemn promise to remain for

ever closely united, in order to secure the peace and happiness of their common country. It may well be imagined, that with a house thus divided against itself the position of the Czarina was a very difficult one; and upon the death of the Emperor Nicholas it was rendered still more so by the jealousy and suspicion with which the new Empress was at first regarded. But gradually jealousy and suspicion gave place to love and respect. It was seen that under the mask of indifference she concealed a tender and generous heart. Gifted with superior intelligence, she knew how to keep within bounds the two parties contending for the mastery, while she possessed an ascendancy over the husband which he did not attempt to throw off. At the same time it was due to her tact, that a good understanding was kept up between the Czar and his brothers, especially the Grand Duke Constantine, whose visionary schemes she on more than one occasion energetically opposed. The war, however, shortly after the accession of Alexander, came to an end, and some months later the Emperor and Empress were crowned with great pomp at Moscow. Her first-born son, Nicholas, the heir to the empire, born in September, 1843, was stricken with a mortal illness in 1865, and in April died prematurely at Nice. The Grand Duke Alexander, her second son, born March 10th, 1845, then became the Czarewitch, and on November 9th, 1866, married the Princess Dagmar of Denmark, the sister of the Princess of Wales, who had been betrothed to the deceased Prince.

The only daughter of the Empress, the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, was married 1st January, 1874, at St. Petersburg, to the Duke of Edinburgh; and some months later the deceased lady, accompanied by the Czarewitch, paid her first and only visit to this country, arriving in London on October 15th. On the 23rd of the following month, the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh received the baptismal rite, and on the next day the Empress of Russia quitted London. From

that period until the close of her career, the life of the Empress was one of suffering and of sorrow. Debarred from participation in all Court or family festivities, she devoted herself to the succour of the poor and afflicted. Upon the outbreak of the late Russo-Turkish war she was the moving spirit of the Russian Ladies' Society for the Succour of the Sick and Wounded. This Society, over which she presided, held its meetings in the palace of the Empress; and though suffering in health and weak in body, her Majesty worked ardently in the cause, and many a Russian soldier had cause, as his last hours were soothed by the tender ministrations of some sister of mercy, or his wounds stanchd and healed by careful nursing, to bless the name of her who was emphatically known throughout the length and breadth of the empire as "the good Empress."

The abominable outrage perpetrated at St. Petersburg on February 17th, 1880, sent a thrill of horror and indignation throughout the whole of Europe. Since the last attempt on the life of the Czar, the explosion of a mine on the railway near Moscow, the most extraordinary precautions have been taken to ensure his safety. His carriage and sledge are lined with sheets of steel, and his uniform with bullet-proof wadding. He rarely goes out, and when he does so, he is surrounded by a cloud of military officers and agents of the secret police, who only learn where he intends to go half an hour before starting, and are even then bound to secrecy. Within the palace his Majesty no longer gives audience in his private apartments, nor will he open or read a letter, despatch, or newspaper himself. His linen, and in fact all his garments, are most carefully watched and attended to by trusty servants, lest they should be poisoned; and though extremely fond of smoking, he now entirely abstains, for fear cigars or cigarettes should be chosen by the Nihilists, as offering the greatest facility for the accomplishment of their deadly purpose. The Imperial cooks are under the constant supervision of two

secret police agents, who watch the preparation of every meal. When a dish is at length ready,—everything is now cooked in the most simple way, and no sauces are allowed,—it is tasted by two police officials before being served to the Czar.

So diverse, and, in many respects, contradictory, are the statements from different sources, that it is a matter of extreme difficulty to ascertain what is really the truth. It is certain, however, that for weeks previous to the explosion, reports were current that something dreadful was about to happen; and it is even said, that in consequence of large quantities of dynamite being discovered in the precincts of the Winter Palace, the basement portion of the building had been minutely examined and a service of regular inspection established. On the other hand, it is affirmed that the domestic arrangements were such that it would have been quite an easy matter for some Nihilist conspirator to make his way in and out of the building among the great crowd of servitors employed there, who are said to work in relays, each spending a fortnight in the palace and a fortnight at home with their families in the outskirts of the city, amongst the very lowest class, with whom the Nihilist conspirators are constantly mixing. The recent discovery of the revolutionary printing-press strengthened the feeling of security for a time, for it was believed to furnish the means of striking at the root of the secret organization; but latterly this feeling has been again disturbed, for regularly every morning there found its way into the Czar's palace a sealed letter, written on black-edged paper, warning the Czar that, if he did not alter his system of oppression, he would not live over his twenty-fifth anniversary. All means to find out the person who placed the letter there were vain; and in consequence, on the 8th of February, a number of servants and officials of subordinate rank were dismissed, and replaced by others, for whose fidelity the secret police could vouch. A change was also made among the orderly officers, German officers being in large

numbers substituted, and the palace guard was changed, the two sotnias of Cossacks being superseded by soldiers from the Finland Battalion of Guards. Still, in spite of all these precautions, there was a strong feeling of uneasiness and distrust; and on the day before the explosion, no fewer than forty arrests were made within the palace itself; yet on the very morning of the explosion a copy of the last issue of the Nihilist paper, *Semlja Wolga*, was placed by some unknown person on the Czar's breakfast-table.

The Imperial party comprised the Emperor, the Czarewitch and Czarevna, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and other members of the Imperial family, with the Prince of Hesse and Prince Alexander of Bulgaria as guests. The dinner, which is usually served at six, was somewhat delayed in connection with the arrival of the Prince of Bulgaria. At the moment of the explosion, the Emperor, in an ante-room, surrounded by his guests, was about to enter the dining-room; and but for the delay on account of the Prince of Bulgaria, the Imperial party would have been seated at table when the explosion occurred. The floor of the dining-room was dislodged, and the dining table damaged. The Empress, in very feeble health, was asleep in a remote part of the palace, and was not disturbed by the shock and roar of the explosion. The basement was divided into dwelling-rooms and a corridor. Immediately above it was the guard-room, which had a double arched ceiling. The explosion made two gaps in the lower arch, and the floor of the dining saloon above the guard-room was raised only in two places, corresponding with the gaps in the arch. A breach was also made in one of the walls of the saloon. The apartments of the Prince of Bulgaria, and those of Miss Corry, who is in attendance on the Duchess of Edinburgh, are on the same floor, and nearly opposite the guard-room. The doors and windows of these apartments were blown open, and the lights put out; but fortunately the occupiers escaped unhurt.

The Czarewitch and the Grand Duke Vladimir were the first to reach the guard-room after the explosion in the palace, arriving there just as the officers, fearing danger to the Emperor, were about to lead the remaining sentinels to the Imperial apartments. The Grand Duke Vladimir hastened to the barracks to give the alarm, and brought back the Preobrajensky Guards to the palace. It is said, that at the moment of the explosion bombs were thrown in the streets outside the palace, some of which exploded under a private carriage; but, according to another account, the cavalry, telegraphed for as soon as the alarm was given, galloped off in such haste that many of their cartridges were jerked out of their cartouche cases, and the streets were strewn with these explosives, which of course went off under the wheels of passing vehicles, the occupants of which were arrested by the police and bystanders, who were ignorant of what had really occurred.

In striking contrast with the domestic treachery which encompassed the Czar in his palace, is the fidelity of the Finnish soldiers who formed his body-guard. Eight of them were killed on the spot, and forty-five injured, of whom several have since died. Horribly sudden as the whole murderous surprise was, not one of the injured men would leave his post until their own officer in charge, who was wounded himself, came to give the word of command.

The Czar is said to have been very much affected; so much so as at one time almost to have lost his self-command. When, however, Lord Dufferin called to congratulate him upon his escape, the Emperor remarked that it is to Divine Providence he stands indebted, and that, God having mercifully delivered him twice recently from very imminent peril, he is content to trust his life for the future to His protecting hand. The Duchess of Edinburgh displayed great fortitude in the trying crisis. This was the more noticeable from the fact that her Imperial Highness was much affected on the occasion of Solovieff's attempt, being in a delicate state of health.

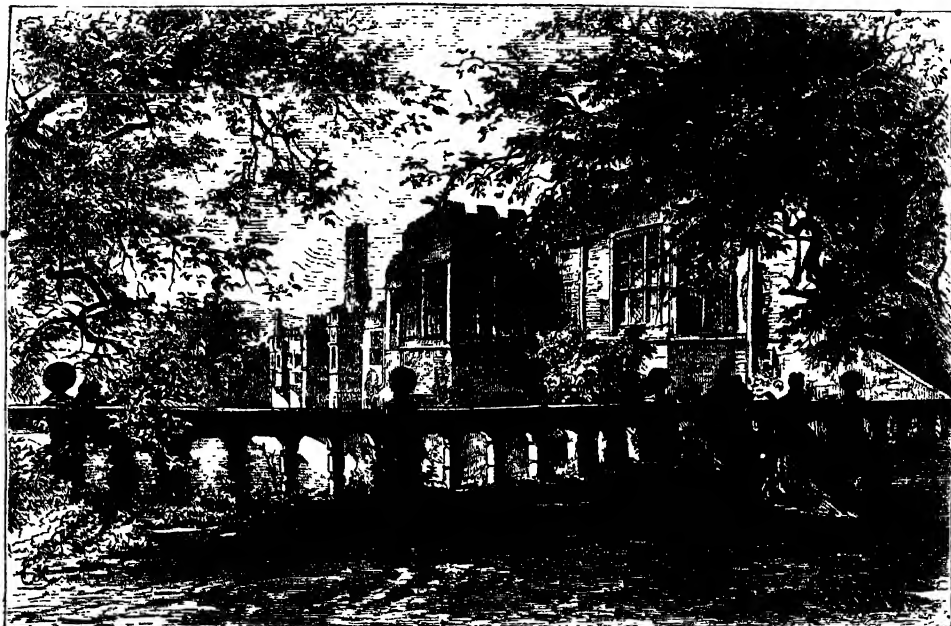
After the explosion the Emperor left the Winter Palace, and went, under escort of thirty Cossacks, to the old Paul Palace, where he slept. Next day, on his way to attend the *Te Deum* in the Imperial Chapel in the Palace, he stopped before the officers of the Finnish regiment, and thanked the colonel for the manner in which the soldiers had fulfilled their duty, referring to the fact that all the sentinels remained at their posts, notwithstanding that a company of the Preobrajensky Regiment had arrived to relieve them.

A few days later, the soldiers of the Finnish Guards who were killed by the explosion were interred with great solemnity, the funeral being attended by the Grand Duke Constantine and many generals and staff officers. The coffins were borne to the grave by officers, and there was an immense crowd of spectators. General Gourko, in an order to the troops announcing the interment of their comrades, says: "May the honourable conduct of the men who were wounded by the explosion convince the insane criminals who planned the attempt, that neither their endeavours to bribe the soldiers, nor the fear of death itself can shake the loyalty of the troops." The Emperor and the Czarewitch attended the funeral ceremony celebrated in the barracks previous to the starting of the procession for the place of interment, and afterwards visited the wounded men in the hospital. It is a remarkable coincidence, that it was this same Finnish regiment which, in 1825, was suddenly called to the Winter Palace to overawe and supersede the Grenadiers, whose loyalty was doubted; and it was to them that Alexander, then only a child of seven, was entrusted by his father Nicholas. Taking the little Grand Duke Alexander by the hand, he said: "I confide my son to your care; it will be your duty to defend his life." The rough Finns, it is said, were moved to tears. They took up the child in their arms, passed him from rank to rank, and swore to form a rampart of their bodies behind which he should be safe.

The correspondent of the *Standard* says: "I have to-day inspected the scene of the explosion. Entering the palace by the Solytkoff doorway, which faces the Admiralty, and traversing the hall, I found myself at once face to face with unmistakable evidence of the disaster. In the courtyard immediately in front of me was a vast mass of brickwork, concrete, boards, and rubbish, with here and there a shred of clothing. Glaziers were employed in repairing the windows in the apartments on the other side of the yard, to which the effects of the explosion evidently reached. Turning to the left, I passed through doorless lintels into the guard-room, a building some sixty feet long by twenty wide, with a raised ante-chamber at the farther end. To the right were the windows looking into the court; the sashes had all been blown out. To the left was a solid wall, which was but little damaged, although the stove in which the dynamite was placed had rested against it. The floor for nearly the whole length and breadth of the apartment, as well as in the corridor outside, leading to the rooms occupied by Captain Hague, had been destroyed, though composed of solid concrete two feet thick. Workmen were nailing down boarding, and had almost covered the cellars below. Three square pillars in the middle of the guard-room supported the floor of the apartment above; and had the explosive material been placed against one of them, the ceiling must have come down. As it is, in one place the plaster and brickwork have fallen, and this gave rise to the report of a hole in the floor of the dining-room; but the parquet is intact.

The Winter Palace where the explosion took place, and which is described as one of the largest palaces in the world, is the usual winter residence of the Czar and his Court. On one side it looks on the river Neva, while on the other there is a large open space called the Palace Square, in which stands Alexander's Column, a mono-

lith of red granite eighty feet high. On the right of the palace is Peter's Square, which contains the celebrated statue of Peter the Great; and the Field of Mars, a parade ground large enough for 40,000 men to manœuvre in. On the east side of the palace, and connected with it by a covered way, is the Empress Catherine's Hermitage, now a museum. The Newsky Perspective is in front of the Admiralty, and close to the Imperial Palace, which, after being burnt down in 1837, was rebuilt in six months in the middle of winter by order of the Emperor Nicholas. Each storey was dried with immense fires as soon as erected; and several thousand workmen met with their death during the rebuilding, in consequence of the alternate exposure to the excessive heat while at work in the apartments, and the rigorous temperature outside. The palace, which is painted a brick red, is four storeys high, or about eighty feet. The frontage is 445 feet in length, and the breadth 350 feet. The principal entrance is from the Neva, and leads by a magnificent flight of marble steps to the state apartments of the palace. A gateway in the centre of the building, facing Alexander's Column, opens into a large court. The interior is most gorgeous, suites of splendid halls being filled with marble and malachite vases, and pictures; whilst the crown and other jewels are of almost inestimable value. The Czar has his apartments on the first floor and in the corner of the Winter Palace that overlooks the Neva and the Admiralty. The Empress inhabits the other corner; and between the two is the family dining-room, which had however been deserted since the return of the Empress, the meals being served, as already stated, in a smaller room over the guards' room. The guards' room, beneath which the charge of dynamite was deposited, is on the ground floor, and was formerly the sleeping apartment of the Grand Duke Nicholas when a child."



HADDON HALL.

HADDON HALL.

AMONGST the "Stately Homes of England," of which we have heard so much in one way or other, and which have in many cases proved the nurseries of noble deeds, that of Haddon Hall is deserving of recognition. It stands about two miles south of Bakewell, on a bold eminence on the east side of the river Wye, and looks over the beautiful vale of Haddon. The Hall is described as the most complete of the old castellated mansions of this country. Though not now inhabited, it is in a state of excellent repair, and is the property of the Duke of Rutland. It was erected at different periods. The most ancient part was built about the time of Edward III.; part is of the time of Henry VI.; and the most modern part was erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was originally a *barton*, or farm, appertaining to the lordship of Bakewell, given by William the Con-

queror to William Peverell. It became forfeited to the Crown, and passed to the Avenell family. In the reign of Richard I. it came into the possession of Sir George Vernon by marriage, thenceforth becoming the chief residence of the Vernon family, until, by the marriage of Dorothy Vernon with Sir John Manners, second son of Thomas, first Earl of Rutland, which title he inherited, it came into the possession of the Rutland family, through whom it has descended to the present Duke of Rutland. It has some fine armorial glass in the windows, and in the chapel is a Roman altar, dug up at Bakewell. Most of the rooms were hung with loose arras, which still remains, concealing the ill-fashioned carpentry of the doors, wooden bolts, rude bars, etc. Sir George Vernon by his hospitality gained the title of "King of the Peak;" and so lately as the time of the first Duke of Rutland (so created by Queen Anne), seven-score servants were maintained, and during twelve days after

Christmas the house was kept open. Haddon consists of two courts, of irregular form, approaching to squares, surrounded by a suite of apartments, and was evidently designed to have a domestic, not a military character.

During the free mode of life common in the reign of "bluff King Hal," there seems to have lived, according to popular tradition preserved in the book bearing the above title, another king, the "King of the Peak," who ruled after a rough and ready fashion of his own, decidedly a terror to evil-doers, when he caught them, "generous and hospitable, just and strict, living and dying in the good esteem of all men." The following incident has been related of him: "A pedlar who had been hawking his wares in the neighbourhood was found murdered in a lonely spot. He had been seen the evening before to enter a cottage, and was never afterwards seen alive. As soon as Sir George became aware of the fact of the crime having been committed, he had the body of the pedlar removed to Haddon, laid in the hall, and covered with a sheet. He then sent for the cottager to come immediately, and, on his arrival, at once questioned him as to where the pedlar was who was seen to enter his house the night before. The man denied having seen him or knowing anything about him, when Sir George uncovered the body before him, ordering that all persons present should touch the body in succession, at the same time declaring their innocence of the murder. The suspected man, when his turn came, declined to touch the body, and instantly rushed out of the Hall, and made his way, 'as fast as his legs could carry him,' through Bakewell and towards Ashford. Sir George instantly ordered his men to mount and follow him, and to hang him wherever they caught him. The murderer was caught in a field opposite the present toll-bar at Ashford, and at once hanged, and the field still bears the name of 'Gallows Acre,' or 'Galley Acre.' Sir George is said to have been cited to London for this extraordinary piece of

lynch law, and when he appeared in court he was summoned twice to surrender as the 'King of the Peak.' To these he made no reply, and the third time he was called on as Sir George Vernon, when he stepped forward and acknowledged himself, 'Here am I!' Having been summoned as the 'King of the Peak,' the indictment fell through, and Sir George was admonished and discharged."

"A halo of romantic interest" certainly pervades the grounds and building of Haddon Hall, and is said likewise to hover round the memory of Dorothy, the youngest daughter of Sir George. Though possessed of "so sweet a temper, that she was idolized by all who knew her," she appears to have had as much independence of judgment as her father, and as much respect for his wish and will as he had for the law of the land. "The story of her life, according to popular belief, is that, while her elder sister, fortunate in an open attachment to Sir Thomas Stanley, the son of the Earl of Derby, and his affianced bride, was petted and 'made much of,' she, the younger, was kept in the background, having formed a secret attachment to John Manners, son of the Earl of Rutland—an attachment which was opposed by her father, sister, and stepmother; she was, therefore, closely watched, and kept almost a prisoner. Her lover is said to have disguised himself as a woodman or forester, and to have remained in hiding in the woods around Haddon for several weeks, in order to obtain stolen glances of, and occasional brief meetings with, Dorothy. At length, on a festive night at Haddon,—tradition states it to have been on one of the 'merry-meetings' consequent on the marriage of her sister Margaret,—Dorothy is said to have stolen away unobserved in the midst of the merriment in the ball-room, and to have quietly passed out of the door of the adjoining ante-room on to the terrace, which she crossed, and having ascended the steps on the other side, her lover's arms received her; horses were in waiting, and they rode off in the

moonlight, all through the night, and were married in Leicestershire the next morning." This "most beautiful of all beautiful women," a praise not borne out by her monumental effigy in Bakewell Church, died in 1584. Her elopement has become the theme of romancist and poet. In the interesting book from which these facts are derived is given some beautiful verses, of which we give a sample :—

"The green old turrets, all ivy-thatch,
Above the cedars that girdle them, rise,
The pleasant glow of the sunshine catch,
And outline sharp on the bluest of skies.

All is silent within and around ;
The ghostly house and the ghostly trees
Sleep in the heat, with never a sound
Of human voices or freshening breeze.

It is a night with never a star ;
And the Hall with revelry throbs and gleams ;
There grates a hinge—the door is ajar—
And a shaft of light in the darkness streams.

A faint sweet face, a glimmering gem,
And then two figures steal into light ;
A flash, and darkness has swallowed them—
So sudden is Dorothy Vernon's flight !"

One of the most pleasing visits in revival of the pleasant side of history is to be made to this interesting relic. The present Duke of Rutland, we believe, who has

chosen Belvoir Castle to supersede Haddon Hall, "freely opens the gate of the latter to all comers, keeps it in a state of neatness and order, preserving it for the enjoyment of all who seek pleasure and instruction there," and thus merits the gratitude of all who can avail themselves of his kindly action.

In 1841, Lord John Manners, wishing to revive the taste for feudal feeling and ancient sports, combined with certain theological and political opinions characteristic of a past age, issued a series of poetical works, one of which, "England's Trust and other Poems," contained the following often misquoted lines :—

"No, by the names inscribed in History's page,
Names that are England's noblest heritage ;
Names that shall live for yet unnumbered years,
Shrined in our hearts with Cressy and Poitiers ;
Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility."

Bearing in mind the graceful act of the Duke of Rutland in throwing open this fine old baronial residence, beautiful for situation upon the Derbyshire Wye, dating partly even from the reign of Edward III., we can pardon the enthusiasm which leads to such a climax in a poem by his relative, who has conscientiously and industriously done the State some service."

A SELF-TAUGHT MECHANICIAN.

GOOD ability, combined with perseverance and well-applied industry, meets with its reward in a sphere where merit alone has sometimes to wait long for appreciation. This was strikingly manifested in the career of James Ferguson—a practical philosopher, an astronomer, and a self-taught physicist of considerable eminence, who was born at Keith, a village in Banffshire, in Scotland, in the year 1710, in the latter

part of the reign of Queen Anne—so often described as the Augustan era of English literature.

Of humble parentage,—his father being a day-labourer,—and the occupant of a home in which little means could be found for educational purposes, young Ferguson learned to read by listening to the instruction imparted by his parent to an elder brother ; and it is told that when any difficulty occurred which he could not master, not liking to ask his father, he would apply for information to an old woman who lived in the village. His parents gave him such

instruction as lay in their power, and afterwards sent him for some three months to the Grammar School at Keith; and this was all the education he ever received. How he came to enter upon the study of mechanics is thus told :—

Ferguson was under eight years of age when he developed an extraordinary taste for mechanics; and the first indication he gave of it was by reflecting on the use which he saw his father make of the lever in raising the roof of his cottage, to effect some repairs. This incident gave his mind a bias to what afterwards became his favourite pursuit; and he now began to construct, out of the rudest materials, machines illustrating the properties of the lever, the wheel and axle, etc. One of his favourite occupations was to make rough sketches of these machines with a pen—and, boy-like, imagining that he had made an original discovery, he wrote out a description of them. And when, some time after, a gentleman showed the boy a book in which the whole of his experiments were shown, he was extremely pleased that his own unaided genius had made these discoveries—as he then thought them to be.

Ferguson's father, with little idea of what his son was adapted for, with singular incongruity placed him with a neighbouring farmer, where for some time the youth was employed in tending sheep. Whilst filling this situation, and when watching his flocks by night, he entered upon the study of astronomy, filling up his time in the day by making models of spinning wheels and other ingenious pieces of mechanism.

"Subsequently, Ferguson was employed in the service of another farmer, who not only encouraged him in his studies, but gave him permission to employ a portion of the day in copying out the observations which he roughly made at night; and whilst Ferguson was so engaged his master would, with great cheerfulness, do his servant's allotted farm-work." His nocturnal researches after astronomical knowledge were made in a rude but effectual fashion. He was accustomed to lie on his back, with a

blanket about him; and with the assistance of a thread strung with small beads stretched at arm's length between his eye and the stars, he marked their positions and recorded their distances. His master, who thus with no less kindness than consideration favoured his search after knowledge,—and for which Ferguson always retained a grateful recollection,—recommended him to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who took him into his house in order that his butler,—who happened to be a man of extraordinary ability and varied acquirements,—might instruct him in decimal arithmetic, mathematics, algebra, and the elements of geometry. It was not long before Ferguson was unfortunately deprived of the help of his preceptor, and he then returned to his father's house, where he availed himself of the instruction conveyed in "Gordon's Geographical Grammar." Constructing a globe of wood, he covered it with paper, and delineated upon it a map of the world, adding the meridian ring and the horizon. This was the first instrument he had ever seen, and by its means he succeeded in solving all the problems in "Gordon."

The contracted circumstances of Ferguson's father compelling his son again to seek employment, he entered into the service of a miller, with whom he stayed only a year, as he was not only half-starved, but, not being of a robust constitution, the laborious occupation injured his health.

Ferguson's next master was a doctor, who induced him to enter his service by a promise that he would instruct him in the healing art; but he not only broke his promise, but subjected him to the most tyrannical treatment. Whilst in this service Ferguson had the misfortune to injure one of his arms, which, being neglected by the doctor, got worse, and totally incapacitating him, he was once again obliged to return home. As a means of contributing to his recreation whilst in this enfeebled condition, he made a wooden clock, the bell on which the hammer struck being the neck of a bottle. In connection with this the following anecdote is told :—

Having frequently wondered how a watch could go without a weight and line, Ferguson's cogitations were set at rest by the sight of a watch shown to him by a gentleman, who kindly allowed him to examine the works. It must be remembered that watches were not so common then as they are now. Having asked the gentleman several questions as to the mechanism of the watch,—which, not being a mechanic, he answered as well as he could,—Ferguson then set to work to make a watch with wooden wheels, the spring being of whale-bone! When completed, he enclosed the works in a wooden case, about the size of a tea-cup; but one day he was showing it to a neighbour, who unluckily dropped it, and, turning hastily to pick it up, put his foot upon it, completely crushing it to pieces, not only to Ferguson's chagrin, but to that of his father also, who with difficulty restrained himself from beating the man for his clumsiness.

Ferguson, having thus turned his attention to mechanism, friends now crowded around him as a result of his ingenuity, and he had no difficulty in securing employment thoroughly suited to his taste. This consisted in cleaning clocks and drawing patterns for ladies' needlework. He was thus enabled, not only to provide for his own wants, but also to assist his decrepit father.

Having by the kind assistance of several persons, who had heard of his remarkable abilities, made progress in the art of drawing, Ferguson now began to take portraits, the materials used being Indian ink and vellum. He practised this art with facility and success; and it not only enabled him to supply the wants of his aged father, but

afforded himself also a comfortable subsistence for several years, at the same time allowing him leisure to pursue those favourite astronomical studies that ultimately brought him fame and reputation.

In 1743, Ferguson went to London, taking letters with him from many scientific persons, which procured him the friendship of several men of eminence. After his arrival in the metropolis, he published some curious astronomical tables and calculations, and gave public lectures in experimental philosophy in various towns of England. When George III. (to whom Ferguson had read lectures when a boy) came to the throne, in 1760, in remembrance of former days, and as an acknowledgment of Ferguson's abilities, he granted him a pension of £50 a year.

Ferguson achieved some eminence as an author, for he published many scientific works which are thought highly of. In 1763, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society—an honour highly coveted by scientific men. He died in London in 1776, at the age of sixty-six.

Ferguson was a man of clear judgment and of unwearied application, as is shown by the marvellous pursuit made by him after scientific knowledge in the face of difficulties which would have discouraged many a man of less firmness of will and a more feeble determination to make the best possible use of the great intellectual gifts with which he had been endowed. Benevolent, meek, and courteous, his whole life was an example of resignation and Christian piety; and it was remarked of him, "that philosophy seemed to produce in him only diffidence and urbanity, a love for mankind and for his Maker."



BAYEUX AND ITS TAPESTRY.



THE repose, the solemnity we might almost call it, that pervades Bayeux even in this busy nineteenth century, is the first thing that strikes a stranger—a repose the more solemn and mysterious when we think of its rude history of wars, of pillage and massacres, and of its destruction more than once by fire and sword. From the days when the town consisted of a few rude huts, all through the splendours of the Norman dukes, and the more terrible days of the Reformation, it is prominent in history; but Bayeux is now a place of peaceful industry, with about 10,000 inhabitants,—a “quiet, dull, ecclesiastical city,” as guide-books express it, with an aspect almost as undisturbed as a cathedral close. There are a few paved streets, with *cafés* and shops as usual; but the more industrious inhabitants appear to be the lacemakers, women seated at the doorways of old houses, wearing the quaint horse-shoe comb and white cap with fan-like frill, which are peculiar to Bayeux. Every building of importance has a semi-ecclesiastical character, the feeling seeming to have especially pervaded the designers of the thirteenth-century houses. We may sometimes see a little stone spire on a roof top, the architects appearing to have aimed at expressing in this way their love and admiration for the cathedral, and to have emulated the Gothic character of its decorations. A silence falls upon the town of Bayeux sometimes as if the world were deserted by its inhabitants—a silence which we notice to the same extent in no other cathedral city. We look round and wonder where all the people are, whether there is really anybody to buy and sell and carry on business in the regular worldly way, or whether it is peopled only with

strange memories and histories of the past. On every side there are landmarks of cruel wars and the sites of battles. Nearly every old house has a legend or history attached to it. The silence of Bayeux is peopled with so many memories of wars so terrible, and of legends so wild and weird, that a book might be written about Bayeux and called “The Past.”

The world-renowned relic of antiquity, the Bayeux Tapestry, which Dibdin half satirically describes as “an exceeding curious document of the conjugal attachment and enthusiastic veneration of Matilda,” is now kept with the greatest care, and is displayed on a stand under a glass case, in its entire length, 227 feet. It is about twenty inches wide, and is divided into seventy-two compartments. Every line is expressed by coarse stitches of coloured thread or worsted, and the figures are worked in various colours, the groundwork and the flesh tints being generally left white. The extraordinary preservation of the tapestry, when we consider not only the date of the work, but the vicissitudes to which it has been subjected, is so remarkable that the spectator is disposed to ask to see the “original,” feeling sure that this fresh, bright-looking piece of work cannot have lasted thus for 800 years. And when we remember that it was carried from town to town by order of Napoleon I., and also exhibited on the stage on certain occasions, that it has survived the Revolution, and that the cathedral which it was originally intended to adorn has long been levelled with the ground, we cannot help approaching it with more than ordinary interest.

The scenes, which represent the principal events in the Norman conquest, are arranged in fifty-eight groups. The legend of the first runs thus:—“*Le roi Edouard ordonne à Harold d'aller apprendre au duc Guillaume qu'il sera un jour roi d'Angle-*

terre." After the interview between the "sainted" Edward and Harold, the latter starts on his mission to Duke William; and in the next group we see Harold "*en marche*" with a hawk on his wrist, then entering the ancient abbey church of Bosham in Sussex, and the clergy praying for his safety before embarking—and next, "*en mer.*" We see him captured on landing by Grey de Ponthieu, and afterwards surrounded by the ambassadors whom William sends for his release. Then we see Harold received in state at Rouen by Duke William, and afterwards their setting out together for Mont St. Michael and Dinan, etc. We next see Harold in England, at the funeral of Edward the Confessor, and have a curious view of Westminster Abbey in red and green worsted.

Then follows the great historical event, "THE INVASION OF ENGLAND BY THE CONQUEROR," and we have all the details portrayed of the felling of trees, constructing ships, transporting of cavalry, and the like. The figures on the tapestry are coloured green and yellow, and the chain armour is left white. The borders on the latter part of the tapestry consist of incidents connected with the battle. Some of the earlier scenes are very amusing, having evidently been suggested by the fables of Æsop and Phædrus; there are griffins, dragons, serpents, dogs, elephants, lions, birds, and monsters that suggest a knowledge of pre-Adamite life, interspersed with representations of ploughing and hunting, and killing birds with a sling and a stone. The most striking thing about this tapestry is the charming freshness and *naïveté* with which the scenes and characters are depicted. The artist who designed it did not draw figures particularly well, he was ignorant of perspective and of all principles of colouring; but he gave in his own way expression to his faces and attitudes which tell their story even without the help of the Latin inscriptions which accompany them. Shade is often represented by colour, and that not always in strict accordance with nature; thus, a red horse will be represented with

one leg worked in blue, and so on; the faces and naked limbs of the warriors being worked in green or yellow, or left white, apparently as was found most convenient by the ladies of the time. Whether Queen Matilda or the ladies of her court ever really worked the tapestry, is a question of so little importance that it is wonderful so much discussion has been raised upon it; it is surely enough for us to know that it was worked soon after the Conquest. There is evidence of this, and also that Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the Conqueror's half-brother, ordered and arranged the work to the exact length of the walls of the church round which it was intended that it should have been placed.

In "Fair France" the author of "John Halifax" describes her visit to Bayeux and its famous tapestry:—

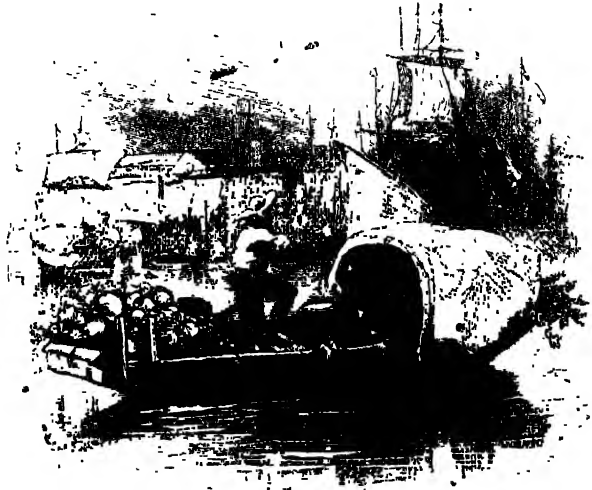
"Often as I had heard of it, I had never thought much about it, and expected to see something quite different from that narrow strip of linen, scarcely more than a foot and a half broad, but extended on a frame, the whole length, up and down, of a very long room, upon which were sewed figures of the style of art of a boy's chalk designs on a wall, or girl's of the last century, on her sampler.

And yet Queen Matilda, if she executed this piece of needlework at all—which there is no reason to doubt—must have been a clever woman in her generation. Its exceeding variety—for as the canvas extends two hundred and fourteen feet, the scenes or pictures must be quite one hundred and fifty in number—the spirited conception of some of them, and the persistent care in the execution of the whole, do great credit to this queenly Norman wife—at once wife and queen. For the way in which she always depicts her William, front face, while everybody else is in profile, and the care with which his followers are drawn, armed and clothed, while our poor ancestors are represented as mere barbarians, sufficiently indicate that, like most historians, the fair chronicler was not as unbiassed as she might have been, and knew well

enough how to accommodate facts to opinions. Throughout, William is put forward as Britain's rightful heir (the first scene being his acknowledgment as such by Edward the Confessor), and Harold as a mean usurper. As the story goes on, the designer warms into enthusiasm, and the landing at Pevensey is quite an artistic success. True, the horses are blue and red alternately, and the men, who, except William, are all in profile, have a slight monotony of attitude; still, the whole performance is interesting and intelligible, even to our modern eyes. Then, it must have been counted magnificent. The death of Harold, rude as the figures are, has a sort of pathos in it which the numerous 'Findings of the body of Harold' that have tormented us in late exhibitions, do not all possess; and the Gallic cock in the corner, crowing and flapping his wings in celebration of the event, is quite a stroke of

genius. So, too, is the border, which at this point of the history changes its style, and instead of being composed of irrelevant animals—supposed from Æsop's fables—is made up of slain men, in all sorts of possible and impossible attitudes.

Altogether, no one can examine this curious work, especially where it breaks off abruptly, doubtless where the curving of brain and fingers ceased, and the repose either of sickness or of death fell upon a life that must have been anxious above most women's, even in those rough times—no one can think of Matilda in her individuality, which this labour of hers puts so strongly before one, without wondering what kind of a lady she was; how she spent her days; whether she had a real, heart-warm love for that huge hero of hers, whose deeds she so carefully records. Speculations idle enough, but almost as interesting as the tapestry."





LORD JOHN RUSSELL.



LORD JOHN RUSSELL was born on the 18th of August, 1792. When his boyish studies at Westminster were finished, he was placed in the "Northern Athens," under the especial care of Dugald Stewart; and by the time he left Edinburgh, a lad of 17, his political faith had become that in which he consistently lived and laboured and died. In 1809 he started on a foreign tour. Landing at Lisbon, whereabouts Byron was at that very time amassing images for his magnificent "Childe Harold," he came to the conclusion that the continuance of the war for the deliverance of Europe was at once just and necessary, and acquired a profound respect, almost veneration, for the Duke of Wellington. Unluckily, also, he conceived a drama on the story of Don Carlos, to the infinite amusement of Tory wits in other years. In July, 1813, he was elected member for Tavistock, at which time the crisis in political affairs was deeply interest-

ing to one who from boyhood had studied public men and measures. In 1814 Lord John made his first advance as a Parliamentary debater; but for some years the deplorable state of the country and the unshakable supremacy of the Tories robbed him of all political hope. Disheartening labour, slight triumphs, but triumphs, nevertheless, were his portion for fifteen years.

The dissolution which followed the demise of the Crown in the summer of 1830 was almost exactly contemporaneous with the expulsion of the Bourbons from France. The English elections felt the counter-stroke of that convulsion. Everywhere the Ministerialists were routed Lord John Russell, who in the dark days of Whiggism had migrated from Tavistock to Huntingdonshire, and from Huntingdonshire to Bandon Bridge, was returned triumphantly in Devonshire. His hour had come at last. The Duke of Wellington met the new Parliament with a blank de-

claration that no scheme of Reform would be entertained. But a few days later the Government was unexpectedly beaten upon Sir H. Parnell's motion touching the Civil List, and at once resigned. Lord Grey's Ministry was completely formed before the end of November, and Lord John Russell became Paymaster of the Forces. Why had he not a seat in the Cabinet? He had the highest claims to Cabinet office; he was in his 39th year, he had been for more than 17 years a member of Parliament; for fully ten years he had identified himself with the championship of the cause which was at last winning and bringing the Whigs back to the places they had left in 1807. His name, his family connections, his Parliamentary capacity, his popular services, were all most eminent. Yet no room was made for him in a Cabinet which included Lord Auckland, Lord Goderich, and Lord Holland.

No apparent slight, however, could mar Lord John Russell's splendid opportunity. It was impossible to take the Reform question out of his hands. "We wish to reform the Constitution because we wish to preserve it," this, the author of the Reform Bill has most earnestly affirmed, was his guiding idea in the draught which he submitted to the Cabinet, and which, with slight changes, afterwards became law. On the 1st of March, 1831, he came down to a House of Commons crowded beyond all experience, and, in a speech of almost timid moderation, explained the scope of the measure. It took men's breath away. The list of condemned boroughs was received with shouts of scornful laughter, and it was fully expected for the moment that the 'Bill' would be pushed aside as a wild impracticability. But the nation had long been prepared for a step which surprised and dismayed the most experienced politicians. Never was there such a stirring of the dry bones. In the popular excitement and in the Parliamentary battles, Lord John Russell stood forward at once as the foremost and the central figure among the conquerors. His

personality was identified with the national cry, "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." His intellectual powers expanded, his oratory ripened; and by the time that the Reform Act became law, Lord John Russell had established himself in the front rank of Parliamentary statesmen. Eight years later, when the Whig Government had almost become a by-word of contempt and dislike, Macaulay in the House apostrophized Lord John Russell's early achievements. "Those were proud and happy days," he said, "when, amid the applause and the blessings of millions, my noble friend led us on in the great struggle for the Reform Bill; when hundreds waited round our doors till sunrise to hear how we had sped; when the great cities of the North poured forth their population on the highways to meet the mails which brought from the capital the tidings whether the battle of the people had been lost or won. Such days my noble friend cannot hope to see again. Two such triumphs would be too much for one life. But perhaps there still awaits him a less cheering, a less invigorating, but a not less honourable task—the task of contending against superior numbers, and through years of discomfiture, for those civil and religious liberties which are inseparably connected with the name of his illustrious house."

"Lord John,"—or "Johnny" as he was familiarly called,—became at once the favourite of the English middle class. His qualities as a Parliamentary debater were very great, and were disciplined by practice and responsibility until he acquired a mastery over the House of Commons hardly inferior to, though very different in kind from, that wielded by Sir Robert Peel. His oratorical style was, in spite of many mannerisms and a slightly provincial accent, one of the most effective known in modern Parliamentary history. He was always clear, often incisive; and if he seldom rose far above the commonplace either in idea or expression, his cold dignity was effectually impressive, and his unflinching confidence repelled sarcasms

and syllogisms alike. His "utter ignorance of all moral fear" was concisely embodied in the famous epigram of Sydney Smith, who has also observed, "Another peculiarity of the Russells is, that they never alter their opinions. They are an excellent race, but they must be trepanned before they can be convinced." His firmness, courage, and self-confidence made Lord John Russell powerful in Parliament and for a time in the country; but the same qualities led him into errors which in the end marred his career.

After the general election of 1834, Lord John Russell entered the Cabinet. A schism over the Irish Church arose; and, whether Stanley's historic phrase, "Johnny's upset the coach," was correct or not, in November, 1834, the Whigs being summarily dismissed, Lord John was out of office. On the Irish Church question, however, he in 1835 caused Sir R. Peel to resign. Lord Melbourne being recalled to office, Lord John Russell became Home Secretary and leader of the Lower House. Much of what he accomplished was solid and useful work. The Municipal Reform Bill was carried, the Tithe question was settled both in England and Ireland; but the breach with the Irish "tail" soon widened. Lord John's majority was fatally shaken, but he still maintained an undaunted front. He grappled almost single-handed with a host of admirable debaters—Peel, Stanley, Graham; and he held his own both in oratorical conflict and in the management of public business. The accession of the Queen gave the Ministry the dubious advantage of Court favour; but the Dissolution which followed left them with an uncertain majority of 16. Not long after, the disturbances in Canada and Lord Durham's mission involved the Ministers in almost hopeless perplexities; and it is to the credit of Lord Russell that he seized the post of danger at the Colonial Office in 1839. Soon afterwards, another Colonial question, the Government of Jamaica, unexpectedly overthrew the Ministry. On this defeat they resigned, but came back

on the "Bedchamber Question," an ignominious rescue to which it is difficult to understand how so proud a man as Lord John Russell could ever have condescended.

As leader of the Opposition during the administration of Sir R. Peel, Lord John Russell had a difficult part to play; but what a chief in his helpless situation could do, Lord John Russell, by the confession of all, did with unsleeping energy during the Conservative domination, till, in 1845, the Administration,—the Conservative party even,—was broken up, and Lord John Russell was called upon to form a Ministry. He had much in his favour; but, unfortunately, an irreconcilable difference arose in the Whig ranks. Sir R. Peel was forced back to office, and carried the repeal of the Corn Laws. In this painful task the co-operation of Lord John Russell was loyally yielded.

Lord John Russell's conduct in opposition had raised the popular opinion of his political character. Yet his faults did not pass unmarked. As Bulwer Lytton wrote,—

"How formed to lead, if not too proud to please,
His lame would fire you, but his manners freeze;
Like or dislike, he does not care a jot,
• He wants your vote, but your affections not;
Yet human hearts need sun, as well as oats,—
So cold a climate plays the deuce with votes;
And while his doctrines ripen day by day,
His frost-nipped party pines itself away."

At the close of the year 1849 appeared the Papal Bull dividing England into Roman Catholic dioceses. It was promptly answered by Lord John's Durham Letter, which gave ardent expression to the Anti-Popery feeling of the majority of the English people. The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was accepted by the country as a protest against Papal aggression.

From Lord John Russell's entrance into the Coalition Cabinet in 1853 dates the distinct decline of his reputation in the country. His actions were not those of a statesman who understood how to work in harmony with colleagues from whom he differed. In most inauspicious circum-

stances, Lord John Russell brought forward his Reform Bill early in the session of 1854. It proposed several "fancy franchises," a £10 county franchise, a £6 borough franchise, and a large redistribution of seats. But, on the verge of the conflict with Russia, Parliament was not prepared to discuss such wide issues. War was declared in March, and in April the Bill was withdrawn.

Towards the close of the year 1854, when the cry against the mismanagement of the war had grown loud, Lord John Russell surprised all the world by suddenly resigning. As completely as if he had planned the result, his conduct during five years had cleared the way for the undisputed supremacy of Lord Palmerston.

It was not until 1857 that Lord John Russell again came conspicuously forward in public affairs; and in 1858 Lord John Russell won a battle he had fought for years; the Lords passed a Bill enabling Jews to sit in Parliament, and Lord John had the satisfaction of introducing his colleague in the representation of the City of London, Baron Rothschild, to the House of Commons.

He was created in June, 1861, Earl Russell, of Kingston Russell, in Dorsetshire, and Viscount Amberley, of Amberley, in Gloucestershire. It is as a member of the Upper House that he was most conspicuous as a Foreign Minister. Perhaps another generation will do justice to the services he rendered in keeping this country clear of quarrels with the United States and with Germany in 1861 and 1864. His despatches were sometimes remarkable for vigour of reasoning and conciseness of expression, though rarely for grace of literary form. Earl Russell, during the whole period of the Civil War, sympathised with the Northern cause; but his icy candour deprived him of the gratitude of the American people. Of his conduct of the negotiations relating to the Danish Duchies he had as little reason to be proud as his country had to be satisfied.

Earl Russell became Premier when Lord Palmerston died, in 1865; and in the

next year the fate of the Government was boldly staked upon another Reform Bill; and the success of Lord Dunkellin's amendment left Ministers "no alternative" but resignation. With this act Earl Russell's active career as a statesman closed. But after this he was seldom silent about public affairs. The integrity, the courage, and the steadiness of Earl Russell's convictions and actions are an honour to the political life of his country, in which such qualities are not only respected, but triumphant.

The death of Earl Russell removed from the political world the shadow of a great name. For several years that shadow had been growing dimmer as the splendour of the achievements which threw it forward on the national imagination sank into the historic past; but its presence still maintained a direct relation between the statesmanship of our own day and the work of the men who, for three-quarters of a century, have had the making of English history. It was the distinguishing character of Lord Russell's position, that he bridged over, by his unique Parliamentary experience, the chasm between two generations of public men whose careers had never touched. The companion in arms of Tierney, Romilly, and Horner in the darkest days of English Liberalism, he not only shared in its triumph with Grey, Melbourne, and Brougham, but lived to become the colleague and leader of two later dynasties of its party chiefs. Both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington have been members of the same Ministry with the veteran Whig, who had taken his place among the scanty ranks of the Opposition two years before the battle of Waterloo, and who had been chosen for the arduous task of expounding the first Reform Bill to the House of Commons before Mr. Gladstone had graduated at Oxford and before Lord Hartington was born.

The last years of Lord Russell's life were darkened by a grief beyond healing, the premature loss of his eldest son. The steady and sober radiance of this great statesman's career was admirably suited to the people for whom its forces were spent.



AN INCIDENT OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

DEED was performed, four-and-twenty years ago, which has scarcely any parallel in the annals of modern wars. The hero of it was a gentleman belonging to the Unconvenanted Civil Service of India, named Thomas Henry Kavanagh. A generation having sprung up since the eventful times of the Indian

Mutiny, we make no hesitation in recalling and offering to our readers the story of the exploit itself.

India—that brightest gem in Queen Victoria's crown—trembled in the balance; and the empire was thrilling with horror over the terrible massacre of English women and children at Cawnpore, when the news came that a gallant little band of devoted men were defending themselves in the Residency at Lucknow against the hordes of a savage and relentless enemy. From the beginning to the end of this remarkable siege, Kavanagh—civilian though he was—appears to have figured conspicuously in the defence, for no sooner was the Residency invested by the mutineer forces, than he set to work to arm and drill all the civilians in the place; and in spite of much ridicule from the military men, ultimately succeeded in organizing a corps of volunteers that did splendid service for the state. Tall and handsome, with an evident *empiresment* for military life, Kavanagh proved himself the *beau idéal* of a hero; and in a book published by him in 1860, entitled "How I Won the Victoria Cross," he describes the yearnings of his heart for distinction, and the feelings of exultation with which, when he rose from a sick-bed, in which he had been prostrated by a brief illness, he heard that the siege was not yet raised, nor the mutiny over. The siege of Lucknow put to the test all those qualities

which Englishmen possess and exhibit in times of supreme necessity—namely, a sublime confidence in the midst of danger, a noble sense of duty, and an unselfish heroism; and the brave man who is the subject of this narrative seemed to have been endowed with them in an unusual degree.

The march of Havelock and his brave column to relieve the devoted band cooped up in the Residency was watched in England step by step with intense eagerness; but, through the losses sustained on the way thither by battle and disease, it became impossible to compel the mutineers to raise the siege; and even after the entrance of the relief column, it was conducted as vigorously as ever.

During five long months the little garrison was put to its wits' end to meet the constant and ever-recurring attacks of the enemy. Repelling sorties, mining and countermining, repairing breaches, etc., was the work that was always going on; and none was more willing and brave than the gallant Kavanagh, who, though wounded several times, was ever to be found at the post of danger. We should also mention here, as an interesting fact, that Kavanagh's wife was also wounded during the siege, and laid up for several weeks. At length, in November, came the welcome news that Sir Colin Campbell—afterwards Lord Clyde—was advancing with a strong British force to the relief of the garrison; and on the ninth of that month Kavanagh learned that a spy had come in from Cawnpore, and that he was going back again to the Alum Bagh, with despatches for Sir Colin. Indeed, it had become necessary that Sir Colin's march should be hastened, and that he should be guided to the city by the least hazardous route. But who was to be the guide? Sir James Outram says in a letter on the subject, dated about a year after the event: "The almost impossibility of any

European being able to escape through the city undetected, and the certainty of his murder if detected, deterred me from ordering any officer, or even seeking volunteers for such a duty."

A volunteer for this extraordinarily dangerous adventure, did, however, present himself in the person of Kavanagh. He had sought out the spy, whose name was Kunoujee Lal, and finding him intelligent, he expressed his desire to proceed with him in disguise to the Alum Bagh. The spy at first hesitated; and urging that there was more chance of detection by two going together, proposed that they should take different roads, and meet outside the city. This Kavanagh objected to, and then proceeded to finish some business he had in hand, his mind, however, still dwelling on the accomplishment of his object. At last he made up his mind, and proposed the enterprise to Colonel Napier, the chief of Sir James Outram's staff. The colonel considered the noble offer of Kavanagh to be fraught with too much danger to be accepted, but promised to inform Sir James Outram of it, considering that such zeal deserved notice.

Outram was at once surprised and pleased by Kavanagh's offer; but he pointed out the extreme danger of such an attempt, and endeavoured to dissuade him from it, while at the same time stating how valuable such assistance would be to Sir Colin Campbell. Kavanagh was, however, so earnest in his entreaties, that the General at length consented, with the proviso that if Kavanagh should think the risk too great, and wished to withdraw from the enterprise, he was quite at liberty to do so. Kavanagh was, however, formed of the stuff of which heroes are made; and having made himself acquainted with Sir James Outram's plans, he proceeded to disguise himself for the journey. This he had secretly arranged, as he did not wish his wife to know anything of the undertaking until his safe arrival at the Alum Bagh should be signalled to the garrison.

A portrait of Kavanagh in his disguise

forms the frontispiece to the book we have already mentioned, and he thus describes himself: "I was dressed as a budmash or as an irregular soldier of the city, with sword (tulwar) and shield, native-made shoes, light trousers, a yellow silk kowtah over a tight-fitting white muslin shirt, a yellow-coloured chintz sheet thrown around my shoulders, a cream-coloured 'turban, and a white waistcoat or kumurbund. My face down to the shoulders, and my hands to the wrists, were coloured with lampblack, the cork used being dipped in oil, to cause the colour to adhere a little. I could get nothing better. I had little confidence in the disguise of my features, and trusted more to the darkness of the night."

To show the thoroughness with which Kavanagh did this part of his work, it is only necessary to mention that the materials of which the costume was composed were borrowed piece by piece from separate natives. When the disguise was thus complete, he proceeded at half-past seven p.m. to the general's quarters, where he at once tested the genuineness of his metamorphosis. Nobody recognised him until he made himself known, and then Sir James Outram himself put the finishing touches to his toilet. Placing a double-barrelled pistol in his waistband, and additionally armed with a tulwar, Kavanagh then took leave of the general and his staff, and proceeded with Kunoujee Lal to the right bank of the river Goomtee, running north of the intrenchment, accompanied by Captain Hardinge of the Irregular Cavalry. Here the latter bade Kavanagh adieu, after stating that he would have given his life to have done the same thing, and with the words, "Noble fellow, you will never be forgotten!" left him to his adventure.

Kavanagh and his guide then undressed themselves, and began to ford the river, which at that point was about a hundred yards wide. Kavanagh owns that he felt his courage failing him as he entered the cold water; but seeing the guide walking quickly towards the opposite bank, he followed him. On reaching it, they took their

bundles of clothes from their heads and dressed themselves again, at the same time narrowly escaping observation by a sepoy who had come down to a pond in the neighbourhood to wash. On finding, however, that they were not observed, confidence returned to them, and they proceeded straight towards the huts in front, where Kavanagh accosted a matchlock-man with the remark that it was a cold night. The man replied that it was "Very cold;" to which Kavanagh laconically answered it would be colder by-and-by. After being questioned by a sepoy officer, who commanded the enemy's picket at the iron bridge over the Goomtee, Kavanagh keeping out of the light and allowing his guide to answer, they proceeded on their way along the bank of the river, passing a number of sepoys and matchlock-men, who were escorting persons of rank in palanquins, preceded by torches. Recrossing the river by the stone bridge, and unobserved by the sentry who was on guard over it, but who was chatting with a native, they passed into the city of Lucknow, where Kavanagh jostled against several armed men without attracting attention, and only met one guard of seven sepoys, who were amusing themselves with some women.

From the city they passed into the green fields, which Kavanagh had not seen for five months, and he says that a carrot which he took from the roadside was the most delicious he had ever tasted. A further walk of a few miles was accomplished in high spirits; but they soon found out that they had taken the wrong road, and were in the Dilkooshah Park, which was in the possession of the enemy. Here Kavanagh showed his wonted courage by going within twenty yards of two guns, to find out the strength of the enemy. Kunoujee Lal was in great alarm, as he feared that Kavanagh would think that he was acting the traitor; and he begged him not to distrust him, as the mistake was made by his anxiety to avoid the pickets of the enemy. Kavanagh reassured him; and they then walked into the canal, running under the Charbagh,

where our hero suffered much on account of his boots being hard and tight, they having skinned his toes and cut into the flesh above his heels. At length, after two hours' wandering, two women put them into the right direction, and they received further information on the subject from an advanced guard of sepoys, whose questions they had first answered. At one place a man, frightened by their approach, called out a guard of twenty-five sepoys, all of whom asked questions, and here Kunoujee Lal became afraid for the first time, and threw away the letter intrusted to him for Sir Colin Campbell.

After wading through a swamp for nearly two hours up to their waists in water, and being nearly exhausted with fatigue and anxiety, Kavanagh insisted upon having some rest, in spite of the remonstrances of his guide. After a halt of about a quarter of an hour, they again went forward, and passed through two pickets of the enemy, who had no sentries thrown out. This was about four o'clock in the morning, and Kavanagh lay down to sleep for an hour, although Kunoujee Lal again protested against it. Suddenly, they heard the pleasant sound of the British challenge, "Who comes there?" delivered with a native accent; and to their joyful surprise they found themselves within the lines of Sir Colin Campbell's camp, which they believed to be still many miles distant. An officer of the 9th Lancers conducted Kavanagh to his tent and gave him a glass of brandy, and he then asked the way to the commander-in-chief's tent. Meeting an elderly gentleman coming out of the tent in question, Kavanagh asked him where he could find Sir Colin Campbell.

"I am Sir Colin Campbell," was the quick reply. "Who are you?"

"This will explain, sir," replied Kavanagh, taking from the folds of his turban a note of introduction from Sir James Outram.

Sir Colin read it hastily, and glancing at Kavanagh with his keen eyes, he asked if it was true.

"Do you doubt me, sir?" asked Kavanagh.

"No, no," replied Sir Colin; "but it seems very strange."

Sir Colin was anxious to hear his story; but Kavanagh, worn out with the strain upon his mental and physical system, begged to be allowed some sleep—a request which was immediately complied with, and the tent darkened for the purpose. Here the brave fellow poured out his thanks to God for his safety, and dreamed of the honour which awaited him from a grateful country. When he awoke from his sleep, Kavanagh was very cordially received at Sir Colin's own table, where, over a substantial repast—to which he did ample justice—he recounted to the commander-in-chief and his staff the adventures through which he had passed.

In the meantime, the devoted garrison in the Residency had signalled, "Is Kavanagh safe?" But this signal could not be read. Shortly afterwards, however, the preconcerted signal—namely, the raising of a flag at the Alugn Bagh, told Sir James Outram that the hero was beyond the risk of further

danger. Then Mrs. Kavanagh was made acquainted with her husband's heroic act, and received the congratulations of all.

We have no space to give all the details of Sir Colin Campbell's march to the Residency; but Kavanagh, by his bravery and intelligence during that march, was certainly the man who, next to the commander-in-chief, contributed most to the success of the attack. Indeed, never was a nobler act than that of Kavanagh's; and when he appeared again within the walls of the garrison which he had risked his life to rescue, and was thus the first man to relieve it, the cheers and greetings with which he was received by its half-famished defenders must have been dear to his soul.

"Lucknow Kavanagh" he was named on the spot; but it was not until the year 1860 that Kavanagh received the reward which was the height of his ambition—the Victoria Cross. This was fastened on his breast by Her Majesty at Windsor Castle, in the presence of her body-guard and the members of her family, Kavanagh having been the first civilian on whom the decoration was bestowed.

THE POET LAUREATE.



ALFRED TENNYSON, whose biography, so far as the public are concerned, is given in the simple enumeration of his works, was born in the year 1809, at Sowerby, in Lincolnshire, of which parish his father was rector. Those were the days of pluralism, and the Rev. George Clayton, LL.D. held no less than four livings—Sowerby, Enderby, Benniworth, and Great Grimsby. He was a man of great energy of character, and was also remarkable for his great strength and stature. Burke devotes several pages to the pedigree of the family, which appears to be one of

the most ancient in the kingdom, descending from the D'Eyncourts of Norman times. The parsonage of Sowerby has been called a "home of nightingales," and amid the dozen of literary-disposed brothers and sisters, the third, Alfred, the future laureate, produced at an early age a remarkable and characteristic poem, from which we must extract the following. Invoking Memory, he writes:—

"Come forth, I charge thee! Arise
Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes!
Come from the woods that belt the grey hill-side,
The seven elms, the poplars four,
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,



ALFRED TENNYSON.

Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
 In every elbow and turn,
 The filtered tribute of the rough woodland.
 Oh, hither lead thy feet !
 Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat
 Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds,
 Upon the ridged wolds,
 When the first matin song hath waked loud
 Over the dark, dewy earth forlorn,
 What time the amber morn
 Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud."

Here we seem to have an echo of Milton's *Lycidas*. Another extract breathes of Wordsworth :—

" Whether the high field on the bushless Pike,
 Or even a sand-built ridge
 Of heaped hills that mound the sea,
 Overblown with murmurs harsh,

Or even a lowly cottage, whence the sea
 Stretched wide and wild the waste enormous
 marsh,
 Where from the frequent bridge,
 Emblems or glimpses of eternity,
 The trenched waters run from sky to sky."

This was promising verse for a boy, while in the literary world around him there shone such a galaxy of poets as Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Southey, Scott, Hogg, and many others. As they faded from the horizon, few, perhaps, noticed these signs of a distinct but equal luminary about to arise. There was doubtless in the public mind a reaction arising against mere poetical romance ; the hosts of worthless imitators,

more or less possessed of the "fatal facility of rhyme," were beginning to disgust cultivated minds. The poetasters were divided into two camps; some followed the erratic comet Byron, others Wordsworth, aiming at quantity of words, and the public of 1830 cannot be supposed to have been very eager to favour a new and unknown poet. And although the promise of the young writer was observed, he was heavily visited with censure on his first appearance in that year. Three years later he replied to his censors in a manner less brilliant but more creditable than did Byron under similar circumstances; namely, by improving and re-issuing a selected edition of the pieces previously censured, together with some new pieces, many of which have scarcely been surpassed in beauty by anything he has since written. Mr. Tennyson did not awake one morning to find himself famous, but gradually carved his own niche in the temple of fame. In 1847 appeared *The Princess*, and in 1850 the series of elegies entitled *In Memoriam, A. H.*, a tribute of affection to the memory of Arthur Hallam, a son of the eminent historian, and the chosen friend of the poet in his earlier years at Cambridge. On the death of Wordsworth, in 1850, Tennyson succeeded him as poet-laureate, in which capacity he issued, in 1852, his *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*. Hitherto his poems had been chiefly severely classical, but those written in his position of laureate showed at once his individuality and his weakness. His was not the hearty abandon of a child of the people; he could not occupy the place of a Burns, a Béranger, a Körner, but he showed that with his aristocratic and classical training he had popular sympathies, and even in his rather invidious position he showed discernment, tact, and talent in no ordinary degree. In 1855 appeared *Maud, and other Poems*, and the public again were coy, and even now the subtle art shown in this poem is appreciated but by a few. But the next production swept away all hesitation on the part of the public. *The Idylls of the King*

were everywhere received with enthusiasm, and this work at once took rank as one of the noblest poems in our language. After this came another carefully finished and very successful work, *Enoch Arden*; then *Aylmer's Field*; a short piece, *Tithonus*, consummate in its beauty and finish; and some others, among which *The Northern Farmer*, in the Lincolnshire dialect, is singularly striking. Some time was then devoted to finishing the Arthurian romance begun in *The Idylls of the King*. In 1875 a drama, *Queen Mary*, surprised the public, who looked forward with interest to this attempt in a new field; then *Harold*, in 1876.

Wordsworth, in a prose essay, distinctly entered himself, in the lists of sonnet-writing at least, as a competitor of Milton; but the most successful (that charming one beginning, "The world is too much with us,") is altogether distinct from Milton's style, and cannot be justly compared. Let any one place the early piece of Tennyson's quoted above with certain lines in the beginning of *Lycidas*, and the resemblance of language and the impression left on the mind will be certainly striking. But the individuality is strong, and shows up in this instance, as in many others, in a manner which proves his real genius. Other poets might glean the wheat of previous writers and chase it with other and beautiful setting; but, under the warmth of his genius, the seeds of Tennyson's gleaning, whether from Herbert, as in the introduction of *In Memoriam*, or from Milton, as in the last words of the dying Arthur, grow into life abundant and beauty everlasting.

It has been objected that Tennyson does not sufficiently inculcate Christian doctrine, but his religious influence is far more powerful in that he places the mind in a point of view from which to scan the great Teacher's more excellent way, and, acknowledging natural human doubt and weakness, leads and strengthens the mind to clearer and more self-reliant belief. Milton, whose youthful imagination burned to become an Arthurian historian, was led by circum-


stances to be the poet of Calvinistic theology; Tennyson has taken up the theme which he relinquished in a worthy manner. As an instance of Tennyson's ripening of the poetic seed, and as a slight example of his healthy religion, we feel compelled to quote Milton's idea :—

- “And fast by, hanging in a golden chain
- This pendent world, in bigness as a star
- Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.”

Tennyson has thus made the dying Arthur beseech his friend :—

“More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day :
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves, and those who call them friend.
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.”

CHARLES XII.

HARLES XII. of Sweden was born at Stockholm in June, 1682. When but fifteen years of age he succeeded his father, Charles XI., a harsh and despotic prince who had abolished the authority of the senate, and rendered himself absolute. Charles was brought up in his father's principles, and he showed from his earliest youth great self-will and obstinacy, and an excessive fondness for military exercises. At the age of eighteen a league was formed against Sweden by Frederick IV., King of Denmark; Augustus, Elector of Saxony; and Peter I. of Russia. Charles immediately attacked Denmark, and in a few weeks made her sue for peace; then turning to a part of his kingdom which the Russians had invaded, he defeated their 80,000 by 8,000 Swedes; then advancing against Augustus of Saxony, he repeatedly defeated him, took Courland from him, and deposing him, made Stanislaus Leckzinski king of Poland in his stead. Augustus was finally obliged to sue for a peace, which was signed at Leipsic in 1707.

At Leipsic this young king of twenty-five years of life, at the head of a victorious army of 50,000 veterans, attracted the gaze of all Europe. The principal powers sent embassies to him, among whom was the great Duke of Marlborough, but his own

attention was directed against his rival, Peter I. of Russia. Before he left Leipsic, however, he dictated several things to the Emperor, Joseph I., to do, and required that the Silesian Protestants should have free religious exercise according to their conscience, and that their Government should provide for them a certain number of churches.

In January, 1708, Charles entered Russia, having driven their troops back in his advance. He was victorious till the summer, when he began to experience the real difficulties of invading Russia. In a desolate country, with wretched or no roads, with not a fortnight's provisions, and the enemy rising in force upon the pursuers, Charles was obliged to relinquish the idea of seizing Moscow, and turned southwards, where upon the Ukraine, Mazeppa, hetman or chief of the Cossacks, had agreed to join him against Peter. In the extensive marshes which lay in his route, he missed his way, and lost almost all his artillery and baggage.

At last he met Mazeppa, but the Cossack himself was a fugitive, with few followers. Charles's other general, Löwenhaupt, with 15,000 men, was also defeated. Charles thus found himself in the wilds of the Ukraine, hemmed in by the Russians, without provisions, and an unusually severe winter beginning. Cold, hunger, fatigue, and the sword, had now reduced his army

to 24,000 men. With the marvellous exertions of Mazeppa, Charles passed the winter in the terrible Ukraine, and by the time spring came he had a force of 18,000 Swedes and as many Cossacks, and besieged the town of Pultowa, where the Russians had collected large stores. He was severely wounded in the foot in this siege, when suddenly Peter himself came up to relieve Pultowa, at the head of 70,000 men. Charles was obliged to fight, and the general battle of the 8th of July, 1709, ended in the total defeat of the Swedes, 9,000 of whom were killed. Charles fled with the remainder towards Turkey, which he reached almost alone, and where he received the hospitality of Sultan Achmet III., who assigned to him a liberal allowance, and the town of Bender for residence. The royal refugee abused this hospitality, insulted his entertainers, even obliging them at last to fight him and his little band of followers, and at last to remove him to Demotica, near Adrianople, where they continued to treat him with a generous forbearance. At last, in October, 1714, Charles left Turkey, and crossing Hungary and all Germany, arrived in sixteen days at Stralsund. Without going to Stockholm he immediately took the field against

Prussia, Denmark, Saxony, and Russia, leagued against him. He obtained some advantages, but was afterwards besieged in Stralsund, and obliged to retire to Sweden at the end of 1715. In March, 1716, he invaded Norway at the head of 20,000 men, and advanced to Christiania, but was obliged by want of provisions to return to Sweden. He entered into negotiations with Peter, but still pursued the war against the Danes, and in October, 1718, he again invaded Norway and besieged Friedrichshall in the midst of winter. On the evening of the 11th of December, while he was inspecting the trenches exposed to the fire of a battery, he was struck in the head by a shot and died instantly, in his thirty-seventh year.

Charles was a true specimen of a conqueror for mere glory as it is called, his passion for war engrossed all his thoughts, and he seems to have had no idea that a nation could be glorious and happy in a state of peace. In one respect he was superior to most conquerors. He maintained a most exemplary moral discipline in his army, which did not disgrace itself by the licentiousness and the atrocities which have marked the steps of most other invaders.

BARONESS BUNSEN.



It has been truly said that our times do not sufficiently appreciate the value of character. Wealth, intellect, and beauty receive full consideration, but moral worth is too often spoken of as the distinguishing quality of those who have little else to commend them to admiration.

If those lives which have been the themes of men's tongues had always borne the

golden fruit of good character, our standard of personal value would, doubtless, be higher.

It is among those who have lived chiefly in retirement amid the sacred influences and shelter of Christian homes rather than in the glare of world-wide celebrity, that we find most frequently the full development of integrity, principle, and unselfishness, and it is the contemplation of such lives that will enlarge our perception of moral beauty.

The record of the life of Baroneß Brynßen reveals her beauty of character, and must afford help and inspiration to all who read it.

Frances, Baroness Bunsen, was the second daughter of Benjamin Waddington, and was born in Berkshire, England, in 1791. Her mother was a Miss Port, the great niece of Mrs. Delaney, the honoured friend of King George III. and Queen Charlotte. During the latter part of her life Mrs. Delaney lived at Windsor, and her niece, whom she had adopted as her daughter, had every advantage of tender watch, care, and association with the good and great who frequented her aunt's house. She enjoyed the companionship of the princesses, and Queen Charlotte taught her to imitate her own beautiful handwriting. Miss Port possessed rare qualities of intellect, and grew into womanhood lovely in character and person. When she was seventeen her aunt died, and soon after she married Mr. Waddington. This was the mother to whose care and training the baroness owed much that she subsequently became.

Soon after the birth of little Frances her parents removed to an estate in Wales. Here the young and beautiful wife spent the next eleven years in entire seclusion, occupied with the education of her two daughters. Up to the age of fourteen Frances Waddington's education was conducted solely by her mother.

It is profitable to compare the system and results of our vaunted "higher education of women" with the plan and the result of this young girl's home education seventy years ago. Plenty of rest, air, and exercise were insisted upon, and though no regular lesson hours were appointed, she was expected to be busy when in doors. Her mind was early awakened to activity by hearing her mother repeat such portions of her own reading as were suitable. When older she read with her mother, wrote to her dictation, and learned long poems to recite. Her lessons were learned in her mother's sitting-room, where she was liable to constant interruption, and this discipline gave her the power of absolute concentration. She was also trained to the habit of reflecting upon what she had learned.

"The intellect is perfected, not by knowledge, but by activity," says Aristotle.

The success of the method pursued with Frances Waddington was seen when, in 1809, at the age of eighteen, she spent the winter in Edinburgh, and enjoyed the society of such men as Sir Walter Scott, Bishop Sandford, and Mr. Jeffrey. Prof. Playfair then said that he "had never met with so well-balanced and so elegantly cultivated a mind as Miss Waddington's."

In childhood her extreme truthfulness and self-reliance were remarkable, and she early showed a love of nature, which, fostered by the wild and beautiful scenery around her home, was in after-years the source of purest enjoyment.

It was in Rome, in 1816, that the Waddingtons met Bunsen, whose linguistic and scholarly acquirements were already widely known. He was a constant guest at Mrs. Waddington's receptions, and a congeniality of tastes drew him much into the society of Miss Waddington. He was astonished and delighted at her mental powers and fund of knowledge. Respect and admiration soon deepened into love, and they were married in July, 1817. Bunsen was appointed Secretary of the Prussian Legation, and continued to reside in Rome. Their sympathy of tastes and intellectual pursuits strengthened with the intimate companionship of married life, and Mme. Bunsen presented, says her biographer, one of the noblest types of wedded love that any country has produced, showing how entirely a woman can fulfil to the utmost the duties of wife and mother without ever failing to be the intellectual and spiritual companion of her husband.

Among the literary pursuits of this studious and happily-consorted pair, the study of the Bible was prominent. It was read daily, and studied, the English and German text being compared. Mme. Bunsen's letters contain many felicitous and suggestive comments upon the Scriptures.

Twenty-one happy years were spent in Rome. The hospitality of the Bunsens' home was widespread. Thither resorted

the founders of the modern German School of Art, Overbeck, Cornelius, and Kaulbach; also Thorwaldsen, Neukomme, Mendelssohn, Niebuhr, Arnold of Rugby; statesmen, soldiers, theologians, and members of the English and German nobility. In the society of princes and princesses, and of those who were great in the truest sense of the word, Mme. Bunsen preserved that simplicity and dignity of bearing which had always distinguished her. Love of truth and sincerity were prominent traits of her character, and she revered what was blessed in man or woman independent of externals.

Clearly the test of character is the manner in which prosperity or adversity is borne. Few, indeed, are those whom prosperity does not change. But when put to this test the genuine integrity of Mme. Bunsen's character was only more plainly shown.

Her husband had won the esteem of the King of Prussia, during the visit of that sovereign to Rome in 1822, and had been appointed Chargé d'Affaires of the Legation. In 1827 Bunsen made his first official journey to Berlin. He was received with much favour by the king, and distinguished by the friendship of the crown prince. The favourite of royalty received universal adulation. To many this advance in worldly prosperity would have been a source of joy, but the true heart of the wife, undazzled by the brilliancy of appearances, felt the spiritual danger of her husband, and was filled with anxiety. How pure, how lofty was the standard she held up to him at this trying period. She wrote:—

"My best beloved, what ticklish ground you are standing upon! . . . If you have, as I trust and believe, laboured not only faithfully but efficiently for the peace and welfare of the Church of Christ, I shall indeed be the last person to grudge you the praise you deserve, but I wish you had not taken so much to yourself. That Providence which brought about your journey to Berlin may make use of you to produce public benefit; but to be the instrument of good will not make you better, unless your

inward abasement before the cross of Christ is proportioned to your external exaltation. . . . You are placed on a pinnacle, and you will not wonder that I call to you from a distance, supplicating you to keep your eye still fixed aloft, lest, should you cast it below or around, you should grow giddy and fall."

In another letter at this time she wrote.

"I fear not to look forward to a change of fortune, knowing by experience how little outward things have to do with the satisfaction one may feel in existence. When we were in the narrowest circumstances I had less of care and more of enjoyment than I have had since what are called our days of fortune."

Diplomatic cares left Bunsen little leisure to devote to his children, and the care and early education of a family of ten devolved almost wholly upon their mother.

"She had a peculiar talent," writes her biographer, "for making her lessons interesting by illustration, and for fixing the facts of the world's history in the minds of her sons by connecting them with the scenes they visited with her." Then Bible lessons were learned with pleasure. "All my children knew and loved their Bible early," wrote the mother. The spiritual life was as carefully nurtured as the mental. She felt that her children were not given to her for herself, but that they were children of God, whom she was permitted to help on their way to the best of her ability.

Friends, as well as husband and children, found in her a true helper, one who stimulated their moral growth. Tried by her high standard of excellence, which was based upon religion and principle, they were often found wanting; but if her censure was severe its severity was made bearable by the knowledge of the sincerity and purity of her motive.

Mme. Bunsen's domestic happiness was not, however, unalloyed. For many years there was one member of her family whose jarring personality made daily life a trial. This person was her husband's half-sister, whose difficult and imperious temper had

DEATH OF CHARLES II.



not been improved by wrongs and suffering in youth or by the strain of ill-health in maturity. Dissatisfied with everything, she rejected attempts at conciliation, sometimes even driving her sister-in-law from her room, and abused both husband and wife to others.

In the endurance of such a trial, Christian forbearance and charity were put to the severest test; but nobly did Mme. Bunsen endure; and, "striving through all things to reach the best," she sought for what was good and admirable in her sister-in-law, and in her letters always praised her when she could conscientiously do so.

In her husband's political career there were many turns of fortune's wheel, and adversity was not unknown to her. At one time, during Bunsen's absence in Berlin, the cholera broke out in Rome. Mme. Bunsen had removed her little flock to a summer home outside the city, when her husband wrote that she must prepare to join him. The preparation would compel a return to Rome, where every day friends were dying, yet she did not shrink from the danger. Her reliance upon Divine protection and support was unwavering.

During a twelve years' residence in London, when her husband was Minister to the Court of St. James, Mme. Bunsen had much happiness in the renewal of old friendships and in having again the companionship of the dear mother to whom she was bound, not only by ties of filial love, but by the closest sympathy and friendship. The whirl of London, social life she never liked, and called it "splendid misery." Diplomatic ceremonies and entertainments were burdensome to her, and she found her truest enjoyment in her family and circle of personal friends, and

"in the quiet and still air of delightful studies." Visits at Windsor were much enjoyed, and of Queen Victoria she always wrote with admiration. In a letter, written in 1854 to a little granddaughter, she gives a charming picture of a royal domestic fête, in which the princes and princesses represented the seasons, and the Princess Alice—recently deceased—recited some verses from Thomson's "Seasons."

In 1858 Bunsen was created a baron, and two years later the beloved companion in the joys and sorrows of forty-three years passed away, saying to the stricken heart beside him, "Those who live in the love of God must find each other again, though we know not how; we cannot be parted, we shall find each other again."

Nobly did she strive to put aside the selfishness of grief that the shadow of her great sorrow might not fall upon others, and her earnest prayer was for the "perfect acceptance of God's will in this affliction."

During the sixteen years that she survived him the baroness wrote the memoirs of her husband, and was occupied with the care and training of five young grandchildren who were left half-orphaned by the death of a beloved daughter. The close of life found her a venerable figure of eighty-five, with a countenance whose bright serenity reflected the hope and faith of the soul that waited for the Father's summons.

The influence of such a character is felt long after its living power has ceased, and must prove, as we have said, an inspiration to seek earnestly for all that is highest and most enduring and makes life worth living, for "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report."





LÉON GAMBETTA.

GAMBETTA: AERONAUT AND STATESMAN.

AT the recent national festivities in Paris, in celebration of the institution of the Republic, two names were honoured in every gaudy variety of ornament in shops and deftly chosen coins of vantage. One name was silently honoured, one enthusiastically. The first was M. Grévy, the second M. Gambetta. Wooden effigies of the latter were studded all over the northern faubourgs. In one place a figure of the Republic arrested the bewildered spectator, and on one side of the buxom emblem was M. Grévy's counterfeit presentment, with

the single word "Peace"; on the other was M. Gambetta's, with the significant word "Force." These to-day are the two men of France; the first is already historical, the other has yet to get the right side of fame.

Léon Gambetta was born on the 30th of October, 1838, at Cahors. His family was of Genoese descent. He studied law, and in 1859 joined the Paris Bar. It was not till 1868 that his name came prominently before the public, when he acquired fame as counsel for defendants in political prosecutions. There was indeed plenty of work and plenty of need for an able counsel in these affairs. It was something more than plucking mere agitators from the uncertain clutch of the law they had craftily schemed

to evade; to the people it was a daring fight for liberty against the third Napoleon's imperialism, and Gambetta was long known to the small sect of eager Republicans who had managed to exist under the empire as the advocate who had braved imperial power in defending the newspaper editor who proposed to erect a statue to Baudin, the *député* killed in the abortive struggle against the *coup d'état* on the 3rd of December, 1851.

In consequence of his determined and able enmity to the second empire, M. Gambetta was returned to the Chamber, both at Paris and Marseilles, at the elections of 1869. On the 5th of May, 1870, he delivered a speech containing a panegyric of the republican form of government, which attracted great attention. After Sedan, he became Minister of the Interior, and he remained for some time in Paris after it was invested by the Germans; as he was anxious, however, to stir up the provinces, he contrived to escape from the city by a balloon. He came down at Amiens, and thence proceeded to Tours, where he was entrusted with the control of the war department. He assumed unlimited power, and made every effort to stir up the provinces in defence of Paris. He preached *guerre à outrance* against the Germans, and denounced the capitulation of Metz as an act of treason on the part of Marshal Bazaine. When a National Assembly was resolved upon in 1871, Gambetta sought by a decree to give it an exclusively republican character by directing that no official of the second empire should take part in the election. The decree was cancelled at the instigation of Prince Bismarck, and Gambetta resigned office as minister. He subsequently entered the Assembly as a member for Paris, became the leader of the extreme left, and to the violence of a speech which he delivered at Grenoble was largely attributed the reaction which set in against republican government, and the retirement of M. Thiers. After this, his political action became more skillful and moderate, and to his leadership the Re-

publicans greatly owed their success in the election of 1877, and their defeat of the attempts of the Conservatives to deprive them of its results. Yet in the same year he was twice prosecuted for undue outspokenness, and once condemned to imprisonment. On the elevation of M. Grévy to the Presidency of the Republic in 1879, Gambetta became president of the Chamber of Deputies.

Seldom has a public man, not a soldier or inheriting rank, attained such a position as that of M. Gambetta at so early an age. Bonaparte and his generals were young men when they burst upon the world, but their profession was one in which youth and its energy were a principal condition of success. He soon showed that there was plenty of energy and life left in the Government of France. Critics made merry over his mode of locomotion, over the vehemence of his eloquence. A man who travelled about in balloons and talked of "pacts with death" offered tempting material to the caricaturist; but these strained attitudes become the only language intelligible to a country fighting a battle of existence. It was at once recognised that the Government of France was the Government of M. Gambetta, and the struggle on the Loire soon convinced the Germans that another chapter to the war was not impossible. Prince Bismarck claimed years ago to be the best-abused man in Europe, but if intensity and virulence and ingenious variety of reproach may be reckoned as equivalent to a most extended area of attack, M. Gambetta may fairly compete with the German statesman. Every order he issued during his representation of the Government was made the subject of unsparing criticism, both in the Press and in the Committee of the Legitimist Assembly which met at Bordeaux. That Assembly made peace with the Prussians, while the necessity of continuing the war was proclaimed by M. Gambetta. It was happy for France and for humanity that peace was accepted in spite of the bold utterances of the Dictator, for the sacrifices involved in any continua-

tion of the war would have been enormous. But further examination of the state of affairs after the capitulation of Paris in January, 1871, showed that a prolonged resistance was not by any means impossible. Among M. Gambetta's severest critics has been Baron von Goltz, who however, acknowledges that M. Gambetta's energy had infused a vigour of resistance into Central and Southern France of which the results might have proved exceedingly formidable to Germany. The energies of France were better employed in repairing the mischiefs of the war and preparing for a new start in public life than in a desperate conflict to be fought out to the extremity; but the chances of success in such a conflict were some of the counters with which France went to play out the game of diplomacy, and that she had these resources was in no small degree due to the young Southern advocate who at thirty-two found himself the dominant spirit in the French Government. The dauntless energy with which M. Gambetta bore himself during those trying months won for him a decided sympathy and respect in the French army. The collapse of the empire left France not only without a Government, but without a body of men trained in public affairs. M. Gambetta stood out at once as the representative of a new generation of public men, expressing in language of unsurpassed eloquence and power the wants and the aspirations of his contemporaries. For a few months he enjoyed sovereign power, and few men can undergo such an ordeal with impunity, fewer still at the age of thirty-two.

Working indefatigably for the organization of his party, he has never stepped out of his position as an individual tribune; he has never referred to himself except to repudiate the insinuations of self-assertion to which his energy in a great crisis of his country had exposed him. Not only has he been content to remain out of office, but even among the leaders of his party he has not claimed the first place. Well for France would it be if the sound sense

expressed in the following sentiment were more generally believed in by his countrymen. He says, "I think that in a society like ours a man may very effectively serve his country by remaining where his aptitudes, acquirements, and influence are most favourably exercised. There are plenty of people ambitious to run elsewhere; but, for my part, I hold that where there is a service to be rendered there is the task and duty, and other injunctions would be necessary to make me abandon what I consider the dictates of my conscience and of my electors." In the middle of 1871, after the exhausting struggle of the previous months and the crimes of the Commune, M. Gambetta was unpopular and denounced. The public identified him with the *Rabagas* of M. Sardou, and the dramatist was thought to have produced a legitimate and effective satire. M. Gambetta had come and gone in less than two years, but the force of a great character was not exhausted by the terrible storm through which his country had passed; and now, after years of invective, he is again recognised as almost the foremost public man of France—a position which this time he has won, not by an accident, a revolution, or an aerial voyage, but by the reserve and moderation which he has shown himself able to combine with that energy which makes him one of the greatest of living orators.

M. Gambetta has never hesitated in his democratic convictions. His success is due, not to any compromise of principles, but to the patience and recognition of his neighbours' good faith which he has manifested throughout this long fight to establish the Republic. In the success he gives his party the most valuable lesson. Consciously or not, he has recognised the plea which M. Thiers made for the Republic, that it was the political system which least divided Frenchmen. M. Gambetta, while appealing to his own following as the salt of the country, has been careful to invite the co-operation of all who were willing to work with him.



A GEM OF THE SEA.

AMONG the many gems of the Mediterranean is one which, though dimmed and lustreless now, has shone with the glories of nations that have passed into dreamy oblivion. In the very centre of the ancient world, all nations which had wealth of ships and enterprise to man them found Cyprus a position worth coveting, but hard to keep. A lack-lustre cameo it is, covered with the confused hieroglyphics of all races and ages, from that of the commercial Phœnician, the philosophic Greek, the fanciful Persian, the astute and learned Hebrew, the majestic Egyptian, the mighty Roman, the flighty Byzantine, the restless Arab, the headlong Norman, the stately Venetian, to that of the blighting Turk. Each race has left its mark as one lapped over the other, and who'dare presume to be able to trace one history distinct from the rest? Two figures stand out clear above others—Richard the Lion-heart and Bragadino, lion-heart as truly.

Fired with crusading zeal, but hindered from various causes, the romantic Richard burned to share in the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. Already his brother monarchs had begun to chafe at his delay, when, on the 7th of April, 1191, Richard I. left Messina for Palestine with a fleet of 200 ships, of which 53 were large galleys. Isaac, the king or emperor of Cyprus, had ill-used the storm-cast crews of some English ships. Eager and jealous as he was of others' fame in arms, Richard stayed in his enterprise to avenge the shipwrecked men. No half-measures served the impetuous king. He took Limasol by assault; Isaac submitted, and surrendered to him the whole island. The royal crusader could not stay to administer his possessions; besides, impecunious, as became a Bri-

ish king, and his own generosity, he wanted money; he therefore sold it to the half-military, half-religious order of the Templars, with the result that their oppression drove the people to revolt. Richard resumed his sovereignty, and then placed over them Guy of Lusignan, the expelled king of Jerusalem, in 1192. For three centuries they retained it, and their period of rule was the most flourishing time for Cyprus, and it is said that through them England's "best king," Elizabeth, claimed a possession she never enforced. It is strange that an English king should perform his best deed and noblest rule in a land with which his impoverished and suffering subjects had no concern. But it was characteristic of him who died in striving to wrest some treasure-trove from a baron. In a parallel drawn between him and Charles XII. of Sweden, it is well said, "Both had 'the frame of adamant, the soul of fire,' were soldiers rather than sovereigns; carried on war in distant lands; and were held in foreign captivity." Both

"Left a name at which the world grew pale,

To point a moral or adorn a tale,"

and ended a career of singular change under doubtful circumstances of a corresponding kind.

But let us turn to a hero of humbler rank, whose one recorded act and martyrdom to duty sheds a lustre over the changeful and unhappy history of the island. In 1487 the Venetians obtained possession from the Lusignans, and held Cyprus till 1570, when Selim II. sent a devouring horde to invade the island. The Turks took Leukosia by storm, and massacred about 20,000 people. In vain the Venetians longed for aid, but there was none to help. Long and gallantly was Famagosta held by the preditor-general, Marc Antonio Bragadino; but in August, 1571, the Venetians

tians were obliged to capitulate, on condition of being sent safely home. The pasha Mustapha, to his eternal infamy, signed the capitulation, but when Bragadino, with the other Venetian officers, repaired to his tent, to deliver the keys, he had them all seized and put to death except Bragadino. Was this a gleam of mercy or

remorse on the part of the pagan? He led his noble captive, after some days of suspense, naked through the streets to the square of Famagosta, and there, in the presence of Mahomet's vicegerent, the executioner began to flay Bragadino alive. With the greatest constancy the Venetian endured the torments, with the pasha's im-



A SARCOPHAGUS AT DELAPAI.

passive face surveying all, and then his spirit fled. His skin was filled with straw and hung up to the yard-arm of the admiral's vessel in which Mustapha returned to Constantinople. Venice raised a monument to the memory of her brave general, and his relatives after a time ransomed his skin, which was placed in the monument.

Such conduct befits the Moslem bigot.

Wherever they have a mosque in the lands they won by treachery or butchery, over its pulpit is fitly placed a sword. Of the creed of their founder they have learned well the lesson of violence. "That which is ruin, let it be ruin still," was their motto in this island. Jackals of Time the destroyer, the goodly buildings they found were overthrown or converted into mosques.

The splendour of Gothic architecture is still represented in a cathedral and many ruins, among which are found royal tombs; the bald mosques still represent a creed seemingly dead, but which is only in dormant ferocity. One of the mosques is dedicated to the nurse of Mahomet, who, we learn, found him so untractable in baby-

hood that she refused to train him, believing him to be mad; but as the nurse is a sacred personage in Mohammedan belief, and supposed to hover, genius-like, over her charge through his life, she was deemed worthy of honour.

It has become the fashion to paint the founder of Islam in pleasing colours, and



THE MOSQUE OF MAHOMET'S NURSE.

certainly the following description of him is very different from that of a typical Turk: "He was of middle height, rather thin, but broad of shoulders, wide of chest, strong of bone and muscle; his head was massive and strongly developed; dark hair, slightly curled, flowed in a dense mass down almost to his shoulders. His face was oval-shaped, and slightly tawny of colour. Fine, long,

arched eyebrows were divided by a vein which throbbed visibly in moments of passion. Great black, restless eyes shone out from under long, heavy eyelashes. His nose was large and slightly aquiline; his teeth, upon which he bestowed great care, were well set and dazzlingly white. A full beard framed his manly face. His skin was clear and soft; his complexion red

and white.' His hands were as 'silk and satin,' even as those of a woman. His step was quick and elastic, yet firm, and 'as that of one who steps from a high to a low place.' His whole gait and presence was dignified and imposing. His countenance was mild and pensive. His laugh was rarely more than a smile. 'O my little son,' reads one tradition, 'hadst thou seen him, thou wouldst have said thou hadst seen a sun rising.' In his habits he was extremely simple. He visited the sick, followed any bier he met, accepted the invitation of a slave to dinner, mended his own clothes, milked his goats, and waited upon himself. He never first withdrew his hand out of another man's palm, and turned not before another had turned. 'His hand,' says the tradition, 'was the most generous; his breast the most courageous; his tongue the most truthful; he was the most faithful protector of those he protected; the sweetest and most agreeable in conversation.' Those who saw him were suddenly filled with reverence; those who came near him loved him; they who described him would say, 'I have never seen his like either before or after.'" Perpetual brooding in the solitude of a cave is said to have brought on the ecstatic state; he saw visions, he received a call. An impulse like a form and voice said to him,

"Cry out! recite! preach!" and in a race of poets, he who could sing no love-songs cried out in tones that quenched all song, preaching the omnipotence of the sword. "Plunder here and self-indulgence hereafter," has ever been his followers' version of his creed. "He preached Islam," says Deutsch, "and he preached it by rending the skies above and tearing open the ground below, by adjuring heaven and hell, the living and the dead. The Arabs have ever been proficient in the art of swearing, but such swearing had never been heard in and out of Arabia. By the foaming waters and by the grim darkness, by the flaming sun and the setting stars, by Mount Sinai and by Him who spanned the firmament, by the human soul and the small voice, by the Kaaba and by the book, by the moon and the dawn and the angels, by the ten nights of dread mystery and by the day of judgment,—that day of judgment at the approach whereof the earth shaketh, and the mountains are scattered into dust, and the seas blaze up in fire, and the children's hair grows white with anguish, and like locust swarms the souls arise out of their graves, and Allah cries to Hell, 'Art thou filled full?' and Hell cries to Allah, 'More, give me more!' while Paradise opens its blissful gates to the righteous, and glory ineffable awaits them."





THE VICISSITUDES OF AN INVENTOR.

ONE of the most remarkable illustrations of the folly manifested by ignorance and prejudice against valuable efforts in the direction of mechanical improvements, is shown in the history of Joseph Marie Jacquard, whose name stands forth prominently amongst a people famous for their inventive skill.

Jacquard was the son of parents in a humble sphere of life, and was born at Lyons in the year 1752. He received but a slender education; and when sufficiently old to commence learning a business, his father placed him with a bookbinder; and in this capacity he speedily displayed a remarkable turn for mechanics—so much so, that his father was urged to put him to another trade, where his abilities might have a wider scope. He was then placed with a cutler; but his father dying shortly after, the circumstances of the family compelled Jacquard to take to the two looms which had been worked by his deceased parent, and carry on the occupation of a weaver. His mechanical instincts at once led him to devote his attention to the improvement of the loom; and, like Palissy the potter, he became so engrossed with the idea, that he neglected his ordinary duties, so that his business fell off, and he was not only reduced to poverty, but was necessitated to sell his looms. And as he had married early, he had also the responsibilities of a family weighing upon him. But despite all these difficulties he struggled on, and persevered for many years, until at length he had the supreme happiness of perfecting a draw-loom for the better manufacture of figured fabrics.

It was in 1790, when thirty-eight years of age, that Jacquard brought out his ingenious contrivance for selecting the warp-

threads, which, when added to the loom, superseded the services of a draw-boy. Such was its success that, within ten years after its introduction, four thousand of these machines were at work in the city of Lyons. The stormy scenes of the Revolution greatly interfered with the prosecution of his work; and Jacquard, entering the ranks of the volunteers of Lyons, rose to the position of a sergeant. Joining the army of the Rhine, he experienced the anguish of seeing his son fall by his side. This sad event decided him to leave the army, and returning to Lyons, he rejoined his wife; and, living in concealment, he was obliged to earn a precarious subsistence by plaiting straw. But, even amid the troubles by which he was surrounded, his mind continually and persistently reverted to those labours in which he had always taken so deep an interest. Much, however, as he had done in the way of mechanical improvement, he felt that there was a great deal more to be accomplished; and a sum of money having been placed at his disposal by a person who took an interest in his inventions, he once more applied himself to his hobby, working at it by day as well as by night. In three months he had produced a loom which effected an enormous saving in manual labour; and the loom was exhibited, in 1801, at the Exposition of National Industry in Paris, obtaining a bronze medal.

Shortly after, having seen in an English newspaper that the Society of Arts had offered a prize for a machine for weaving fishing-nets, Jacquard immediately set his inventive wits to work, and, simply for his own amusement, constructed a loom that accomplished the desired object. But he made no efforts to obtain the reward; and, after showing the machine to a friend, put it aside amongst some of his other inventions, and thought no more of it. But

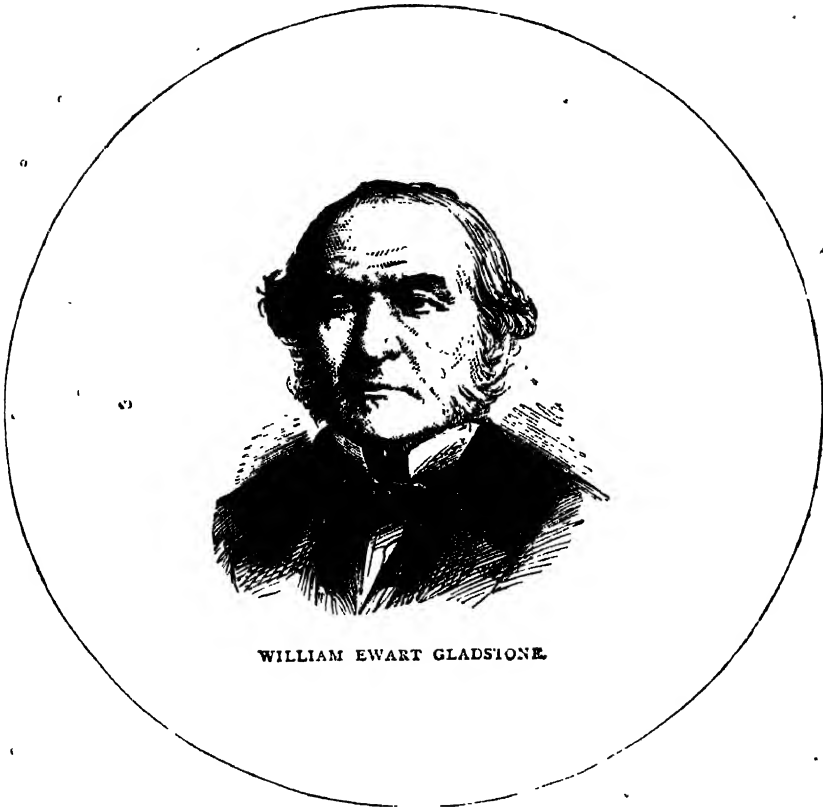
in about a year after, to his extreme surprise, he was sent for by the Prefect of the department, who wished to see the machine, but it could not be found. The Prefect requested him to make another, which he did; and shortly afterwards he was summoned to Paris, and had an interview with Bonaparte, when he explained his invention as well as some improvements he proposed to make in weaving appliances. The Emperor, highly pleased with Jacquard's description of his loom, and what it would accomplish, allotted him a suitable pension; gave him employment in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers; and thus, being relieved from the embarrassments that had hitherto beset him, he was enabled to exercise more freely his ingenuity in perfecting his "Jacquard" loom.

Now no longer compelled to struggle with poverty, Jacquard proceeded to complete the details of other inventions. Amongst these was a weaving machine; and the first use he made of it was to throw off several yards of rich stuff, which he presented to the Empress Josephine. Bonaparte, highly gratified at the result of these labours, ordered a number of looms to be constructed by the best workmen after Jacquard's model. And now was repeated one of those scenes which in our own country has unhappily fallen to the lot of some of those inventors who have by their ingenuity contributed to the economy of labour. In the year 1811, large parties of men under the name of "Luddites," in Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, commenced breaking machinery. These outrages extended over several years, in the course of which riots occurred, and many persons were killed.

Returning to Lyons, instead of being regarded as a benefactor, he was looked upon by his townsmen as an enemy. The workmen feared that the new loom would injure their trade; and so strong was the public feeling that a stormy meeting of the *Lyonnais* was held, at which it was resolved to destroy the machines. One of the looms was actually carried off, and broken to

pieces in the public square of Lyons; and Jacquard was not only hanged in effigy, but was himself seized by an infuriated mob, who would have drowned him had he not been rescued. To use Jacquard's own language, "The iron of which his machine was composed was sold for iron, the wood for wood." It is not, however, by such means as these that the triumphs of the human intellect can be disposed of. That to which the brain has given birth must surmount the difficulties thrown in the way of its progress by prejudice and passion. The value of the Jacquard loom was too great to permit of its being suppressed; and was soon recognised by the manufacturers of England; and shortly after, Lyons, seeing before it an inevitable and perhaps ruinous competition, hastened to adopt it. It was speedily brought into general use, and then it was seen how groundless had been the apprehensions of the workpeople. So far from diminishing employment, and taking the bread from the mechanics, it increased their work tenfold. And to this day, through its agency, the silk manufacturers of Lyons represent an industry famous throughout the civilized world.

The history of mechanical science is full of instances in which men of inventive genius have spent their lives in contributing to the industrial wealth and progress of the age, and have died without experiencing any of the gratitude which ought to be accorded to the services of great national benefactors; but it is pleasant to record that Jacquard lived to receive the decoration of the Legion of Honour; and before he died, at the good old age of eighty-two, he had the satisfaction of knowing that his extraordinary genius had been appreciated by more than one ruler of France—by Louis XVIII. as well as by Bonaparte. At Jacquard's death a statue was raised to his memory; and, as a retributive reminder of the ignominious treatment he had received, it was placed upon the spot where, years before, his machines had been destroyed by an ignorant and prejudiced multitude!



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

THE well-known American preacher, Dr. Cuyler, gives an interesting account of Mr. Gladstone and his home. He says: "The foremost Saxon-speaking man on the globe to-day is William Ewart Gladstone. No other living man, unless it be Bismarck, is so impressing himself on the affairs of the civilized world.

Wm. E. Gladstone was born in Liverpool in 1809. His sturdy father, Sir John Gladstone, was of Scottish parentage, but went to Liverpool as a commercial clerk at an early age. He prospered and won a seat in Parliament. Sir John had a residence near Brechin, Scot-

land, and Dr. McCosh has told me that when he was settled there, he often met a tall handsome youth in his walks, often with a book in his hand. He soon discovered that the thoughtful youth was Sir John's son, William, just home from Oxford, where he was winning high honours. At twenty-three the tall manly fellow was in Parliament as the member for Newark. For half a century Gladstone has been constantly in the public eye; he was never so powerful as he is now, and his electioneering campaign in Scotland last winter was the greatest oratorical feat of these modern times.

I first heard Mr. Gladstone," says Dr. Cuyler, "in the summer of 1857. He was then sitting on the 'ministerial benches' of the House of Commons, in the rear of



genial old Palmerston, and not far from the diminutive figure of Earl (then Lord John) Russell. Gladstone's speech was short, but polished and graceful. Coming away I said to a friend, 'He reminds me of Henry Clay in figure and in fascination of speech.' In those times he used to speak for five hours on the Budget with such rare charms of oratory that the driest statistics had the flavour of poetry. When Garibaldi thought of marrying a certain Italian lady, it was objected that the hero of the red tunic had one wife already. 'Oh, pshaw!' said a witty Englishman, 'let Garibaldi go ahead, and get Gladstone to explain it.'

In 1872, I saw Gladstone for the second time; he was then Premier of England, and conducting the troublesome negotiations with our country on the 'Alabama affair.' He had grown broader and stouter in those fifteen years. His spacious forehead, broad shoulders, majestic walk and sonorous voice reminded me then of Webster. Spending a pleasant hour with him at his breakfast-table, I was immensely impressed with his downright honesty and his devout Christian spirit. A more thoroughly conscientious man has not figured in English public life since John Hampden.

When I congratulated him on his vigorous health and power of achievement he told me that he owed his good health to two or three rules well carried out. He carefully avoided the sins of the table; he took a great deal of muscular exercise with his axe (for he is the champion chopper), and he never allowed anything to rob him of his sleep. 'When I shut my chamber-door at night,' said he, 'I lock out all cares of state and of everything else.' He said that only one thing had ever kept him awake, and that was one evening when at his brother-in-law, Lord Lyttelton's, place ('Hagley') he had begun to cut a tree down, and darkness and a storm came on. He lay awake in some anxiety lest that tree should blow down!

Mr. Gladstone has played a leading part, of late, in religious discussions. His first

appearance as an author, was his famous High Church and Tory work on 'Church and State.' He has lived to become a Liberal leader, and also the leader in establishing the Episcopal church in Ireland. Against the Papal hierarchy he has lifted up his sharp argumentative broad-axe and struck cleaving blows. All my readers will recall his famous pamphlet against 'Vaticanism'; they will also remember his cordial article about America published last year, and entitled, 'Our Kin Beyond the Sea.' For America and Americans he has a warm and hearty sympathy; during our civil war he made a mistake of judgment, but it did not grow out of any jealousy or ill-will towards us.

Mr. Gladstone is a devout, earnest churchman, with very cordial relations towards 'Dissenters.' During the late election campaign the Presbyterians and Nonconformists have supported him with immense enthusiasm. They believed in him. I have lately republished the incident of Mr. Gladstone's missing the poor street-sweeper from before his door. He went to visit him, and said the sweeper, 'Mr. Gladstone kneeled down by my bed and made a prayer for me.' God send us such statesmen as that!

Mrs. Gladstone (a daughter of the late Sir Stephen Glyn, of Hawarden Castle) is a noble and gifted woman. She talked to me about her enterprises of Christian charity with much enthusiasm. One of their sons, Rev. Stephen Gladstone, is the rector of Hawarden, and two others are in Parliament."

This expression of opinion by a travelled American may be taken as fairly representing the esteem in which Mr. Gladstone is held by the great mass of people in the United States. We need not here refer to his increasing popularity amongst his own countrymen. The story of his long public life, and the movements in which he has taken part for the benefit of his fellows, is well told by Mr. Ewing Ritchie, in his *Life of Gladstone*, now in course of publication.*



THE DIVER AND HIS CALLING.

WHATEVER may be the opinion of the public, in reality there is no romance in the diver's life. There are many lives full of hardship and danger, and yet their charm is not confined to those who love to read, or write, or dream about them. Those who lead these lives and find out by hard experience the distinction between romance and reality, often share the charm and voluntarily prefer the wild vocation they have chosen. Many such, for instance are to be found among those who "go down to the sea in great ships." But in this respect the life of the diver will probably be found to be exceptional. "You may depend upon it," said a diver to the writer, "no man continues to be a diver from choice. I am a diver because I have drifted into the business, and I have a wife and family to keep. I should like to get as much money by diving as I can in the shortest possible time, and then get out of it; and no one will convince me that any diver can have a different feeling." The unromantic view which this diver took of his vocation, and which he was so sure of sharing with all his tribe, was not at first sight encouraging to the other party to the conversation; but after all, the diver's own estimate of his calling was an interesting fact to begin with; and it was soon proved that there were other facts which, however prosaically told, would feed the interest with which, in spite of himself, a romance-loving public will invest his calling. Perhaps the most wonderful thing learned from him was his feeling when submerged in the lonely depths of a dark river like the Tay. In the sea, where this diver was most accustomed to follow his calling, light came to him through many fathoms of water. In rivers it was otherwise. Eternally rushing

seaward, and gathering in their course the washings of the hill sides, their own often falling banks, and the refuse of every ungrateful village and town through which they pass, he found them seldom clear. Indeed, in some cases the darkness was as black as pitch. How, under such conditions, could the diver do his work? To this question the reply is, that a new sense is somehow given to him. When he first goes down he is like the blind man suddenly transplanted to new surroundings, and left to grope his way painfully about. But, also like the blind man, he instinctively acquires a rapid acquaintance with his new position. On a second or third descent he can tell, he hardly knows how, that here on such a spot his feet trod yesterday, and that this is the new path he must strike out to-day. On a straight river bed he knows exactly when he is re-passing over familiar ground, when he has travelled on that same course a greater distance, and when he has deviated from his previous way. He does the right thing intuitively, in a way that he cannot imagine himself doing it in the broad daylight on dry land; and he believes he possesses for the nonce the mysterious compensating faculties of the blind man.

When to the silence and loneliness of ocean or river depths are added the blackness of darkness and the dread presence of death, the diver must needs have courage who boldly descends. In the operations recently carried on at the Tay Bridge, the less experienced divers were by some suspected of succumbing to the terrors of the situation. If there were any human bodies there, they were imprisoned in a double prison of carriage and cage-like girder. It was impossible for any diver quickly to clutch at the body, and, ere he had time to think of his ghastly work, to procure by signal the instant withdrawal of himself and solemn burden to the surface. The work

involved patient and deliberate handling of the dead in the dark and silent deep; and few who suspected the divers of shrinking from this task felt brave enough themselves to blame them seriously for it. The suspicion, after all, had probably but small foundation; at least two of the divers strongly declared that no "eerie feeling" would prevent them doing their duty, and said that if necessary they would be glad to bring up the dead even in their arms. Still, the very way in which these men talk of this subject seems to show that below water they cannot face the dead with the callousness of men who are brought into contact with bodies on shore, that, in fact, they have to reason with themselves against a natural timidity. "My duty," said one diver at the Tay, "is to the living. When I go down to find the dead, I feel that I am going down to do what I can for the people they belong to, and that it is not the dead that I have to be frightened of. I think of the friends to whom the bodies are to be restored, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to give them their only satisfaction." If death and darkness do inspire timidity even in these hardy men, it is sometimes even more difficult for the diver to go among the dead in the light of day. "The horrible conceit of death and night" is matched by the reality, as seen, for example, by the divers at the *Princess Alice*, when they met the cold stare of the group of cabin passengers who had clung together in agony as the ship went down; or as experienced by certain divers who refused to recover wrecked treasure at the Faroe Islands, because they saw dead sailors in the rigging, and could not bear the sight.

It is not, however, the staple work of divers to find the bodies of the dead. Many have no experience of this sad work. The recovery of wrecked cargoes, or, still better for the world, the laying of foundations for public harbours, bridges, and other important engineering works, keeps our very small diving population in employment. At such work they can obtain long engage-

ments and earn a good deal of money. In raising wrecked cargo, the diver frequently makes a profitable contract for a proportion of the value of the cargo recovered. On occasional employment a fairly good diver will probably decline to enter the water even for half an hour without the promise of three pounds ten for doing so; and some first-rate divers are said to command double that sum. The work that can be done in one descent depends pretty much on the depth at which it has to be done, and on the nature of the work itself. At the depth of about four fathoms the diver referred to at the opening of this article claimed to be able to work for three or four hours. He had cut away the masts of a ship to free the nets of fishermen at a depth of twelve and a half fathoms. Work such as this denotes great perfection in the modern equipment of a diver.

The dress and attachments now in use cost not less than a hundred pounds. The diver about to descend first clothes himself in guernseys and overalls to keep his diving dress proper from chafing. The dress itself is of waterproofing, lined with a strong solution of india-rubber. The diver's assistants—never fewer than two, and often three in number—pull on this dress for him, and attach it to hooks on his breastplate. By means of a metal band and screws the india-rubber collar of the dress is firmly attached to the breastplate, and the penetration of water rendered impossible. A globular helmet of tinned copper with brass fittings is placed on the diver's head and screwed tightly down upon the collar fittings. At each side of the helmet are strong plate-glass windows or bulls' eyes, guarded with brass frames. In front is a round hole, through which the diver can still speak to his friends. He gives them directions about the fastening of his weights. His clogs, each of which have about fourteen pounds of lead attached to them to help him to sink, are examined and found in order. He has "leads" weighing thirty pounds each lashed to his back and breast, and a "life" or signal line is carefully

fastened around him within reach of his hands. He has a strong knife or a small axe, in a sheath at his side. His hands only are left bare. At a given signal one assistant takes hold of a tube, and, making sure that one end is properly attached to the back of the helmet, connects the other with an air-pump. He proceeds to pump air into the headress, and his companion examines the head and breast valves which are to relieve his master of the surplus and exhausted air. It is now safe to shut up the diver entirely. Accordingly the second assistant screws another window into the hole in the helmet front, hands the life-line to the third assistant, and assists the diver to commence his descent. The diver, having gone below, has now left his life in the hands of his assistants. They are therefore bound to be the most careful and trustworthy of men. Often they are brothers or other near relatives of the diver. Two of them keep the air-pump going at the rate of speed required by the diver, and the third finds out and interprets to them his wishes by means of the life-line.

The diver's life-line language is not limited to requests for more or less air. He has a comprehensive language of signals. One pull at the rope says, "I have reached the bottom," and the signal must be returned, to indicate that at the top it is understood. One pull and a shake indicates that he wants something down. The vocabulary appears to include no signal for telling what that something is; but the assistant is generally shrewd enough to understand what is needed, and if he sends the wrong thing it is speedily returned. The instruction is given to heave and lower chains which the diver is fastening by means of three and four pulls. Five would say "go to the north," six "pull to the west," and so on. A continual shaking of the rope tells the wish of the diver to be hauled to the surface. There have been perilous times when prompt obedience to this signal has proved of the utmost importance, and there have been times when unfortunately a diver has suddenly found

himself unable to give it. Such was the terrible position in which a diver from one of her Majesty's ships once found himself. He had gone down to clear the anchor chains of some awkward foul. When he wished to return, he discovered that, either by the play of the tide or by his own movements when absorbed in his work, his life-line had got twisted round the anchor cable. He could not give the signal that he wished to rise. His friends above could not haul him to the surface. Happily the despair of the moment inspired him with strength for tremendous exertion. He cut his rope and climbed hand over hand up fathoms of chain, and reached the top nearly dead with exhaustion. The liability to accidents such as these makes divers prefer to dive in company where there is wreckage to work amongst.

The fall of some portion of wreckage upon a man, or his hopeless entanglement in some situation where he can do nothing for himself, would be loss of life to him if no other diver could be sent to his rescue. At the Tay Bridge, after the catastrophe, the divers worked in black muddy water in the vicinity of masses of torn and twisted iron, against which the men might easily injure themselves. In such a predicament the fellow-feeling of the divers would lead them to superhuman exertions in each other's behalf. Ordinarily, however, divers seem to be mightily jealous of one another. In the Tay operations one diver made a disparaging reference to another whose experience was more limited. It was pointed out in deprecation of this criticism that the less experienced diver had at least discovered the engine of the submerged train. "He could not help it," ungenerously replied his rival; "they let him down on the top of it." There was one day much grumbling because one diver descended by means of a long ladder, whereas the others had only short ladders from which to drop into the channel. It is hard to get a diver to tell you the heroes of his calling, but he has no objection that you should think him one of the foremost himself.

First experiences of diving are by all accounts extremely disagreeable. One diver told the writer he had "an awful roaring in his head" and "the deafness in his ears" for a long time. Headache and disagreeable sensations in the ears are encountered by every diver at first, and these disagreeable experiences recur to him when he resumes diving after having been long out of practice, or when he goes to an unusual depth. They are due to the pressure of the air in the diving dress, a pressure which increases as the diver descends. Some suffer sufficiently to prevent them ever making a second trial; but those healthy athletic men who are mostly to be found practising the diver's calling are not supposed to be subject to any disease specially attributable to the nature of their work. But should anything be wrong with the diver,—if he but have a simple cold,—it tells upon his capacity for diving work. Accordingly he may not trifle with his constitution, and wise experienced divers are careful about what they drink. Many of them are absolute teetotallers, and think it the height of unwisdom to stimulate themselves with alcohol when at work. It is a curious detail about

the diver's manner of setting about his work, that, if he have any exploration to do, he generally does not explore onwards bit by bit. He calculates the distance which he can cover without rising for rest. He runs out that distance, and then makes the minute exploration on his way back. When his work is finished he is then right underneath the point at which he has to come to the surface.

The diver loses all sense of weight in the water, and suffers only from pressure of air on his head, from coldness of the hands, or general exhaustion. When he has too much air, he can relieve himself by opening his breast valve or by signalling to his assistants to pump more slowly. The bubbling of the water above the escape valve on the top of the helmet is always visible in smooth water, and indicates to those above the direction of the diver's movements. An accident occasionally happens to a diver's dress, as when one day a diver was excavating in an old and flooded pit and a bucket descending upon a helmet with a window on its top broke the glass and let the water in. Only the quickness of the life-line holder saved that diver's life.

GEORGE MOORE THE PHILANTHROPIST.



MR. GEORGE MOORE, of the well-known firm of Copestake, Moore, Crampton, & Co., was one of the best known and most highly respected citizens of London. He was born in 1807 at Mealsgate, in Cumberland, and at the early age of eighteen came to London and entered the service of the house in which he afterwards became a principal, and which owes much of its subsequent success to his

business energy and capacity, he having organized factories and branch establishments at Nottingham, Manchester, Glasgow, Paris, New York, and many other places. It is, however, rather as a philanthropist than as a merchant that his name will be remembered. Home missions, churches, hospitals, reformatories, and schools both in London and in his native country were constantly helped by him, and several such institutions were originated at his suggestion and almost entirely supported by his liberality. He was intimately connected with the Young Men's Christian

Association, and not only employed a chaplain to attend to the spiritual welfare of the *employés* of the firm, but supported a regular staff of missionaries and colporteurs to do similar work in his native county.

Although constantly toiling in this unobtrusive way for the achievement of any good which could be effected by personal sacrifice and devotion, Mr. Moore always shrank from public life. In 1844 he was elected sheriff, but paid the fine of £500 to avoid serving. He twice refused the aldermanic gown, and repeatedly declined to become a Parliamentary candidate. He however served on one or two private committees appointed by Dr. Tait, when Bishop of London, laboured with Colonel Stuart Wortley in distributing the Paris Relief Fund in 1871, and was once High Sheriff of his native county.

It was in commercial travelling that Moore's great abilities became developed. He was sent round the town, and in that sphere was exposed to many temptations, which, remembering the miserable Wigton days, he manfully resisted. He was soon found "too good" for a town traveller, and was ordered to work the Manchester and Liverpool "circuit." He revived the business, which had fallen very low; his enterprise, energy, and success made him famous on the road. "At the inns which he frequented," says Mr. Smiles (who has written his memoir), "he was regarded as a sort of hero, the other travellers used to pack up his goods and thus help him on his way. They took pride in his success, and boasted of his greatness. A young traveller who had just entered the northern circuit arrived at the Star Hotel, Manchester, while about a dozen travellers were helping George to pack up his goods: 'Who's that young fellow they are making such a fuss about?' 'Oh, it's George!' 'And who's George?' 'Don't you know the Napoleon of Watling Street? Let me introduce you.' His success surprised even his employers, and they began to think whether they might not turn the services of this clever young traveller to better account."

He accordingly went to Ireland; there the bulk of the trade had been carried off by one Groucock, a partner in a newly-established firm. Moore had now, as he said, a "grand confidence in himself," and was determined to make the fortunes of Fisher's house. He worked all day, packed his goods in the evening, and travelled at night. "For weeks together the only sleep he secured was on the outside of a coach, but he slept soundly." He had, in fact, the gift possessed by so many able men, of being able to sleep at will. Groucock soon felt that he had a formidable competitor, and offered Moore £500 a year to travel for him. This was a great inducement, as his salary was only £150. But Moore had fixed his mind upon a partnership, and at last Groucock yielded to his terms, and the title of the firm became "Groucock, Copestake & Moore."

Many stories are told of his tenacity as a traveller. On one occasion he laid a bet that he would "open an account" with a man who had repelled all proposals. He actually sold the coat off his back, and the purchaser afterwards became one of his best customers. Nor was his life destitute of adventure. He once had the narrowest possible escape from drowning whilst crossing Morecambe Sands. His horses were actually swimming in the advancing tide, and out to sea, when he was put on the right course by a man who had been in search of him, and was saved as by a miracle.

After his marriage he gave up travelling; he was rapidly becoming a wealthy man. A few extracts from Mr. Smiles's memoir will show the energy with which he undertook the distribution of the English fund for the beleaguered French, at the beginning of the year 1871. After surmounting every obstacle they got their first train of food into Paris:—

"The crowds at the warehouse increased. This we keep exclusively for women. There is a *queue* of ten or fifteen thousand waiting there to-day; they have waited all through

last night. I felt heart-sick when I saw them. It was one of the wildest nights of sleep and fearful wind; and starved and exhausted and drenched as they were, it was a sight to make a strong man weep. We are straining ourselves and all about us to the utmost. I believe we were just in time; a few days more and the people would have been too far gone; many were hardly able to walk away with their parcels. After waiting with wonderful patience, when they got the food many of them fairly broke down from overjoy. I have seen more tears shed by men and women than I hope I shall ever see again."

One of the principal dépôts, the Bon Marché, was selected near the Bourse. The crowd there was quite as great as at Mr. Moore's warehouse. Some ten thousand people bivouacked in the streets during the night, waiting for the opening of the dépôt in the morning. The *queue* extended four or five deep, for more than half a mile. The people, who were mostly women, had come from all parts of Paris,—from Belville, from Vaugirard, from the Faubourg St. Antoine. The pavement was occupied on both sides with recumbent figures, lying in rows wrapped in blankets. The correspondent of the *Times* visited this scene at midnight. He asked one of the women when she expected to arrive at the door of the warehouse where she would receive her portion. "The day after to-morrow morning," she replied. "What! are you prepared to pass two successive nights in the street?" "*Pourquoi pas?*" she said, "all the others do it."

At the head of the column he found those who were to be first served in the morning. "How long have you been here?" he asked of a lady-like young woman in black, evidently of a superior class to those by whom she was surrounded. "Since nine o'clock yesterday morning," she replied. She had actually been thirty-nine hours in the *queue*.

While on this work of charity, Mr. Moore was inundated with letters from England,—from wives, asking him to look

after their husbands; from fathers, to look after their daughters; and from exiled French people of all classes. Mr. Moore and Colonel Wortley were nobly seconded in their efforts by several British officers, who undertook to convey the provision trains to Paris, and by some of the English residents in Paris. He was soon able to write: "About sixty thousand pounds worth of food had been got into Paris, and it was distributed as fast as possible in forty different dépôts. One of the effects of the distribution was, that the health of the city rapidly improved. Fever and small-pox were less fatal in their attacks. Food was now coming into Paris, but the prices were still high. On the 12th Mr. Moore gave instructions to issue double rations. The crowds round the dépôts continued as great as ever, but the destitution and starvation were disappearing. More food was exposed for sale in the markets, and the people began to look more cheerful. The death-rate had diminished 400 per cent., though old people and children had nearly all died.

The crowds were still great at the Bon Marché and Grand Condé,—two of the largest shops in Paris. On the 17th February, some 8,000 people were seen crowding round the entrance of the latter place, packed like sardines in a box, all struggling to reach the door. A detachment of the National Guards was there; but they proved of little use. The scene was fearful; women were screaming and fainting, and had to be handed over the heads of the people without their portion of food! Thus all their labour had been in vain.

"We vainly tried to keep the people back. We loudly supplicated them to stand still, as all should be served; but it was of no use. The surging mass grew still denser. At last we were forced to pull the front ranks through the door, to save them from being crushed to death. Five unconscious women were borne in upon our arms. We brought them to life again with aromatic vinegar and stimulants. It was a

regular fight for food. If they had not been in extreme want such a fight could never have taken place."

Before the commissioners left Paris they received many thanks and congratulations. M. Thiers entered his note of thanks in Mr. Moore's memorandum book. The Archbishop of Paris was full of gratitude. Reaching London on the 28th of February, they gave in their report to the Mansion House Committee, and received a unanimous vote of thanks.

But Paris had not yet got rid of her agony. The Germans had scarcely left the city ere the commune broke out. Belleville was let loose. The scenes of the old Revolution were repeated. After the French army had regained possession of the city, it was necessary for Mr. Moore and Colonel Wortley to go over to Paris again to finish their work. They were amazed at the frightful scenes of destruction which met them on every hand.

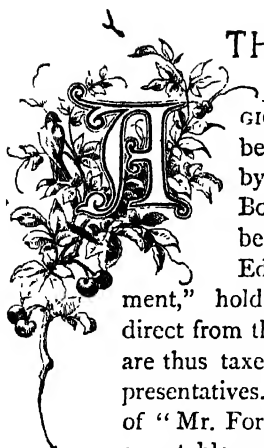
The strain which Mr. Moore had



GEORGE MOORE.

gone through during the relief of Paris told upon his health, but he quickly recovered and gave himself with renewed ardour to active public duties. His death was the result of an unfortunate street accident in Carlisle, he having been knocked down by a runaway horse, and so severely injured that he died a few hours afterwards either from concussion of the brain or from internal injuries to the body caused by a broken rib. He was buried at

All-Hallows Church, Cumberland, a small mountain church of the fourteenth century which Mr. Moore himself enlarged and restored in 1861. Great numbers came from all parts of the north of England to attend the ceremony, which was performed by Canon Reeve of Bristol, one of Mr. Moore's oldest friends. The pall was borne by the Archbishop of York, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Captain Henderson, and other personal friends of the deceased.



THE EDUCATIONAL PARLIAMENT.

ENORMOUS work has been already achieved by the London School Board, or, as it has been called, "the Educational Parliament," holding its authority direct from the ratepayers, who are thus taxed by their own representatives. The operation of "Mr. Forster's Act" marks a notable era in the history of education. The members elected to the Board in 1870 set themselves in right earnest to ascertain and meet the educational deficiencies of the metropolis, and nothing was allowed to hinder their purpose. When the second Board was elected in 1873, it was feared that working might give place to heated disputation, but that these fears were groundless, the labours of the following years abundantly testify. The policy of the Board has not only been maintained, but its work has been carried on with fidelity and zeal.

The difficulties encountered in the passing of the Elementary Education Bill were numerous, arising from discordant opinions on the subject of national education; and also from the necessity of adjusting the new scheme to the denominational system already existing. The denominational or voluntary schools were twenty thousand in number. Under the old system the State could only look idly on until voluntary effort took the initiative and made a demand on the Privy Council for aid. Now the State occupies a new position in relation to the untaught or ill-educated youth of the country, and stands forth as the responsible agent and primary motive power in the great work of instruction. Under the provisions of the new law, the whole of England is divided into school districts, coinciding in the metropolis with the well-known

parliamentary divisions; in other towns with the borough boundaries; and elsewhere in the country with the parishes. The main requirement of the Act is thus expressed:—"There shall be provided for every district a sufficient amount of public elementary school accommodation for all the children resident in such district." Wherever a deficiency of school accommodation exists, a board is to be formed for that district and is to supply the deficiency.

The school boards in boroughs are to be elected by those whose names are on the burgess roll, in parishes by the ratepayers, and in the metropolis under certain special conditions. The members of the Board are in the City of London to be elected by the same persons and in the same manner as common councilmen, and in the other divisions of the metropolis in the same manner as vestrymen. The members of a school board, except in the metropolis, are to be not less than five nor more than fifteen; and at every election every voter shall be entitled to a number of votes equal to the number of the members of the board to be elected, and may give all such votes to one candidate, or may distribute them among the candidates as he thinks fit. The school board for the metropolis consists of the members elected by the divisions, the number to be fixed by the Education Department. The management of the new schools is vested in the school boards or in a body of managers appointed by them, consisting of not less than three persons. Each school board is a body corporate, having a perpetual succession, and a common seal, with power to acquire and hold land for the purposes of this Act.

Every child attending any of these public elementary schools pays a weekly fee, which, however, may be remitted by the board in whole or part when they are of opinion that the parent is unable from

poverty to pay the same. School boards may also, with the consent of the Education Department, establish free schools in their districts, and admit scholars to such schools without requiring any fee; and may also with like consent build and maintain industrial schools. • United school districts may be formed should the Education Department think it expedient.

It is expressly enacted that in the schools provided by school boards "no religious catechism or religious formulary which is distinctive of any particular denomination

shall be taught." In these schools, as also in all other public elementary schools which participate in the parliamentary grant, any religious observance or instruction in religious subjects is to be given at the beginning or end of the secular teaching of the day—the time or times to be shown by a table conspicuously placed. Any scholar may be withdrawn by his parent from such observance or instruction, without forfeiting any of the other benefits of the school. And although the schools shall be open at all times to any of her Majesty's inspectors,



W. E. FORSTER.

it shall be no part of their duties to examine any scholar therein in religious knowledge or in any religious subject or book. It thus appears that, under the operation of a conscience clause, the teaching of religion is recognised, though restricted to specified times. The object of Parliament in the Act is to bring home to every child in the country the blessings of elementary education, and to that end, first, as an indispensable-requisite, to secure a good secular training; and while affording the fullest protection in every case to the rights of conscience, to give, in the second place,

all the freedom and favour that can properly be bestowed by the action of the State on religious teaching. The House of Commons showed its resolute opposition to the exclusion of religion from the State system of education by a majority of 42 to 60.

The religious difficulty has, however, met with an easy solution since the offer, by Mr. Francis Peek, of annual prizes for proficiency in Biblical knowledge. These competitions are purely voluntary, the number of pupils presenting themselves for examination are increasing year by year, and the example

set by London is being followed in other parts of the country.

The funds of the schools are supplied from several sources—from the fees of children, from local rating, and, on the stated conditions being complied with, by annual parliamentary grants. Any sum required to meet any deficiency, whether for past or future liabilities, is to be paid out of local rates.

How to secure regularity of attendance, how to keep the children sufficiently long until their dormant powers are awakened,

their minds informed, and their characters moulded by the appliances and influences of the schoolroom, are the difficult practical questions to be met before an efficient elementary education becomes universal in England.

Mr. Forster has taken a deservedly high rank as a political leader. We may quote what has been written by the author of "Cabinet Portraits," as to the characteristics of his public speaking:—"It cannot be said that it is to any remarkable gift of eloquence that Mr. Forster is indebted for the high



SIR CHARLES REED.

rank he has already taken. He cannot be said to be an eloquent man. His speeches, though they are usually clear and powerful, are not adorned by any rhetorical graces, nor are they lightened by any play of imagination. They are plain, unvarnished statements of honest opinions, arrived at after a due weighing of all sides of the question; remarkable for lucidity, for the freshness and originality of the views they contain, for their comprehensive forecasts of future events, and for their spirit of courtesy and fairness. There is a bluff and frank good nature in the manner in which

Mr. Forster deals with his opponents which does more to conquer them than torrents of declamation. The Yorkshire borough of Bradford could hardly have a more suitable representative. The strong, sturdy common-sense of the people of that district, their inherent love of fair play, their ambition, and their energy, are all fitly represented in Mr. Forster. There are not many reviews of the political events of the day better worth listening to, and certainly not many from which more can be learned, than those which Mr. Forster periodically delivers to his Bradford constituency."

MARSHAL MACMAHON.



MAIRIE EDMÉ PATRICE MAURICE DE MACMAHON, Duc de Magenta, and late President of the French Republic, was born at Sully, near Autun on the Loire, in 1808. He was descended from an ancient family of Irish Catholics, who followed the fortunes of the Stuarts, and took refuge in Burgundy. His father, Marquis Charles Laure de Mac-

Mahon, a peer of France, was one of the few personal friends of Charles X., who remained king of France just long enough to open the great gates of life for the future marshal, and show him the way through. He served in Algeria, where he first fleshed his sword and won the cross of honour, from 1830 to 1850. He was aide-de-camp to General Achard at the siege of Antwerp, and was promoted to be a captain at twenty-five. At the storming of Constantine, in 1837, he behaved with signal gallantry. His courage indeed became a proverb. Having been ordered on one occasion to carry an order from General Changarnier to the colonel of his regiment, which was separated from the corps d'armée by a vast horde of Bedouins, he was told to take a squadron of dragoons with him. "They are too few or too many," he replied; "too many to pass unseen, too few to beat the enemy. I will go myself," and he went.

In 1845 he obtained the rank of colonel, and that of a general of brigade in 1848. In 1852 he became general of division. It was he who led the famous assault on the Malakoff, on the 8th of September, 1855, which decided the issue of the Crimean War; and Marshal Pelissier, seeing his extreme danger, twice sent him orders to retire from the perilous position he had taken. "Let me alone," roared MacMahon, at the second message; "I am master of

my own skin." It was he again who put down the dangerous expedition of the Kabyles, in 1857, and drove them from their mountain fastnesses, which had previously been thought inaccessible. In the Italian campaign of 1859, he commanded the second corps d'armée, and won the day at Magenta, turning defeat into victory. This service was rewarded by the rank of marshal of France and the title of Duc de Magenta. He also contributed to the victory of Solferino, June 24th, 1859. Finally, it was he who put down the terrible civil war which devastated France after her defeat by the Germans, and who saved Paris from destruction by fire.

Such deeds have no faint claim to a nation's gratitude, and France gave him all she had to bestow. It is not going too far to say that for a time he was the most popular man in the country. He lived a retired and unostentatious life, and though he displayed pomp when sent on an embassy to Prussia, his manners are unpretending and his dress plain. He seldom appears in uniform, and his only mark of distinction is the red ribbon. His most marked characteristics are a love of children and a fondness for study. He is probably as well versed in military history as Faiderbe, and is often busy with a child and a map upon his knees. His favourite amusement is riding. In society he is shy, almost sad, and appears ill at ease; and he is seen to most advantage at home surrounded by his family. Although he is a soldier rather than a politician, and has served faithfully under widely different administrations, and since the Republic has refused a seat in the assembly on the ground that a soldier cannot also be a politician, he is personally a bitter and irreconcilable foe to Liberalism, and a thorough believer, if not in the divine right of kings, at all events in the divine right of kingscraft.



GIOTTO.

THE PAINTER FROM NATURE.

GIOTTO, or Giotto di Bondone (from his father's name), was the son of a labourer of Vespignano, a village situated fifteen miles from Florence.

Every one admired his precocious intelligence when a child. His father was pressed to send him to school, but was too poor to dispense with his services,

to say nothing of fees and other expenses. "My son shall be a labourer like myself," said the peasant. "The earth is a good mother, who will not let any one want who has good arms and a stout heart." Bondone was right, but God had too richly endowed the young Giotto to permit him to pass his life as an obscure shepherd. As to himself, it was with great joy that he heard he was not

to be shut up in school. While his goats browsed upon the mountains Giotto contemplated the country which spread away at his feet. Passed thus, the days flowed for him with the rapidity of hours, and when the sun gilded his bed with his last splendours he sought with regret the road to the village. From the whole scene which so pleased him, he often descended to the smallest details: he examined a bush, a wild plant, a flower; he studied the effect of the wind upon the branches of a tree, and of a ray of light glistening or glittering upon water, and he found that the lot of any child, be it the child of a king, could not be better. Then, when he had sated himself with all these beauties scattered round him by the hand of the Creator, he found his sweetest pastime in trying to reproduce the images in his soul. With his knife he traced upon the rock the flowers which he had gathered in the plain, the loose branches scattered by the wayside, the far-off church clocks, the dog which slept at his feet, or the goat poised on a jutting crag.

One day the little herdsman saw approaching him an elderly man, wearing a simple yet elegant costume. He was alone, and climbed with the aid of his staff the rocky pathway which led to the highest point of these mountains.

"I was not mistaken," said the stranger, when he reached the plateau; "this view is magnificent, and when I shall be less pressed, I will return to paint it. But perhaps I shall then miss these bounding goats and their young guardian, who regards me with astonished eyes, and seems impelled to demand by what right I have set foot upon his domains."

The stranger was mistaken; if the goat-herd regarded him thus, it was that, struck by the nobleness of his character and the distinction of his mien, he compared him with the peasants whom he habitually saw.

"I am hot and thirsty, my friend," said the unknown, approaching Giotto: "could you not procure me a little goat's milk?"

Without waiting to reply, the child called

and ran to the goat, which ran to meet him, and soon returned with his wooden vessel full of delicious milk. The stranger offered him a piece of silver; but the lad declined it.

"Why should I not pay for what I have asked for?" said the traveller.

"Because I wish to give it you," said little Giotto.

"These goats are yours then?"

"They belong to my father, whose cottage you may see beside the little stream below there."

"And your father, then, authorizes you to give passers-by milk from his flock?"

"No one ever passes this way: the road is to the left at the foot of the hill."

"I know it, but I wished to get here to rejoice in the view, which is admirable from here."

"You find, then, all that is beautiful enough, sir?"

"So beautiful, that before such a spectacle I should forget whole hours. But why this question?"

"Because, sir, that when I have told them that in the village they laugh at me; it is that which prevents me from loving this mountain better than all the rest of the world."

"And you see only this, my child, and yet without ever tiring of it?"

"Never, sir!"

"Nevertheless, it is well to see other scenes sometimes."

"That is what the others say," replied the child, shrugging his shoulders, "as if, every instant, all does not change to the beholder. And then, when I have sufficiently regarded it, I do something else."

"What do you do?"

"I tell nobody, because the children in the village would see it, and I should never be alone; but I will show it to you."

And Giotto led the stranger towards a large block of rock near where he was seated when he first came.

"Do you draw?" exclaimed the traveller with surprise on perceiving the figures carved with the point of the knife. "Who has taught you to trace all these figures?"

"Who? No one, sir; I see, and I try to represent what I see."

"Are these all you have done?"

"Nearly all, sir."

"Show me the rest."

"They are not finished."

"What matters that? It will greatly please me."

"Well, then, here is the portrait of Chérie, my most beautiful goat, whose milk you pronounced so nice."

The traveller silently examined the sketch of the goat, while the lad withdrew lest he should disturb his contemplations. At length the lad asked how the gentleman liked his work. "Very well," was the reply; "but lend me your knife." Giotto hesitated, fearing the counterfeit presentment of his favourite goat should be ruined, but at last lent his knife, saying he could do another, and silently watched the stranger finish the incomplete Chérie, and then exclaimed with joy: "Oh that's it! I knew something was wanting, but I did not know what. You are cleverer than I!"

"That is because, after having drawn like you when I was a child, I attended the lessons with masters."

"Masters! There are none in Vespi-gano."

"No; but there are in Florence."

"Yes; I have heard a wonderful picture of the *Virgin and Holy Child* spoken of there. I should like to see it; but who can mind the goats?"

In his enthusiasm, the child detailed the honours showered upon the great painter; how on the day on which the picture was to be placed in the church, the artist was surprised to see all the populace crowded round his house, how the picture was carefully conveyed in a position of honour in the procession of all the dignitaries of the neighbourhood, through all the principal streets, with music and rejoicings in the crowds that followed it to the church, and then, stopping with beating heart and glistering eyes, the traveller gently said: "Suppose I offered to enable you to become a student of this painter?"

"Do not laugh at me," said the little goatherd; "it requires so much money to pay for lessons from such a great master, and my father is poor."

The stranger then said, "I know Cimabue, and could get him to instruct you. Would you be content?"

Replied the little enthusiast, "I would love you as a father and honour you as a god."

The stranger accompanied the lad to his father, who was astonished at the entrance of one so distinguished.

"My name is Giovanni Cimabue," said the guest. And while the boy was indulging in extravagant gestures of delight, an agreement was arranged, whereby the great master soon took him away to Florence.

Under Cimabue Giotto made great and rapid progress. One day he was missed for a considerable time, and Cimabue going to seek him found him in tears before a painting of his tutor's. On Cimabue asking why he wept he said, "it was because so many years of toil must pass before he could equal the picture before him." "The time is not so distant," said his kind teacher, "when you will be cleverer than your master." And in after years Cimabue was the first to find Giotto's superiority, and to congratulate and counsel him. He never neglected his studies, and the time even came when he proved himself a distinguished architect, as Cimabue had judged he might be from his enthusiastic admiration of the buildings of Florence when he first beheld them.

It is said that the pope, Boniface VIII., having heard Giotto's talent much praised, sent for some work as a specimen to judge for himself. Having nothing to send, Giotto took a piece of paper, drew a circle with one sweep of his arm, indicated the centre, and sent it to the pope, who, finding it perfect, invited the painter to Rome, judging that an artist having such a true hand and eye was worthy of great honour. This, according to Vasari, originated the saying, "rounder than the O of Giotto."

Giotto rarely passed a town without

yielding to an entreaty for a picture, and in Pisa he painted *St. Francis receiving the stigmata of our Saviour's wounds*, which is now in the Louvre, opposite a *Madonna of Cipriano's*, whereby one may judge of his superiority to his master, to whom, trammelled as he was by conventionality, credit must be given not only for discernment in patronising Giotto, but for having already started the study of nature in painting.

In Giotto's paintings we first markedly observe a change from the flat, elongated forms and lifeless features of the Byzantine type—figures imbued with the varied action and expression of nature, an ideal elevation and grandeur of character, the art of grouping with due regard to sentiment and action, and simplicity and grace in the draping outline; he allied art with the beautiful in nature. He was also an eminent architect, and was employed in the execution of the dome at Florence, while the Campanile was built from his designs. The beloved

friend of Dante, and of all the great souls of his age, he himself presented a rare union of genius, knowledge, and wit, combined with the utmost equanimity of humour and massive good sense. The restorer of portraiture, his pencil has transmitted to our day the personality of his cherished Dante, of Brunetto Latini, Corso Donati, and other celebrities; and in return we find his name enshrined with reverence in all the grand literary works of the times, especially in those of Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch. His works were numerous; one a famous mosaic, executed at Rome for Pope Boniface VIII., named *La Mavicella*, representing St. Peter walking on the waves, a wonderful work, which has unhappily suffered severely in the successive repairs it has required. Giotto died at Florence in 1336, sixty years of age, and was buried in the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, where a marble monument was erected to his honour by Lorenzo de Medici.



